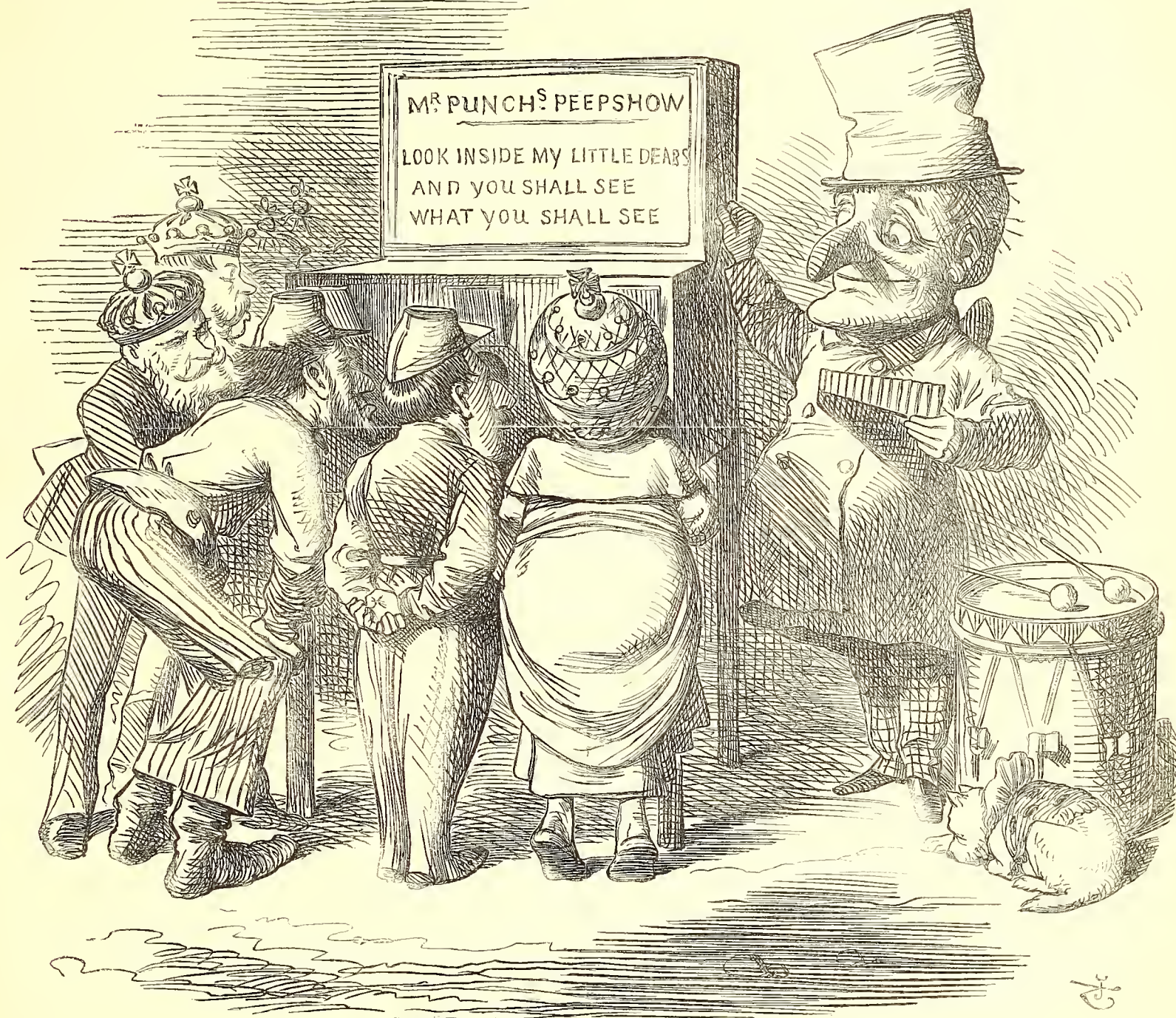


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PUNCH



VOL XLVII

LONDON:
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1864.

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BRAIDERY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



P R E F A C E.

MR. PUNCH is in his Library, smoking. MRS. PUNCH in an arm-chair, knitting a Counterpane. The faithful Toby announces "THE EARL OF DERBY."

MR. PUNCH. Admit him to The Presence. Don't go, JUDINA. The Earl is a very delightful person.

Mrs. P. No, dear, I am not dressed,—and look at my hair.

Mr. P. Since I was first tangled in its meshes, I never saw it looking prettier.

Mrs. P. Nonsense, you great goose.

[Exit.

Enter LORD DERBY, with two books.

Lord D. (whose quick eye catches sight of a crinoline and graceful head vanishing through a bookcase door.) Good morning, MR. PUNCH. But—I fear I have disturbed a pleasanter interview.

Mr. P. I was merely checking the washing-bill for the week, my dear Lord. Take the chair vacated by my Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord D. (seats himself). Some people say that there is a Chancellor of the Exchequer ready to take another chair when vacated.

Mr. P. Do they? I know nothing about politics. (Hands cigar-case.)

Lord D. That's a little too strong.

Mr. P. I assure you no. It is quite mild.

Lord D. I didn't mean the cigar, but the assertion. You, who know every move on the board, and could play the game—or six games—blindfolded.

Mr. P. Only one—Blindman's Buff. I like that at Christmas, because it compels one to feel for one's fellow-creatures.

Lord D. Very good, very good.

Mr. P. Praise from SIR HUBERT—that is, from EDWARD—STANLEY, is—and so forth. And what have you got there? I am glad to see that you are not too great a man to carry things for yourself.

Lord D. (winks.) I can't always carry everything I should like to carry. But as for books, a great Oxford Don told me, in my youth, that there were three things any gentleman might have under his arm—a book, a gold-headed cane, and a handsome woman. Apropos of the latter, I again apologise for having sent MRS. PUNCH out of the room.

Mr. P. I scorn to repay your courtesy, my dear DERBY, by remarking that Conservatives have not always been so scrupulous about turning out women.

Lord D. Ha! ha! I despise a man who would stop a good thing because it might annoy a friend.

Mr. P. You are right. It is easier to make new friends than new jokes. And what is that handsome book, bound, I can see at this distance, by HAYDAY? Don't make a joke about hey-day, please.

Lord D. Wasn't going to. This is a copy of my *Homer*, and I beg you to accept it.

Mr. P. "Kings begged of a beggar." Beggar as I am in thanks, I thank you. I have also to thank you for the pleasure I have already received from a careful perusal of the volumes.

Lord D. Have you really found time? How do you manage?

Mr. P. By the simple process of neglecting a duty when I am offered a pleasure.

Lord D. I would not hear your enemy—if you have one—say so.

Mr. P. I am sure that you will never have the opportunity, as you do not keep company with my only enemies, knaves and fools. Let me just say that I consider your *Homer* a masterly performance, honourable to you, and valuable to your countrymen, and I hope you like the cigar?

Lord D. So well that I shall ask you to fill my case—a very fine brand indeed. Talking of BRAND reminds me. Shall we go in for a division?

Mr. P. What says the tailor?

Lord D. Well, if he counted for nine, we could do the thing comfortably.

Mr. P. Till he does, stick as you be.

Lord D. Ah! But you talk PAM.

Mr. P. By JOVE, or shall I say by ZEUS, (you are quite right, by the way, not to Greekify the names—I can't read LANE's *Arabian Nights*, because he hadn't your good sense). I don't talk PAM half as much as every Conservative who offers himself. The first thing your men do at the hustings is to declare PALMERSTON the national favourite. In the face of that fact divide—and conquer.

Lord D. Of course I see that, but then I wear spectacles.

Mr. P. Order a gross for your friends—green ones, if you like. But bother politics, I tell you I don't care about them. I am very glad that you have been turning to fresh fields and pastures new. Isn't ACHILLES pleasanter company than the Angel?

Lord D. MR. DISRAELI is extremely pleasant company, MR. PUNCH. And he is more like ACHILLES than you remember, for he records that in earlier life he "stood on the plains of Troy, and cursed his destiny."

Mr. P. Well he might, considering that it was to lead politicians whose talk is of bullocks, and to win the odd trick with politicians whose talk is bulls. There, don't be angry!

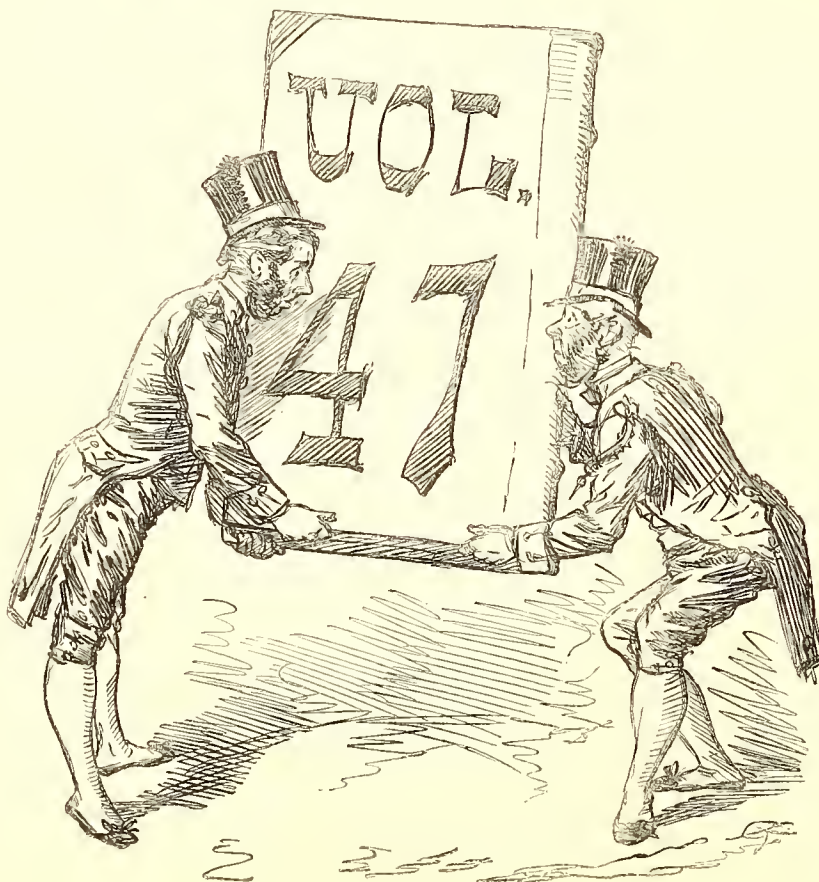
Lord D. I was never angry in my life—but we're a big Party.

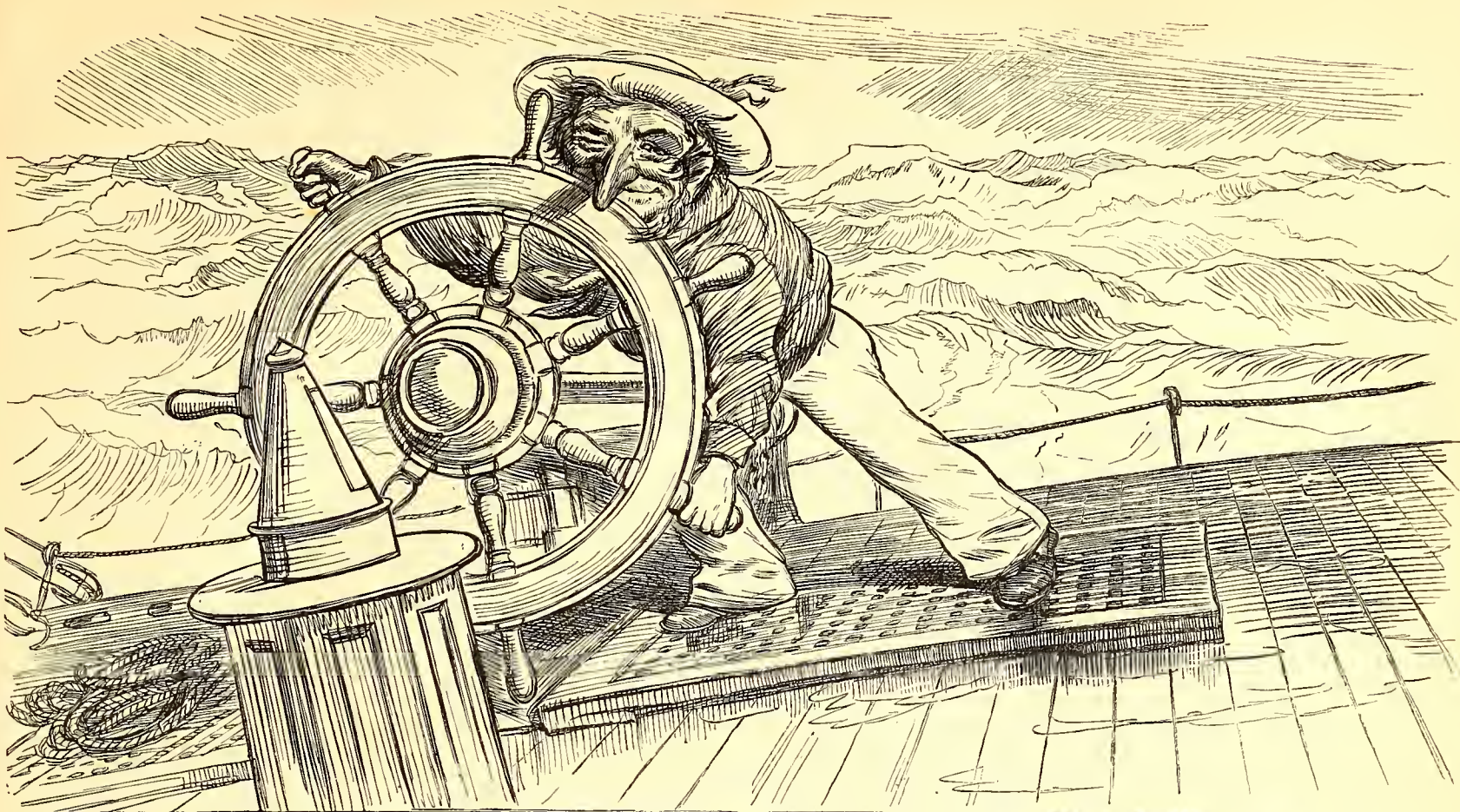
Mr. P. Granted; but the nation's a bigger. Going? Well, one thing more. That is a beautiful bit in your translation where GLAUCUS and DIOMED change armour.

Lord D. Glad you like it. I have at least given back the sense, which POPE perverted, and have made JUPITER deprive GLAUCUS of his judgment before he made the bad bargain.

Mr. P. In exchange for DIOMED's brass armour, price nine oxen, GLAUCUS gives him a golden suit, price a hundred. I will be GLAUCUS, *pro hac vice*. I have not lost my judgment, but, as you have given me your *Homer*, I give you (smiles sweetly) my

Forty-Seventh Volume.





VOL. XLVII.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 20th. Monday. Really, in the best of the Season, it is not the thing to expect the gay young VISCOUNT PUNCH to be attending Parliament. He has enough to do in what is philosophically called the "reflex of energy," namely, the pursuit of pleasure. And though he cordially agrees with the late SIR G. C. LEWIS, who said, inimitably, that "life would be very tolerable, but for its pleasures," the ladies have claims upon him which he is not the nobleman to ignore. What with his flower-shows, his morning-concerts (you dear GRISI, you are worth all the young ones, yet), his garden-parties, his *fêtes*, his horticultural bazaars, his Alexandra Park, his botanic gardens, his dinners at Grinnage and the *Etoile et Jarretière*, his operas, his balls,

"Hastati potius, Gyrusque, et Polka—supremus
Sub matitunâ luce, Rogerus Eques."

to say nothing of PADDY GREEN's, of which, however, he could say much that would be acceptable to many a "dear fellow," the Viscount finds little time for his senatorial duties. However, he looks into Parliament when he remembers it, and happens to be in the neighbourhood. Indeed, his determination to study and thoroughly comprehend the magnificent "MOSES," with which MR. HERBERT has adorned the Palace of Westminster, has taken the Viscount to that edifice pretty regularly of late.

To-day there was a dramatic entrance in the Commons, where as a rule a member's *exit* is more pleasant to behold and see. Everybody, naturally, desired a Ministerial statement about the Conference, and as to what England was going to do, and MR. DISRAELI led off with three solemn questions on the subject. MR. GLADSTONE told him to put his queries on the paper for next day. "Oh!" cried Members. MR. DISRAELI said that such questions might properly be put without notice. "Hear!" cried the House. MR. OSBORNE wished to know what LORD RUSSELL meant by saying that the British Fleet was prepared for any service. MR. GLADSTONE objected to further questions in the absence of LORD PALMERSTON. MR. FITZGERALD said that every Minister must know all about the matter, and hoped that answers would be insisted on. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, received as usual with "much laughter," nevertheless told a home truth, for he said that the Government was notoriously divided on the Danish question. Moreover, he hoped that if the Conference did not arrange matters satisfac-

torily, England would put forth her Naval Strength. "Hear, hear!" cried a great many voices. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that it was the duty of LORD PALMERSTON to be in his place—

Enter LORD PALMERSTON. Loud cheers.

LORD JOHN MANNERS and MR. OSBORNE instantly set upon him for information.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON said that when LORD RUSSELL replied that the fleet was ready to go anywhere, he meant that it was prepared for any service, and so it was. He declined giving any further explanations, except that when the armistice should be over, the war would recommence, unless an arrangement were made.

MR. BRIGHT, in a very sweet manner, said that he never asked questions, nor would he do so then, but he thought that LORD PALMERSTON would get on better if he would tell all he could.

LORD PALMERSTON regretted to be obliged to repeat, that for the present his Tongue was Tied.

Later in the week, when every one knew that the Conference could or would settle nothing, it was announced that the untying the tongues of the PREMIER and the FOREIGN SECRETARY should be performed on the following Monday. LORD RUSSELL said that the recommencement of the War was the most probable event.

The Gladstonian Bill for giving the Working Man a safe Assurance was passed, and very justifiable congratulations were exchanged upon the enactment of a law calculated to do so much good to the humbler classes. MR. PUNCH hereby credits MR. GLADSTONE with a large item of honour for his wisdom and courage in this matter, in fact begs *him* to receive the Assurance, &c.

Having seen to the interests of good men, we next took the bad men in hand, and by a majority of 116 to 49 we read the Gaols Bill a Second Time. The Government was warmly supported by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, a Conservative, who understands the subject. MR. WHALLEY talked some anti-Catholic nonsense, but the Brummagem Spooner was, of course, not heeded. The Criminal class will discover, when this Bill becomes law, that "doing that lot upon my head" will be a difficult feat in gymnastics.

After so much smooth sailing came a storm. The Third Bill was like the third wave, in classic reading. MR. GLADSTONE's measure for

improving the machinery of tax-collecting was adjudged by the House to be no improvement at all, and moreover, to be a partial measure, London being excluded from its operation. So, although we had come to Third Reading, and although MR. GLADSTONE made a gallant defence, we threw out the measure, defeating the Ministry by 132 to 128.

Then we threw out, by 40 to 21, a little Bill for making all the Irish railways run Sunday trains. The Opposition was not Sabbatarian but financial, it being contended that certain companies could not afford to perform the additional journeys. The decision seems just, for it would be in the interest of an English traveller only that the extra trains could be wanted, as time and date are no object to the Hibernian mind, so an Irishman can just as well journey on Saturday, or Monday, or next week, and Scotchmen think it wicked to travel or whistle on Sunday.

Tuesday. The recent row at a Romish Reformatory in Lincolnshire, was discussed by the few Lords who think it worth while to attend debates (*Punch* will have something to say to Your Lordships about this contempt of the High Court of Parliament one of these days, and he is collecting photographs of the absentee Peerage, not, in the first instance, for MRS. PUNCH'S album,) and LORD ARUNDEL of Wardour denied that the institution in question was entirely managed by monks, which LORD DERBY was very glad to hear. It seems, however, that it was necessary to hand it over, for a time, to the Order of the Flagellants.

Navigators (we do not mean navvies, though the services of the latter might be useful in the case) will take notice that we are not going to blast Daunt's Rock, but only to put a bell-buoy on it. We hope that he will be attentive, and ring his bell like a good bell-boy whenever he sees a ship coming. We might have mentioned this last week, but it seems more in keeping with the careless way such matters are dealt with by the authorities, to note it on a day when nothing was said about it. Most English people think that Daunt's Rock is some celebrated kind of Dublin toffy, but nobody can know everything. MR. MAGUIRE deserves much applause for getting anything done to a dangerous nuisance, which the United Kingdom ought to blow to Smithereens, wherever that locality may be.

Another Irish complication, which we shall certainly not unravel. The Bill for improving Irish Chancery is disliked by MR. WHITESIDE, who abused it for two hours and a half, and then, by one vote, beat the Government, and referred the Bill to a Select Committee. But then it turned out that the proceedings had been irregular, and also that somebody had voted against his intention, and—bnt what on earth does it matter?

Australia sadly wants a ROWLAND HILL. On the plea that the present rate of postage to that region does not pay, the Post Office has raised the charge from sixpence to one shilling, but it is to be fourpence by private ship. *Mr. Punch*, in the interest both of this country and the noble colony, denounces the proceeding as being unjust, and based on a false economy. Interconurse between us and the colonists should be encouraged to the utmost, and the requisite money should be taken out of the large profits made on home postage. If anybody in England, except *Mr. Punch*, knew anything about Australia, such an oppressive and ridiculous arrangement would not be permitted, but most people, and everybody at the Colonial Office, believe that Hobart Town is in New Holland, Melbourne in South Anstralia, Adelaide in New South Wales, and Anstralia somewhere in the Atlantic.

BERKELEY and 123 begged Ballot. PAM and 212 preferred Publicity. MR. HENNESSY lamented the increase of Irish Emigration, and wished something done to stop it. He was stopped, after being told there was nothing to lament about, by the carrying of the previous question by 80 to 52.

Wednesday. MR. HUBBARD'S Bill for permitting folks to use the Metric System went through Committee. It lies before *Mr. Punch*. It is a very little Bill, but there are some stunning long words in the Schedule. Omitting Dismals, ladies, we may inform you that a Myriametre is not the metre in which MIRIAM, the Hebrew songstress, composed, but 6 miles and 376 yards, that the word Are is not part of a verb, but 119 square yards; that when you send nurse to the public house for a pint of porter (such things are) you are lawfully at liberty to tell her to ask for a Dekalitre, and that when the witch in *Macbeth* was bnying "three ounces of a red haired wench," the old wretch might, had this Bill then been Scotch law, have demanded a Hectogram.

Then, *apropos* of Scotch law, we defeated a Bill for allowing English Bank notes to circulate in Scotland. It seems that the natives love that exceeding dirty old rag, called a Scotch note, and disloyally prefer it to a sovereign. We do not think that it would be right to interfere with a harmless provincial prejudice, but, considering that English tourists invented Scotland and support it, some arrangement might be made for the receipt, from such persons, of the coins and paper of civilisation.

A remark, in a similar spirit, will apply to a proposal to make the Royal Court of Jersey act justly and rationally. The Jerseyites are frantic at such an attempt, and in the extremity of their despair have promised to do the work themselves. If they do not, it will simply be necessary to enact that no English person who may visit the beautiful

island, shall be liable to its ludicrous laws. Jersey would be a delightful place, but for the Jerseyites.

Thursday. Welcome to work, indefatigable old friend, HENRY BROUGHAM. A Bill for preventing bribery, eh? How? By making imprisonment the penalty. Very good. But do you think—do you now—that the attorneys will allow their subjects in the Commons to vote for such a measure? Never mind, we are rejoiced to see you in the field again, old Giantkiller.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD has a Bill allowing the masters of Collegiate Schools to read prayers to the boys. The Primate supported it, DR. TAIT approved it, and the thing is done at Harrow and the other great Schools. But the Bill frightened the CHANCELLOR, and actually, LORD SHAFTESBURY on "parochial" grounds. DR. WILBERFORCE "could not understand the pious zeal" of LORD WESTBURY. But, as EARL RUSSELL didn't like the measure, it stands over for future discussion. We regret to add that the BISHOP OF OXFORD fell from his horse in going home after endeavouring to promote so very reasonable an object, but we hope that he will soon recover. The Lords can ill spare a crack debater.

On the previous Sunday morning, the Federal frigate, the *Kearsarge*, sank the Confederate frigate, the *Alabama*, near Cherbourg, when one man covered himself with honour which no one will contest, the brave DAVID LLEWELLYN, the Surgeon of the vanquished ship.

"Down to the deeps, in doing well," he went."

He might have been saved, but he refused to imperil his wounded by increasing the number in their boat. It is not to the Wiltshire clergyman, the father, who must be so proud amid his grief, that Englishmen should leave the duty of erecting a memorial to a true hero. His name should have been mentioned to-night by a speaker who has himself done brave things, SIR JOHN HAY, when asking CLARENCE PAGET whether Government had noted the artillery lesson to be learned from the fight off Cherbourg. It should be mentioned whenever there is talk of braver death than that met in the heat of battle.

A long partisan debate on Irish Education again brought out bitterness from some who would rather see children untought than taught by Catholics.

Friday. The Lords talked for a short time about the Royal Academy and this is a pleasant way of spending an hour. The Commons had a Malt-tax battle, in which MR. GLADSTONE conquered, preventing a resolution condemnatory of the tax, but the attendance was not large, considering the fuss that is made on the subject.

We conclude the chronicle by stating that the LORD CHANCELLOR has revealed the mode in which he proposes to deal with Attorneys. The client is to make a bargain with the Lawyer. In mediæval legends men are said to have made bargains with such beings, and to have escaped, but it has usually been by the intervention of some saint, and you might now as reasonably expect to find a policeman as a saint in your hour of need. Such compacts are perilous, if not absolutely wicked.

GOBLIN CHILD WITH THE RAT'S-TAIL HAIR.

LITTLE Girl, thou shears dost lack,
With thy hair all down thy back
Loose, and streaming on the gale,
Like a rod, or comet's tail,
Or the tails which creatures wear;
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

'Tis a wonder, little Pet,
How thy parents thee can let
Go about so; such a fright,
Looking like an elfin sprite,
Dressed out with fantastic care,
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

Thou wert, if of peasant birth,
Posted in the fields, much worth.
'Mid the corn, thou tiny Guy,
How thou 'dst make the sparrows fly!
Then might swains the small birds spare,
Goblin Child with the rat's-tail hair!

Ingenuity Thrown Away.

WE read that "a machine for washing dishes has lately been patented in America." If the war continues much longer, this invention will be completely useless, for the simple reason that provisions will be so dear, that it will be impossible to put any on the dishes, consequently the latter will require no washing. In this sense, War may be said to make clean work of it.

LAWSON AND LIQUORS.



DMIRED PUNCH, This world affords me no enjoyment much greater than that of a glass of strong beer, imbibed in the course of a good long walk, at the bar of a decent

well-conducted public-house. In an establishment of this description, the other day, on such an occasion, whilst I was recruiting my frame with that refreshment, a member of the working classes excited my curiosity by asking the landlord officiating at the tap for a go of "LAWSON;" whereupon mine host served him with a quantity of some kind of spirit. "LAWSON!" I exclaimed; "dear me, what is LAWSON?" The working man grinned, and the landlord replied:—"Gin, Sir. They calls gin 'LAWSON' now, Sir, 'cept o' Sundays, and then they calls it 'SOMES.' Brandy they calls 'TREVELYAN,' and rum 'HARVEY,' and whiskey they calls 'POPE;' Irish whiskey: and Scotch, 'FORBES MACKENZIE.' Then there's different kinds o' beer, Sir; Burton they calls 'Band of Hope,' and Kennet 'United Kingdom Alliance.'" "Well to be sure!" said I, "and I shouldn't wonder if they were, by-and-by, to call sherry-cobler 'HARRINGTON,' and mint-julep 'HEY-WORTH,' and brandy-smash 'JABEZ BURNS,' and timber-doodle 'CANON JENKINS,' after the names of the Alliance's leading members." "Yes, Sir," said the landlord, "and werry likely they'll give the name of 'DEAN CLOSE' to punch." "Indeed," I replied, "I think that extremely probable; or perhaps they'll make the Dean a Bishop; and it appears to me a subject of regret that the industrious orders should be provoked, by injudicious agitation, to associate, out of bravado, respectable and reverend names with liquors, which, however salubrious in moderate quantities, are, when partaken of in excess, intoxicating." "'Tis werry lamentable, Sir," said the landlord, "isn't it?"

Yours affectionately, AMBULATOR.

CROQUÊT.

I.

AWAKE, my *Judy*! leave all meaner things,
And come to Croquêt, sport for Queens and Kings;
Don your thick boots that would have shocked a Hoby,
So may you tread the Lawn with me and *Toby*;
Let us—that's you and your devoted *Punch*—
Since there is yet some time before we lunch,
Consider what was the immediate cause
What the design, and what the guiding laws
Of Croquêt, now the fashionable game,
Which being absent country life is tame.
Come, take your mallet, Judikins, and stoop,
Strike—Get out, *Toby*, don't obstruct the Hoop;
Ah! would you? You come here, Sir, when I call,
Don't let me catch you chiveying the ball,
Or with us interfering; if you do,
I shall be forced—but that's 'twixt me and you.

Lie down, my dog! now, Judikins, go in,
And do the very best you know to win.
Ladies! play honestly, or we can't greet
You as the *fair* sex, who so love to *cheat*.
The strictest rules shall govern us to day,
Bann'd be the mode in which most females play,
Fair when they must, and cheating when they can,
This is the way that woman plays with man.

II.

Whence Croquêt sprang to benefit the earth,
What happy garden gave the pastime birth,
What cunning craftsman carved its graceful tools,
Whose oral teaching fixed its equal rules,
Sing, JACQUES, thou apostle of the game!
If dissyllabic is thy famous name;
Or if, as Frenchified, it is but one,
By saying, "Sing, JOHN JACQUES!" the trick is done.
Mysterious Croquêt! like my "Little Star"
Of infancy, "I wonder what you are?"
Owning no parent, yet herein no shame,
Where all the honour would so gladly claim,
May be that, Thou didst give to mortals joy,
When winged Time was yet a fledgling boy;
See sporting NIMROD coming from the fields,
Lays down the spear and the gay mallet wield;
A Pre-Noachian Croquêt might have then
Been the delight of Patriarchal men.
As on Assyrian Courtwalls, figure-fraught,
Scholars see something, where the boys meant naught,
So we, upon these walls, (from bias freed,)
May the antiquity of Croquêt read.
Can Cricket that excludes the softer sex,
Tennis, that doth the looker-on perplex,
Or Bowls, that Tory Parsons used to play,
Or Skittles when each sharper has his way,
Can these, or any other, to us known,
Delight both sexes like this game alone?
Cricket is modern. When the earliest match,
When the first skyer fell to the first catch;
When first the term was used of "keeping wicket,"
Who the inventor, who first played at Cricket,
Who gave the names to creases, stumps and bats;
To short leg, longstop, point, *elect'ra*—that's
A knowledge every one can get by heart.
Not so with Croquêt, let the curious start
With book and plan to trace its wandering course,
Like SPEKE and GRANT the Nile, up to its source,
Its streams run back until you end the chase,
And stand amazed upon the brink of space.
Some think when NEWTON viewed the planets roll,
A thought of Croquêt glanced athwart his soul:
In Jupiter the Blue, in Mars the Red,
He saw, while Croquêt'd comets madly sped.
If so, I wish the Master of the Mint
Had taken Thyme to put his thought in print.

III.

The Ground.

For playing Croquêt the best grounds that be,
Are those on which 'tis played by you and me;
Because 'tis exercise nor rude nor rough,
Because, in short, we like it,—that's enough.
Whoever will play Croquêt, must first see
The Ground well chosen; and the Ground should be
A Paradox wherein your sophists revel,
At once a *lively* Ground, and a *dead* level.
No undulating surface must be found,
Where busy ants raise up their mighty mound;
So then to flatten every heap of mould,
The grass-plat should diurnally be rolled.
Sing, sing, my Muse!

She will not even squeak,

Well, sulky maid, *au reservoir* next week.

Safe Supply of Infantry.

In a sensible letter in the *Times* on the subject of recruiting, A Sergeant-Major very justly observes that:—

"By allowing the ten years' men a wife, with a small pecuniary allowance, with rations, you not only retain him, who is worth a half-dozen recruits, but you also provide a nursery for a future army."

To be sure you do, and a nursery likely to be well stocked with babies.



Captain of Company. "YOUR POUCH IS VERY DIRTY, SIR!"

Private Jones. "No, SIR!"

Captain of Company. "BUT I SAY IT IS, SIR! RIGHT ABOUT FACE, AND LOOK AT IT!"

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

BEFORE us is a very sensible letter, signed "BEDFORD PIM, Commander R.N., Hon. Secretary," and dated from the Junior United Service Club. It announces, as information "which will doubtless gratify the admirers of the gallantry displayed by the officers and crew of the renowned *Alabama* in the late action off Cherbourg," the fact "that it has been determined to present CAPTAIN SEMMES with a handsome sword to replace that which he has buried with his sinking ship." Further, this judicious notification requests that "Gentlemen wishing to participate in this testimony to unflinching patriotism and naval daring will be good enough to communicate with the chairman of the committee, ADMIRAL ANSON, United Service Club, Pall-mall;" or with the writer himself. Lastly, a postscript preceded with "N.B." intimates that, "In order to give a larger number of friends the opportunity of contributing, the subscription is limited to one guinea each." This invocation will of course be sufficient to draw down upon the treasurer of the committee above referred to a golden shower, considerably heavier than that which descended on Danaë.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that the measure of presenting a sword to CAPTAIN SEMMES, of the *Alabama*, is, on the part of officers in Her Majesty's Service, any the least violation of that neutrality in regard to the American belligerents which has been enjoined by the QUEEN'S Proclamation. In arming the Captain of the *Alabama*, no offence will be given like that which was taken at the supply of arms to the *Alabama* herself. If the Captain of the *Kearsarge* had been in CAPTAIN SEMMES's place, that is to say, had he fought till his ship sank under him, after having eluded all the Confederate cruisers, and destroyed a great many Confederate merchant vessels, which may be supposed, no doubt those gentlemen who are going to give SEMMES a sword for his mere gallantry, would be equally in a hurry to present one on the same account to SEMMES's antagonist, CAPTAIN WINSLOW.

Should the Prussians and their King drag us into war with them, and a Prussian privateer, fitted out at New York and manned with Yankees, after having under the command of a German Captain swept a great part of our commerce from the seas, get sunk by a British sloop off Boston, and should that Captain be picked up by the owner of an American yacht, and taken ashore, and hailed and made much of by officers of the United States Navy, and should they present him, amongst them, with a sword of honour, of course we shall, with that

magnanimity which is ever characteristic of the British Public, only applaud their generous recognition of the valour and hardihood of our brave though mischievous and deadly enemy.

In the prospect of imminent war with Prussia and Germany, not only is a demonstration of sympathy with the commander of a Confederate privateer highly seasonable, but, being made in the confident assurance that it will be liberally construed by those who would hang CAPTAIN SEMMES if they could catch him, it implies a delicate compliment to the people of the United States. We may assure ourselves that they will take it as such, and that those who intend to be parties to it had not much better mind their own business.

A TRAP LAID FOR A HUSBAND.

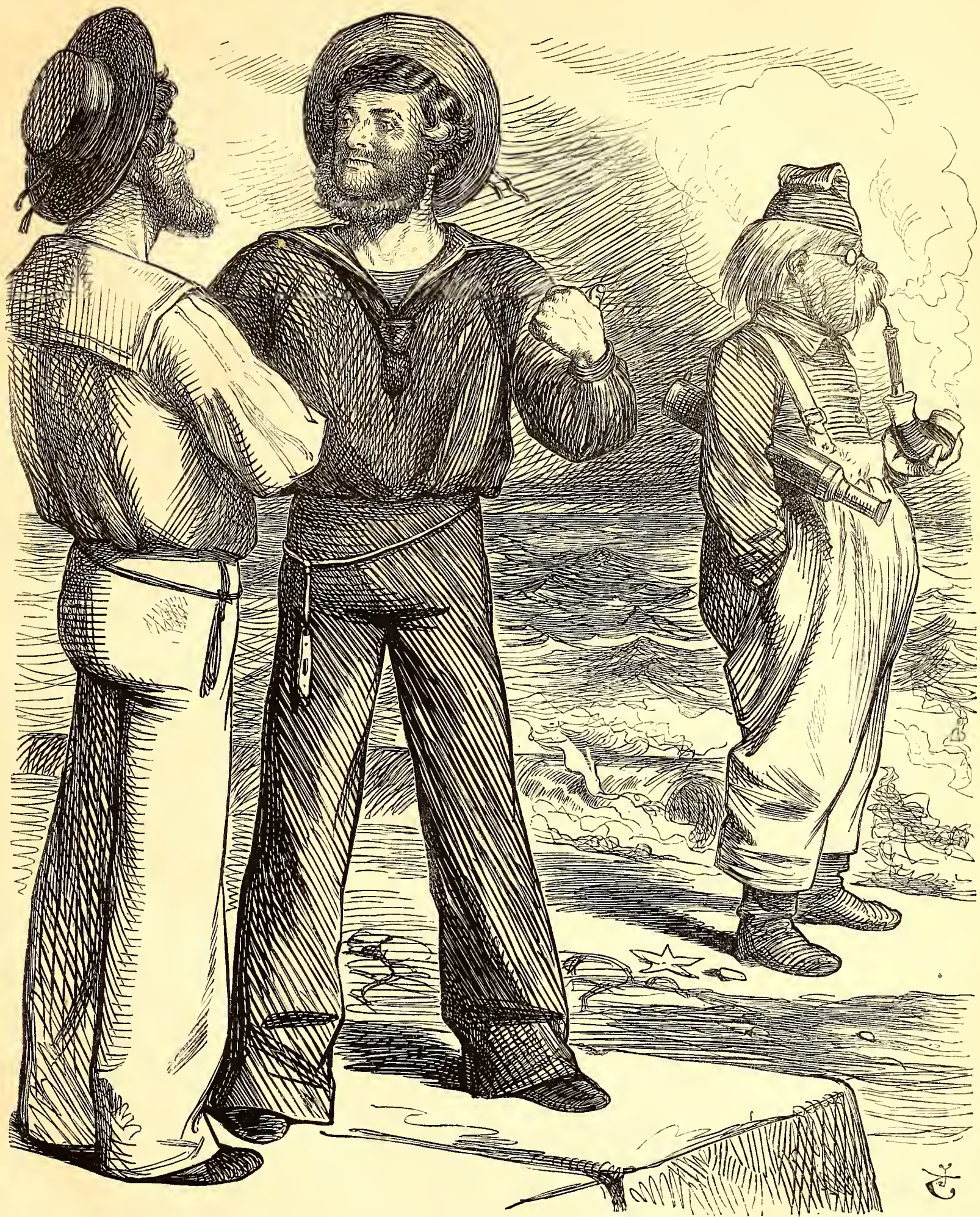
PEOPLE sometimes wonder why it is that other people do not marry; and there is certainly small lack of ladies in the world, if gentlemen would only make up their minds to have them. Various are the ways wherein a woman sets her cap at you; and here is one which, if there be any truth in an advertisement, seems well nigh irresistible:—

HOUSEKEEPER TO A WIDOWER, Elderly Lady or Gentleman,
or Cheerful Companion to an Invalid.—Music, perfect French, Millinery, Dress-making, and a thousand and one other qualities, with the highest reference.

Music, cheerfulness and French, a good knowledge of housekeeping, and a thorough taste in dress, what can man want more in wife, if he be invalid or elderly? What her "thousand and one other qualities" may be, whether good, bad or indifferent, he need surely not inquire. But what if this *Scheherazade* be given to curtain-lecturing, and keep him awake by the narration of her qualities for a thousand and one nights? Well, bowstringing in England is not yet allowed by law; but SIR J. P. WILDE is ready to give sufferers relief. Clearly the lady wants to catch a husband; but who of all her references will say how she will treat him, after he is caught?

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is Brim-stone.

ANOTHER FOR BANTING.—"Small by degrees and beautifully less."



JACK ON THE CRISIS.

“BLOW IT, BILL! WE CAN’T BE EXPECTED TO *FIGHT* A LOT O’ LUBBERLY SWABS LIKE HIM. WE’LL KICK ’EM, IF THAT’LL DO.”

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES:

A SHAMELESS PIRACY UPON OUR HONOURED AND INESTIMABLE FRIEND N. AND Q.

CURIOUS LEGAL CUSTOM.—Can any of your readers inform me whether the following custom obtains in any other place than Little Tiddleywinks. When a person owes money to another, and will not pay, the latter consults an attorney, who sends the former what is called "A Lawyer's Letter." It is not an amiable practice, and I should be glad to hear that it is local only.

IMPECUNIOSUS.

QUAINT SAYING.—What is the origin of the phrase "Sat upon," as applied to a discomfited person? I have sometimes thought that it may come from *satis* (enough), but I have chiefly heard it from turf men, military officers, and others seldom rightly suspected of classical proclivities.

ANTI SLANG.

WANTED, A QUOTATION.—I am a young author, and having just completed a work, I want a good quotation for the title-page, and I dare say that some of the well-read contributors to "N. & Q." can aid me, and I shall be much obliged by any one doing so. My work is on the advantages of Industry, and I desire a motto, in verse preferred, making an allusion to the Bee, and its habit of improving time, and stocking its cells from any available floral source.

JUVENIS.

CUSTOMS IN SOCIETY.—When the ladies retire after dinner, why does the master of the house flick his table napkin after his wife, who leaves the room last? Is it a superstition? And why does he take her place at the table, and say "Now, then," as if the enjoyment of the evening were really going to commence? And why does the gentleman who has hitherto been the most stupid and dismal, suddenly begin to grin, and proceed to rattle out jokes which certainly require the absence of ladies—and of gentlemen. As I am preparing a work on etiquette, I shall be glad of any enlightenment on these points.

A NOVICE IN THE WORLD.

TO LADY-COMMENTATORS.—In the Circulating Library at Southend, Essex, is a copy of Sir Bulwer Lytton's beautiful romance, *Zanoni*. There is a manuscript note in the margin of the page which describes the Apparition of the Dreadful Eyes and the Manifestation of the Unutterable Horror, and the words, written by a graceful female pen, are "Truly hawful." As I think I recognise a kindred spirit in the annotation, I should be very glad if she would send her address to me, under cover, to your office.

SPIRIT-RAPPER.

A CLASSICAL QUERY.—Do the best authorities at Oxford, (or Cambridge, if anything about Latin is known there) consider that HORACE's phrase *celeri saucius* implies that the ancients were acquainted with celery sauce?

GRYFFYD.

PEDIGREE OF THE SMITHS.—I am endeavouring to trace the pedigree of the Smiths of Tottenham Court Road. I have certificates as far back as John Smith, fruiterer, who lived in Holborn in 1815, but beyond this I cannot get. Can any of your correspondents aid me? We have a tradition that a Smith was knocked down in the Lord George Gordon riots, and an aged member of the family, resident in almshouses at Aldgate, thinks that either a Smith ("a smart young dandy") whom she knew in youth, or his friend Brown ("who went up in a balloon") came home very tipsy after the fireworks in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, and these facts may serve as clues. I shall be glad of an early reply, for a visitor to the house lately remarked that she would not wonder if Mr. Smith got knighted one of these fine days, and it may be well to be prepared for Heralds' College.

SAMUEL TRADDLES, (Solicitor).

ANIMOSITY TOWARDS SPIDERS.—Can any of the correspondents of "N. & Q." inform me what is thought to be the origin of this feeling? I have recently married, and my bachelor study was rather profusely adorned with hangings produced by the industrious and indefatigable animal. To my surprise, during my absence one day, my wife and the housemaid cleared them all away, and in answer to my astonished inquiries, I could get no explanation from the former, except that I was a pig. I suppose that there is some female superstition on the subject, and should be glad to be informed what, having no animosity myself towards a creature that sets authors so good an example of the poet's golden rule, *Nulla dies sine lineâ*.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

EXPLANATION OF A POEM.—Dr. Watts is usually a model of good sense. But why does he, in his moral song about ants, make the following complaint?

"These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!"

Would one not rather wish that they should not be in our eyes at all, than announce that they very seldom get there? Perhaps the learned Attorney-General, who edits our hymns so admirably, would explain the passage. It would not be beneath his dignity, for I see with pleasure that the learned Solicitor-General exhibits a picture in this year's Academy, and I am glad to see that great persons grow so affable.

MEUS OCULUS.

FOLK LORE.—Riding recently in the Regent's Park, and having some little difficulty with my horse, some juveniles, who were watching us with evident amusement, exclaimed, "Get inside, Sir." I do not know whether they were advising me to take the horse within the enclosure, but I should think not, because the gates were locked, and I am induced to believe that the exclamation was a specimen of the quaint and time-honoured "chaff" of the humbler classes. Have any of your correspondents an idea of its meaning?

COCKNEY.

NURSERY RHYMES.—The rising generation is grateful to you for allowing your correspondents to record the interesting evidences of domestic playfulness, and in the hope that the following may be new to many nurseries, I send it. I first heard it from my old nurse who, I think, had in girl-hood been in some subordinate situation in the family of Lord Eldon. Hence, perhaps, the allusion to the wig, though it is hardly probable that domesticities would allow themselves to jest about the attire of their noble employer:—

"There was a little pig,
And he wore a little wig,
And he stood upon his hind legs,
And danced a little jig."

ADELGITHA.

In a fine tall copy of the third folio of Shakspeare, now in my possession, the exclamations of *Hamlet*, who has seen the *Ghost*, and summons his colleagues, are printed thus:—

"Hollo! oho! ho! boy; come, Bird, come."

Addressed to *Marcellus*, the word "bird" would be absurd, unless *Hamlet's* madness were breaking out very early indeed, and we cannot suppose that the elegant *Hamlet* would use a term equivalent to the "old cock" of the colloquial life of our time. But I see one "Birde" mentioned as among the players in the Globe company. Was he the original *Marcellus*, and was this merely a note in the prompt copy, to remind him of his entrance?

VENERABLE BEDE, M.A.

[We think the criticism futile. *Hamlet* may well call his friend a bird, when he calls his father an old mole, his venerable friend a fishmonger, and the players gentlemen.—Ed. *Punch's N. & Q.*]

SOCIAL FREEMASONRY.—At a dancing party the other night, I had no partner, so I went down alone to supper. I obtained a plate, and by some management got two wings of a fowl, three slices of tongue, and a help of lobster salad, with some good pieces, and roe. I was retiring to eat it in a corner, when a tall "swell," in a very affable manner, took the plate from me, saying, "Just what a lady wants." Then I saw him eating it himself. I am not much used to society. Is the phrase a sort of pass-word, to be accepted like a freemason's Sign. And if so, what is its origin?

SIMON SOFT.

TAKING A SIGHT.—A more vulgar and offensive gesture than what is known as "taking a sight" can hardly be, and I am glad to say that it is used now only by the aristocracy in clubs and by the lowest cads at the doors of public-houses. Yet it had once a grave significance, and was practised by the highest persons, for Lord Bacon says, that "my L^d Walsingham, being stirred to erect unto himself a mansion, was asked by the Queen's Maj^{ty} how his house prospered. 'Alack, most dread Sovereign,' he said, 'I lack a spot to build it upon.' The Queen, pointing through the easement to a fair domain (none of her Grace's) did reply, *finger to nose*, 'My lord, take a site.'"

A DUBLIN ARCHITECT.

PAWNBROKERS.—I am informed by a menial that the lower orders speak of a pawnbroker (a person who lends money on pledges) by the name of "My Uncle." The habits of the inferior creation have some interest for an observer of nature, and should the circumstances be known to any gentleman who reads "N. & Q." he will perhaps favour me with an explanation. Is this a ludicrous effort on the part of the *canaille* to get some fragment of a pedigree?

DE LA MONTMORENCY-BIGGS.

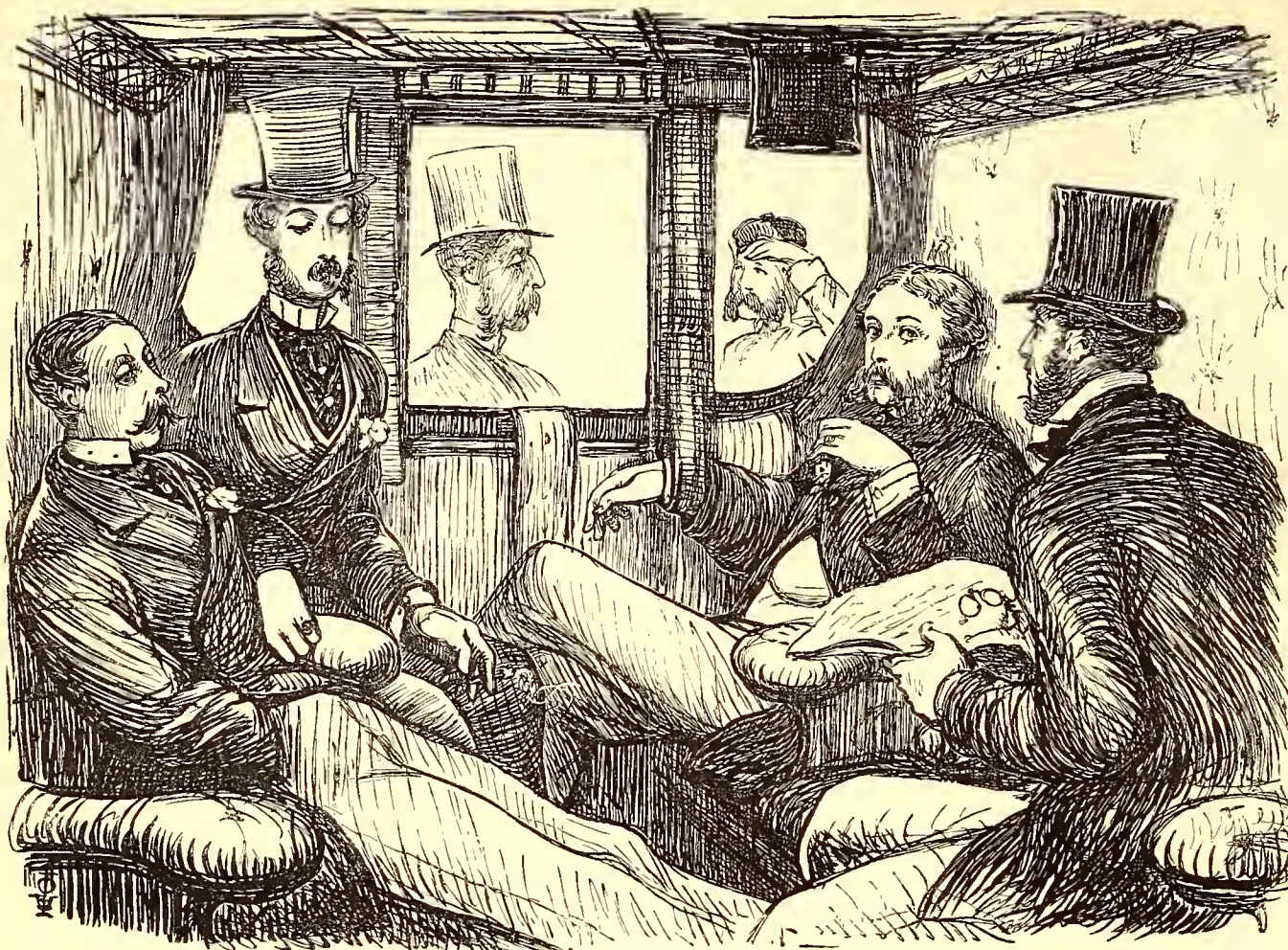
A DODGE DEFEATED.—In a beautiful and exciting novel which is now the rage in Society, and which is called *Emerald, or the Pardonable Parricide*, I find the following allusion. "Dashing his fair bride from him, he gazed on her in horror, as did Lycus the Centaur at the serpentine incarnation." Pray, who was Lycus the Centaur?

AMBULATOR.

[A clever person, not to be done. We can tell you of another, who saw that your letter was an artful puff for your rubbishing book, so he altered the title you gave. Ha! Is Ambulator Latin for Walker?—Ed. *Punch's N. & Q.*]

SEAL MOTTO WANTED.—There is in my possession a very curious seal, the date of the engraving of which I cannot determine, but I shall be happy to show it to any one who will come into Cornwall, and call on me. It is mounted in brass, the engraved substance is glass, and the device is a ship at sea, with the motto, (a corner chipped off and a letter or two lost) UCH IS LIFE. Could any contributor help me to a conjectural restoration of the legend?

PHOCA.



IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

Mild Civilian to Military Fellow Traveller. "KNOW THAT OFFICER JUST GOT OUT, SIR? SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN AN IMMENSITY OF SERVICE."

Military Fellow Traveller. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SHAW; B'LONGS TO THE OTHER BWANCH OF THE SAWVICE, PWABABLY."
[N.B. M.F.T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.]

DECEIT IN THE WASH-TUB.

"I HAVE given up (says a poor, meek, helpless husband) buying expensive handkerchiefs for some time past. Once, I used to buy nothing but the finest French cambric, but somehow or other my wife used always, the next week, when they came home from the wash, to claim them as her own, and if I doubted her word, she would triumphantly point to the initials in the corner, and which I must say corresponded exactly with her own. What was I to do? Could I refute irrefragable evidence? I was compelled to submit to the ingenious imposition, even though I was conscious that I was paying through the nose for it. However, ever since then, I have made a practice of contenting myself with the very commonest Scotch lawn—and I must say that I find I do not by any means lose so many pocket-handkerchiefs as I did before."

POLICE!—When is a Policeman like a Samaritan? When he comes out of Some area.

THE CENTENARY INSURANCE COMPANY.

WE understand that with this title it is proposed to start a Company whose object will be to insure to all the persons who subscribe to it a commemorative festival upon their hundredth birthday, if they then be dead. It is generally acknowledged that everybody nowadays must have a Centenary, and people who have any fear that they may escape having one may, by insuring in this Company, relieve their minds at once from such a painful apprehension, and rest assured their hundredth birthday will, if they die before it, be borne publicly in mind.

The chief object, however, of the Company will be to provide work for the people who like getting up Centenaries, and by celebrating others try to celebrate themselves. As the daisy may feel proud that, if not the rose itself, it has lived near to the rose, and become in some degree ennobled by the neighbourhood, so small promoters of Centenaries may derive reflected greatness from the greater men they glorify. Poets, whose poetic feet are very much too weak to climb Parnassus without help, try to raise themselves by clinging to some stronger climber's skirts. The being named in the same breath with greater men of letters, may be thought by some to magnify a name of little note; and so when a Centenary is purposed to be kept, there is never any lack of men to act on the Committee, and have their names paraded publicly in print.

Another hardly less important object of the Company is to keep up the supply of birthdays to be celebrated, which, it is feared, might otherwise ere long become exhausted. It is not every day that one can catch a SHAKESPEARE or a BURNS to be centenarified, and, for want of some one better, one will soon have to fall back upon a TOMKINS or a SMITH. Whether the prospect of being held in popular remembrance upon one's hundredth birthday would act as an incentive to the writing of good poetry, or the doing of good deeds, is a question which this Company perhaps may help to answer; and if the answer be affirmative, we may well wish that the Company may meet with all success.

IMPERTINENT.—Amongst our miscellaneous reading, we fell over a copy of a French paper, called *Le Progrès de Lyons*. We instantly dispatched it, with our compliments, to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

DREADFUL MORAL DUNCES.

THE Select Committee appointed to consider the case of MR. BEWICKE, who suffered penal servitude on conviction through perjury, state, in their report denying his claim to redress for that infliction, that:—

"They are unable to accede to the proposition that persons who have been convicted in due course of law by evidence subsequently proved to be false are entitled to compensation out of the public purse."

Are these gentlemen able to accede to the proposition that anybody whosoever, who has suffered any conceivable outrage, is entitled to any compensation at all? If a person injured by the mistake of a Judge and jury is not entitled to compensation out of the public purse, how can anybody accidentally injured by the agents of an individual be entitled to any compensation out of a private purse? What difference, as to claim for compensation, is there between being crushed by the error of a court of law, and being driven over by a blundering coachman? The legislators who are "unable to accede to the proposition," self-evident to anybody endowed with any conscientiousness, "that persons who have been convicted in due course of law by evidence subsequently proved to be false are entitled to compensation out of the public purse," would probably have that inability removed by an unmerited subjection for a very limited period to the discipline of a felon's gaol, which, for the stimulation of their stupid moral sense, might advantageously include several whippings.

Something like Piracy.

A TELEGRAM from New York announces that:—

"The Steamer *Tristram Shandy* has been captured."

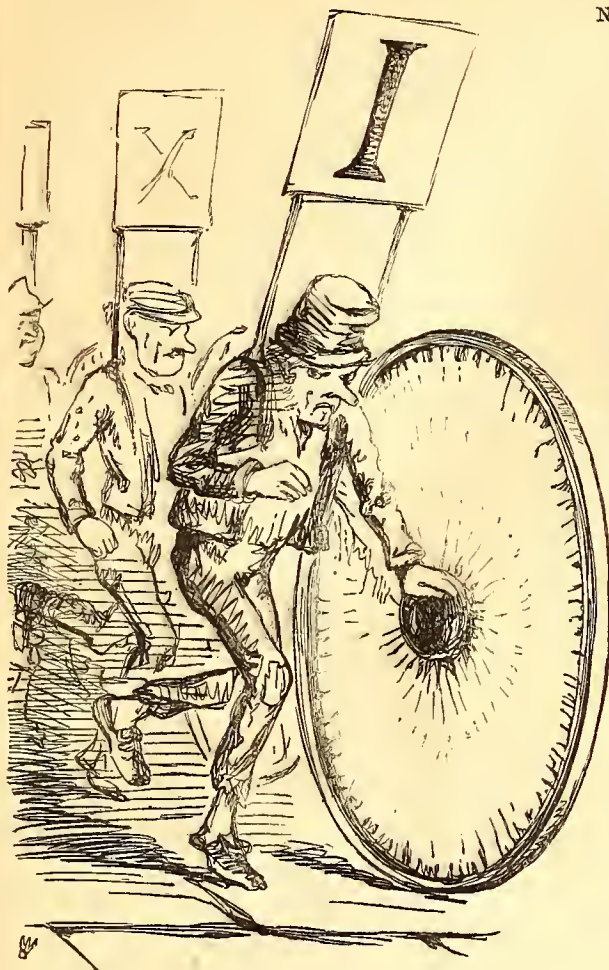
Doubtless, that was because she had no STERNE chasers.

TRYING WORK.

THE Courts of Law at Westminster are so inconvenient that the causes tried in them undergo not half so thorough a trial as the Judges do.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OR, THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CONSTANT COMPANION.



INSTRUCTIVE *Origin of the Curfew in the Essex Fens.*—In the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, a Norman Barou having lost his way in the fens, was guided to a place of safety by the ringing of a bell in a neighbouring village. On departing this life, he endowed a Church, on condition that a bell should be rung every evening at dusk; and further endowed a man to be lost every year in the fens, in order to keep up the illusion. Thus in the course of succeeding generations the inhabitants of the village have all been lost, the Church is in ruins, and the case will in time be settled by the Court of Chancery.

Shoes.—The History of Shoes is very curious. There was once a person who hadn't any shoes, so he went and got some.

The best way of Eating Anchovies.—After much consideration, and lengthened discussion with distinguished epicures, we have come to the conclusion, that the best way of eating anchovies is to put them in your mouth, and proceed as with mutton chops.

Old Saying for June and July.

—“Very warm, isn't it?”

Cellar Account.—The easiest

mode of keeping a cellar account, is to arrange it after the fashion of a Bank Book, substituting for “Debtor” and “Creditor,” the terms “Buyer,” and “Cellar.”

Wine-Key.—If you give your Butler the wine-key in order to save yourself trouble, always accompany him yourself, or watch his movements through the keyhole, occasionally crying out “I'm a looking at you,” so that he may not be able to complain of meanness.

Bin.—Directly a Bin is empty, mark it down thus:—“Bin and gone and done it.”

Coal Cellar.—It is not absolutely necessary to go to the Coal Cellar every time a fresh scuttle-full is required. But you should decidedly count the lumps when they first come in, and check them off as they're brought up-stairs.

Rules for Every Day in the Week.—Early Rising. Take care to rise in the morning when you get out of bed. In performing your ablutions use soap and water.

Self-Creation.—Social Science has at length discovered this stupendous secret of nature. Bears' grease, bread, butter and various preserves can be made at home. With a very little trouble to yourself, and by giving a certain amount of it to others, you can always *make yourself at home*.

The Irish Expression “Broth of a boy” is, as may be easily imagined, a relic of the most atrocious cannibalism.

Servants.—Give your servants a holiday whenever they require one; but invariably accompany them yourself; thus you exhibit your absence of pride, your affability, and ensure punctuality in their return.

Good Game for the Evening.—Cold Roast Partridge, at supper.

Drawing.—Exercise in crayons; for this you require no master, but every morning before breakfast make a point of walking your chalks.

How to get rid of Stains.—Go to Windsor.

Statistical.—It is calculated that there are more than three thousand people every year in the Lower Orkneys, who write for periodical literature. They receive no remuneration for their work, which at the expiration of every three years, is collected together in so many MSS. volumes and burnt by the common hangman. This interesting ceremony generally takes place on the thirty-first of September.

Historical.—It was CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS who discovered the New World which we are now inhabiting. The old one was sold by Government to pay the expenses of the Reformation.

Orthographic and Vegetarian.—The plural of Onion or Inion, as is the more correct Greek form, is *Inia* (*ινια*). The best specimens are grown in deep pits or abysses dug in that part of the world, which is, from this ancient garden-practice, known as Abyss-inia. The Abyss-inions are very fine fellows.

Ladies' Dresses.—Gofer work. When you want a dress, *go for it*.

American Bread.—Dampers are cakes with which the appetite is *whetted*.

How to destroy Grease Spots.—Take the grease out and throw the grease pots out of the attic window.

How to frighten Blackbeetles away.—Say you're going to send for a crusher.

SONG OF THE PRUSSIAN SLAVES.

A White Nigger Melody.

AIR.—“So Early in the Morning.”

How bold was we not long ago!
Our mind we let de Sobhereigu know;
Golly, what a drefle ting,
People to defy deir Kiug!
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
So bright seemed Freedom dawning,
But jis de oder day.

We went agin de Massa's will,
And kep refusin' BISMARCK's Bill,
Grumblin' at de sogers' cost,
So him Majesty we crossed.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Cos Massa was at dat time bent
To rule widout a Parliament,
Like ole CHARLES we say he come,
Lose him head at last, by gum!
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

But when him set us on de Danes,
We niggers all forgets our chains,
Yellin' at deir throats us fly;
Schleswig-Holstein!—nigger cry.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

De King and Minister dey found
De way to turn de people round,
Settin' glory 'fore deir eyes,
Plunder ob de Danes likewise.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

We fit and conker'd, ten to one,
And by de help ob needle-gun,
Sönderborg wid Dybböl fell:
Yoh! de cradles dar we shell.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

More men of Denmark we'll destroy,
As well as lilly gal and boy,
Glorifyin' BILLUM's name,
Earnin' ebberlastin' fame.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

De King he tink de Danes too free,
Dey ortent to be more dan we;
We for slavery nebber care,
'Spose our own we make dem share.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

So now de debble take de right,
For our ole tyrant's game we'll fight,
If he want to play at ball
Wid our heads, dey now shall fall.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Whatebber please de King we stand,
To add a slice to Faderlaud;
Sink United Germany,
Once a goin' to be free.
So bright seemed Freedom dawning, &c.

Kidnapping.—Caution to Mothers.

MARK YOUR BABIES.—Many childreu of the Aristocracy have been stolen by their nurses, and replaced by infants of the inferior classes. Heirs of noble houses have thus become chimney-sweeps, and low-born offspring have grown up to inherit lordly domains. To prevent accidents of this kind, tattoo your babies, as soon as possible after they are born, on an appropriate surface. For this purpose there is no preparation so effectual as DODGE'S American Marking Fluid, composed from a receipt obtained from the Sioux Indians. May be had at 85, Fleet Street.

UNFAIR!—The overcrowded state of our Law Courts necessitates in almost every case a well packed Jury.



SUGGESTIVE ADVERTISEMENT.—FAMILIES SUPPLIED IN CASKS AND BOTTLES.

VISIT OF PRINCE PUNCH TO THE ART-SCHOLARS' BAZAAR.

"O MY DEAR PRINCE PUNCH, you must; indeed you must," said the Princess, adding with her sweetest smile, "you know we couldn't possibly get through it all without you."

So PRINCE PUNCH, who is all ears when a pretty lady speaks, graced the Arcades of South Kensington with his countenance last Thursday, and opened the bazaar for the Female School of Art.

"Are these the lady scholars? they look very attractive, don't they?" whispered ALEXANDRA, as she glanced at the nice girls in white dresses and red ribbons, the colours of her country. "Attractive," said PRINCE PUNCH, "Why, yes, as art-students of course, their study—he! he!—is to draw. But see, this is the Ceremonial Hall that we have reached, and here are all the ceremonies ready to be handed to your Royal Highness." While yet he spake, the purse-bearers silently approached, and handed to the Princess the five guineas they had paid for the privilege of doing so. "Speech is silver," said PRINCE PUNCH, "but you see, Silence is golden. I had rather have five guineas from the hands of a young lady who knows when to hold her tongue, than five columns of gabble from an orator who doesn't."

Then the Princess and her suite—her suite being sweet PRINCE PUNCH—were taken into custody by six terrible policemen, and marched away like malefactors through a squeeze of starers into the bazaar. Here she set a good example to bazaar-goers in general, for she stopped at every stall to say a pleasant word or two, and make a pretty purchase; whereas, bazaar-goers in general do chatter, but don't buy. The stall-keepers were so pretty that PRINCE PUNCH soon found his hands full and his purse quite empty; and, but for the presence of the half-dozen policemen, his heart would have been stolen a dozen times at least before he left the too, too fascinating place.

"You'll come and have some lunch and a weed, before your Park, won't you?" said ALBERT EDWARD, temptingly. But the other Prince was adamant, even to this offer, for he had rashly made a vow not to smoke before his dinner; and so, after he had handed ALEXANDRA to her carriage, he took Toby to the Dog Show to exchange a few bow-wows with the Dog-fish of the Andes, the Colossal Cur of Corsica and some other foreign friends. Then, having improved his mind with

a whole five minutes' course of scientific lectures, at the famous Paul-y-Toole-y-Technic Institution, he sought some bodily improvement at the place where the refreshments should have been served out. But after waiting six and thirty minutes for an ice, and at length succeeding only in grabbing an ice spoon, PRINCE PUNCH was led to think that he would be a nice spoon to wait there any longer, and so he wisely postponed luncheon till it was time to dine.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

ACCORDING to an American paper called the *Albany Evening Journal*, the practice of extorting confession by torture has been revived in what still "claims" to be the Model Republic. For:—

"JOHNSON the deserter, who attempted to hide his uniform last week in an out-house on the hill, and then rigged himself up in citizen's clothes, has been made to own up at the barracks. After the thumbscrews had been applied, he said that his name was JAMES HUNT, and gave the name and number of the regiment to which he belonged and where he enlisted."

The Yankees appear now to be going a-head, as perhaps their Irish immigrants tell them, by reversing the engine. One engine to which they seem in a fair way to revert, is the rack, and by application to its mechanism of the beneficent power of steam, they will doubtless render it a great improvement on the antiquated apparatus for applying the "question extraordinary." The Federal Steam-Rack may be expected to figure in any considerable contribution which Yankeedoodledom may make to any future International Exhibition. The ingenuity of the countrymen of GENERAL BUTLER will enable them to adapt steam, as a motive force, to all varieties of the more complicated machinery of torture. As yet they content themselves with one of its simplest instruments. But now that they employ the thumbscrews, to make prisoners "own up," they will next, perhaps, adopt the "Scavenger's Daughter."

A PUBLIC LOSS.—The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in Hyde Park, is requested to restore it.

How TO DO PEPPER'S GHOST—Use the Ghost and don't pay PEPPER.



A MAN TRAP.

Lady. "CHARLES, DEAR, I'M REALLY AFRAID MY CRINOLINE IS COMING OFF."

Husband (Suddenly bursting into a Cold Perspiration). "BY JOVE, LET'S BOLT INTO THIS BONNET SHOP."

[Sold.]

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN, Countrymen, Friends!—remain no longer insensible to the taunts which are so earnestly addressed to you by foreigners, and are so thoughtfully taken up and repeated by candid and well-intentioned and beneficial persons amongst ourselves. Do recognise the truth that you are laughed at by your well-wishers, and let them lash you into that noble rage with which their ridicule ought long since to have inflamed you.

Draw the sword instantly; never mind if you can only flourish it in the air. Level the bayonet, notwithstanding that you see nothing within your reach to charge. Fire, though there be no enemy within range of your rifled ordnance, and your shot fall harmless, and your shells explode ineffectually in the atmosphere.

What a set of rewards you will deserve to be called if you hesitate to pit ten thousand men against only half a million! What a nation of mean, stingy, sordid shopkeepers you will justly be styled if you sit down for a moment to count the cost of a war that may not come to much more than two or three hundred, and will perhaps let you in for less than a thousand millions sterling!

Will you be basely unmindful of the gratitude with which you have uniformly been repaid by other nations for the slight assistance which, when their liberties have been assailed and their soil invaded, you have occasionally rendered them at an insignificant expense both of life and money?

Show yourselves, for once, at the invitation of the whole world, which is solicitous for your welfare no less than your honour, capable of going to war for an Idea other than that of getting anything by doing so; indeed just the reverse of it.

Do not grudge the industrious Yankees any number of merchantships which their privateers will capture sailing under your enemy's flag. Follow the example of disinterested, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic generosity which is set you by almost all the other nations around you.

COMPULSORY ABSTINENCE.—The Maine Law is defined by its advocates, "Liberty without Licence."

DEFINITION.—An Elevated Taste may be defined as a Liking for High Venison.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 27th. Monday. It is difficult to say what took people in such crowds to make themselves uncomfortable, for hours, in both Houses of Parliament to-day, inasmuch as all the newspapers had told us, at breakfast, that the Government of the QUEEN would not go to war with Germany. But there were great crowds; and the PRINCE OF WALES, with his and our endeared Princess, went to the House of Lords to hear EARL RUSSELL.

Were not *Mr. Punch* writing for Posterity, he would add nothing to the above paragraph. But ages after all the newspapers of Tuesday, the 28th of June, 1864, shall have become scattered and undistinguishable dust, his adamantine tablets will be consulted for the history of England. He therefore respectfully apprises the Ages that on this afternoon VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Premier of England, *etatis*—never mind, but he was born in 1784—and EARL RUSSELL, Foreign Secretary, born 1792, delivered two of the most remarkable speeches made by them in the whole course of their prolonged Parliamentary history.

They gave narratives of the progress of the Dano-German quarrel, stated the effect of the Treaty of London of 1852 (that famous Promissory Note to which France, Russia, and England were parties, but which the two former signatories hint that England alone ought to pay, only England doesn't seem to see it in that light), referred to the Federal Execution, and then to the German Burglarious Entry, and to the war in which Denmark made such gallant resistance to the hordes of invaders. Though both Lords were friends of the late TOM MOORE, they missed a fine opportunity of quoting one of his finest passages:—

"But vain was valour, vain the flower
Of Denmark in that dreadful hour
Against the German's whelming power.
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of the realm
He came in brutal force to sway,
And with their corpses blocked his way."

But then Lords have not *Mr. Punch's* fine memory and prompt habit

of adaptation. But they proceeded to say that the parties who signed the Treaty of 1852 suggested a Conference; that England had tried, in vain, to obtain a previous armistice, but that suspension of hostilities was arranged by the Council which met in London. Then we were told of the discussions, which it is of the less consequence to describe, seeing that they ended in nothing but the exchange of polite bows, and the assurances of the foreigners that they had enjoyed a delightful visit to the Isle of Fogs. Denmark conceded all Holstein and nearly half Schleswig at the suggestion of England, but refused to retreat behind a certain line, while the Burglars declared that they would have more. Then the KING OF DENMARK said that he would resume the fight for the rest of his possessions. The armistice, prolonged to six weeks, expired, and the slaughter has been resumed.

We all knew all this. Then came the question, was England to go to war for Denmark?

LORD PALMERSTON said that Denmark had been ill used, and that the sympathies of the whole English nation were with her.

But in the very origin of the quarrel she had been wrong, though she had completely set herself right.

She rejected the last demand at the Conference, though her acceptance of it might have led to peace.

France and Russia had refused to draw the sword for her.

Therefore, if England interfered, she would have to encounter the whole force of Germany.

The Government of the QUEEN had not thought it their duty to go to war.

But if Copenhagen were attacked, or the KING OF DENMARK were made a prisoner, their decision might be subject to reconsideration.

Such was the PREMIER's statement, and EARL RUSSELL's was like unto it, but he added that we were the more bound to remain neutral now, as the War in America might end, and then we might have, at any time, a rupture with a nation possessing an enormous army and a powerful navy.

To the which speeches provisional replies were made by the leaders of Opposition.

LORD DERBY wished the Lords to abstain from any immediate expression of opinion. It would shortly be for Parliament to decide whether Ministers had preserved the honour of England, and whether the Continental difficulty was not the result of their weak and vacillating policy.

MR. DISRAELI had, at the beginning of the Session, condemned the course of Government. Had the Papers been duly produced, the House might have given earlier advice and judgment. He should speedily take the opinion of the Commons on the conduct of Ministers. He described LORD PALMERSTON's last words as another of his spiritless and senseless menaces, and thought the policy of MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT better and more intelligible than that of the Ministry.

On the next day,

Tuesday, MR. DISRAELI, amid loud Conservative cheers, gave notice that on the following Monday he should move a Vote of Censure.

MR. KINGLAKE (*Eothen*) subsequently gave notice of an Amendment to the effect that the House approves the conduct of Government in abstaining from war.

Aud now Posterity knows all about it, and is prepared to study the next instalment of the history of the battle. It will be found adequately described in *Mr. Punch's* next number, and the historian has taken off his coat, and is preparing himself by a perusal of NAPIER, THIERS, CARLYLE, and the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*.

A little fight took place on this Tuesday, when the Ministers were beaten, by 79 to 40, on MR. DOULTON's motion, that Government ought to provide for the keeping open spaces in and around London. The mouths of MR. PEEL and MR. COWPER presented very open spaces at a proposition so counter to red-tape ideas, but there is a good deal to be said for it. A Select Committee is to consider the subject.

LORD BROUGHAM thinks that as Brazil has dropped the Slave Trade, we may repeal the very severe Aberdeen Act which has made her do so. LORD RUSSELL thinks, with *Mr. Punch*, that we had better wait a little, especially as Brazil and England are not just now on speaking terms.

To-night the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and *Mr. Punch* went to the Adelphi to see the *Dead Heart*, and all three agreed that MR. WEBSTER's subtle, elaborated, and vigorous acting was an artistic treat, doubly acceptable now that good acting is growing scarcer and scarcer. If any reader does not see what this fact has to do with Parliament, his intellect must be so feeble that it is not worth while to explain the connection.

Wednesday. MR. HENNESSY had an agreeable opportunity of ascertaining the value which the House of Commons sets upon his wisdom as a legislator. He moved the Second Reading of some Bill for tampering with the Irish Poor Law, and the House threw it out by 201 to 24.

The Bill, on which there has been so much debate, for abolishing the Tests that keep certain Dissenters out of Oxford University, went into Committee, and great contention was expected. But MR. SELWYN and the Conservatives would not touch the measure, and simply announced that they meant to throw it out on the Third Reading as they did.

Then we went into Committee on MR. BASS's Bill for relieving from the nuisance of Street Organs those who deem them a nuisance. The sensible men had all the argument and all the majorities, but a good deal of flippant folly was emitted in the public-house, servant-maid, and street idler's interest. Allusion being made to the street *Punch*, whose form the Great *Punch* playfully borrowed, and has idealised into a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON paid us a handsome but perfectly just compliment, describing Us both as Institutions of the Country. We were still more pleased to find that this experienced and practical nobleman, who, as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, knows the nature of vagabonds and their patrons, supported MR. BASS. So did SIR GEORGE GREY, who said that the Bill was merely an alteration of the existing law which enabled a householder to object to street music if it interfered with his calling. Perhaps the Home Secretary's statement will outweigh all the ridiculous misrepresentations of such people as SIR JOHN SHELLEY and MR. AYRTON, who also made some miserable jokes, better suited to their Westminster and Tower Hamlet mobs than to the House of Commons. By a majority of 201 to 87 the Committee approved the principal feature of the Bill, and its friends triumphed on other divisions, refusing by 175 to 54 to postpone the discussion, which was continued until the time for rising on Wednesdays.

Thursday. Posterity, may we trouble you again for a moment? You will hardly believe that up to this day civilised London had borne to have its carriages and horsemen arrested and robbed by highwaymen, called turnpike keepers; but it was only to-day that LORD RAVENSWORTH, rising in the Lords, reminded the Peers, with jubilation, that Metropolitan Tolls ended that night. Even now, the south bank of the Thames is exposed to the same nuisance, but will hardly bear it long, as MR. BRADFIELD, the exterminator of the North Bank pikemen, is again at work.

LORD CARLISLE, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was accused by LORD DONOUGHMORE of having been too ready to pardon certain criminals. LORD CARLISLE is a good-natured man, but in the cases mentioned,

LORD CHELMSFORD, his political opponent, testified that the pardons were justifiable. LORD LEITRIM called LORD CARLISLE a traitor and other hard names, and got a witheringly contemptuous answer from LORD GRANVILLE.

It is pleasing to see that amid these disputes the Commons are gentlemen who remember what is due to the ladies. SIR GEORGE BOWYER wished the grating between them and the House done away with, but MR. COWPER feared that if this were done they would exercise an undesirable influence over the House. What he meant *Punch* cannot tell. If their presence would encourage Members to speak their best, and to behave gracefully, we should like to see them around the SPEAKER's table, on which flowers might be placed. MR. HEYGATE, member for Leicester, did still more valuable service to the ladies, by demanding improvement in the ventilation of their gallery, for which polite attention they will owe him theirs when he next speaks, and as he speaks well, the duty will be a pleasure.

Education of Naval Architects, and Education generally helped on the evening. Then on the vote of—pooh, a trifle, £97,182 for the department of Science and Art, we had some fun. MR. GREGORY abused the Kensington Museum, SIR G. BOWYER said it contained a sedan stolen from the DUKE OF TUSCANY, and MR. AYRTON said something which we prefer to give in his own words as reported;—

"Literary productions had lately been patronised at Kensington, and the last of them he had seen. It was called *Mumbo Jumbo; or the Mountains of the Moon on the Gaboon*, which seemed to be the most remarkable compound of nonsense that he had ever seen. Indeed, it was the sheerest nonsense that could be conceived, without wit or humour or any other redeeming quality. He had met with a very respectable gentleman, who held an office in the department, and he was asked whether he would take part in its representation. He was told that he must make his face as black as a coal, for it seemed that the affair was under the patronage of the COLLS. (Laughter.) The gentleman's feeling was that as he had a wife and family he had no choice, and therefore must make a fool of himself."

Later, in a debate on the Greck Loan, MR. LYGON made a speech. Now this gentleman has more than once been smart on MR. GLADSTONE, who is a dangerous person to be smart upon. To-night, in reply, the CHANCELLOR told MR. LYGON that his mind seemed to have got into that state of confusion in which it generally was at that time of night. Let this mean what it might, it could scarcely be described as civility *in excelsis*.

Friday. LORD GREY objects to the way we are going on in Japan. So does the BISHOP OF OXFORD, whom BISHOP PUNCH was happy to see in the House again. LORD RUSSELL said that all was correct, errors excepted.

In the Commons there was a great scene. The Conservatives thought that the Oxford Tests Bill could not come on for Third Reading until late, as there was Supply, and an Irish Bill promising great strife, so they ordered their men to be down at 12. But business slipped through as if it had been greased, and when the Oxford Bill came on, the Liberals were terribly strong, and the others not. But the Conservatives talked against time, the Liberals not putting up a speaker, and even howling down MR. NEATE, their own man, and at last on division, the numbers were equal, 170 each way. An awful row. The Speaker gave a casting vote for the Bill, and then came the death-question, "That this Bill do pass?" But three more men had arrived, and two were Conservatives, so the Tests were retained by 173 to 171. The House was perfectly frantic, and the shouts of the victors might have been heard at Oxford itself.

The week was brought to a more creditable ending. The Anti Organ Fiend Bill passed through Committee, with an Amendment to the effect that when we give a fiend in charge we can go with him to the station-house. Nothing could give us more pleasure.

NATIONAL DEFENSIVE ECONOMY.

THE taxpayers of England owe much to CAPTAIN PALLISER, of the 18th Hussars, for his invention of chilled shot, iron shot more than equal to steel, made by being cast in a mould of cold iron. CAPTAIN PALLISER's chilled shot cost only 2s. a-piece, whereas steel shot come to at least £1 10s. The chilled shot invented by CAPTAIN PALLISER, after having penetrated the side of an iron-clad, fly into pieces, which answer all the purpose of a bursting shell. Now, 30s. is a great price to pay for a shot, over and above the powder, and when that sum is fired at the enemies of England there ought to be plenty of them to show for it. It is as much as a whole host of them is worth; and the man who has given us a shot that will kill as many or more for 2s., deserves well of his country.

British Influence Abroad.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY continues to celebrate his Grand Customs, which consist in the sacrifice of human victims, and yet England declines to engage in war for the sake of putting a stop to those atrocities. All the Continental journals agree in the declaration that we are fast losing our influence in Africa.

REFINEMENT AND REFORM.

To the Editor of Punch.



from the mouths of one or more of the party. The number of these expressions is extremely limited. They comprise, I think, about three substantives, an adjective, a participle, and two verbs. These parts of speech are employed as terms either of vituperation or that species of banter which amongst the viler portion of ourselves, and their aristocratic imitators, is called "chaff."

Now, if a man is either, as they say, "chaffed," or "slanged," he is apt to look like a fool unless he pays back his adversary in his own coin. I wish to suggest something better than this. Suppose he pays his adversary off in higher coin. A very few perfectly unobjectionable phrases will enable him to effect that repayment in the superior currency with interest. There are some two or three, which, with the aid of a little self-possession, will always supply a retort more than equal to the occasion.

I would say, then, to my fellow working man, "when anybody calls you a dreadful substantive, or applies a horrid adjective to you, how much better than a recourse to the usual *Tu quoque* it would be to answer "For Shame!" or "Oh, fie!" Or, instead of returning a coarse invitation by another still coarser, to say, "Excuse me," or "No, I thank you," or "Don't be rude." You thus either shut your opponent up, and put him down, or you exasperate him, and he gets into a rage, and loses his head, and exposes himself to derision. When your companion states what is not true, you may just as well say, "Oh, what a story!" as "You're a liar," qualifying the offensive noun with an odious epithet. And then, as to suiting the word to the action. Instead of using the contemptuous gesture that commonly accompanies a rough repartee; instead of applying the thumb to the end of the nose and extending the fingers, illustrate your deprecatory ejaculation or remonstrance merely with an uplifted forefinger, and a gentle nod. This gesture will highly enhance the effect of such a mild reproof as "Naughty!" addressed to a brutal and stupid man, and will give a stinging poignancy to the simple exclamation "Oh!"

If, Sir, some of the more influential individuals of our class would make a point of practising the advice which I thus proffer, they would soon bring strong language into ridicule, and render its use as infrequent among working men as it is amongst the wealthier classes. This little reform of their conversation would, I am sure, do much to remove a prejudice not altogether groundless, which causes some fastidious persons to oppose the extension to them of the political rights enjoyed by the cupemistie orders.

Too true is the remark of JUVENAL that—

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit;"

and the imperfect education of indigence may cause too many of us, as Jack Bragg says, to exasperate our *h's* unduly and so provoke ridicule; but there is no reason why any of us should make use of language which is improper as well as incorrect, and affords the oligarchy an

HONOURED SIR,—Allow me to tender the Working Men, of whose number I am one, a piece of advice, the adoption of which may procure them admission within the pale of the Constitution from which we are now excluded. I wish to recommend the disuse of that strong language in which they are too generally prone to indulge. I am afraid that you seldom pass near a group of the industrious classes, collected, during idle hours, at the corner of a street or beside the door of a public-house, but your ears are assailed by certain repulsive expressions proceeding

excuse for denying, on the ground of our alleged brutality, political justice to the mates of

Yours respectfully,

Chesterfield's Rents, July, 1864.

W. PUTTY.

CONFIDENCE AND NO CONFIDENCE.

QUOTH sturdy JOHN BULL to artful BEN DIZZY,
"Resolutions are all very well;
But this one of yours, BEN, is not worth a tizzy,
And—if with your whip you're not just now too busy
To listen—The reason I'll tell.

"I'm as sulky as ever I was with JOHN BRIGHT:
No bear with a head ne'er so sore
E'er felt uglier than I, who must see right by might
Borne down, over-matched, yet he told I can't fight,
But give prayers and goodwill, and no more!

"It may be that fighting is out of the question:
They say so who best should know why;
But I ne'er found soft counsel so hard of digestion,
Ne'er doubted so sore of the two which I'd best shun,—
War-taxes or peace-humble-pie.

"We've meddled, I know, where I wish that we hadn't:
Barked, when barking had no bite to follow;
Gulped the blackest of facts, after showing the bad on't;
By masterful wrong, (I could almost go mad on't),
Been forced our own brave words to swallow.

"Had you or your friends done aught bluster for baulking,
Or shown foresight to see how things tended;
Had you cried out, 'hold hard' to all bounce and big-talking,
Or shown us the snares in the way we were walking,
And the quagmire in which the road ended,

"We might now be grateful, (although we then snubbed you),
And own you'd been proved in the right:
Our helmsmen we might have with gratitude dubbed you,
(Though clear of some dirt we had first to have scrubbed you),
And have asked you to better our plight.

"But what is your claim? Where's the counsel you've given us?
What your policy shaped, or foreshown?
If on sands and on shoals our old pilots have driven us,
For all you did, the waves to a wreck might have riven us,
You but skulked, till the storm was o'erblown.

"And then from your bunks you come cannily creeping,
With a 'There! We are right now, you see:
Don't you think you had best give the helm to our keeping?
It's true we kept dark, but don't think we were sleeping:
We were all wide awake as could be.'

"'Tis not for such service JOHN BULL shifts his pilot:
He may be but feebly served now;
But in your hands—although he admits you're a sly lot—
In each sea he'd fear breakers, a reef in each islet,
Brag steering and Sham at the prow!"

How to Save the Country.

LET the House of Commons make it a standing order that no Bill whatever for the enclosure of waste lands be from this time forth entertained at all.

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD.

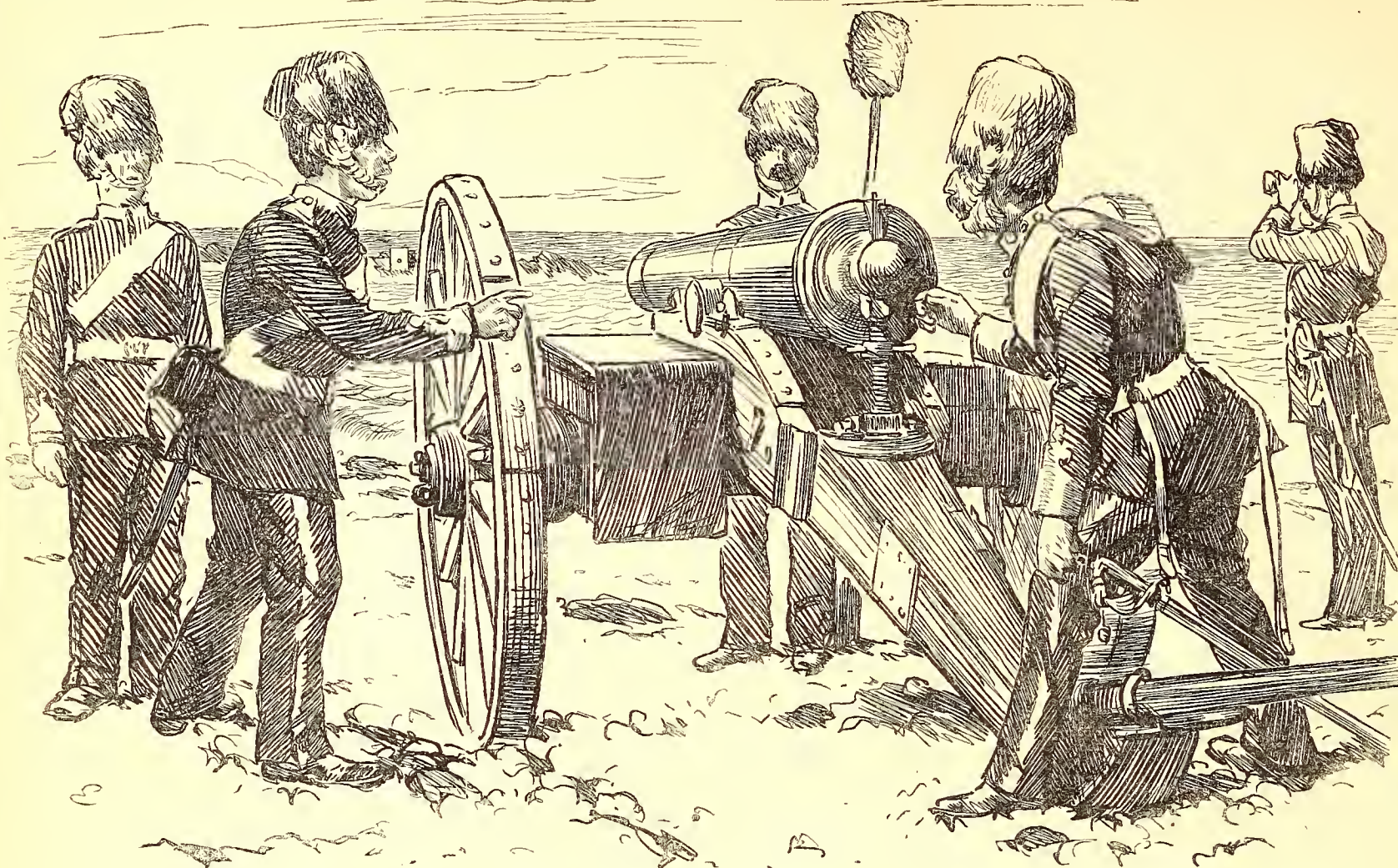
A FITTING gift to one whose merit lay
In being always prompt to Cut Away.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT UPON TYPOGRAPHY.—The Academy Catalogue is One Shilling by daylight, Sixpence by gaslight.

ORNITHOLOGY.—The noisy Rooks in a Rookery never permit a Solo, but are perpetually joining in a Caw-rus.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—In Latin it is curious that *Te* represents *U*.



THE EAST CHALKSHIRE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT GUN PRACTICE.

No. 3 (Menacingly to his Officer, who is finding fault with the aim). "YE MUNNA TOOCH T' GUN, MON; A 'VE GOT A BET ON 'T!!"

WHO ARE THE SNEAKS?

MR. PUNCH,

WHO, after all, are they who have deserted and betrayed Denmark, invaded and ravaged by Teutonic scoundrelism under the "hegemony" of Prussia? "Her Majesty's Government," shouts Her Majesty's Opposition. "Perfidious Albion!" howl malignant foreigners. "We certainly have lowered ourselves in the eyes of Europe," cackle and hiss, with gregarious imbecility, English geese. I beg the goose's pardon; 'tis a silly bird, but defiles not its own nest.

Certainly, Sir, it is undeniable that Her Majesty's Government, having in vain attempted to restore peace by moral suasion, declines to attempt that object by physical force, which England would have to put forth by herself, pitching into Teutonic scoundrelism unaided by any other of the neutral powers, pitching, alone amongst them all, into a scoundrelism of seventy millions. France will not help. Russia will not help. Not to fight for Denmark against overwhelming odds may be very pusillanimous; but is the pusillanimity of the British Cabinet greater than that of the French and Russian Imperial Governments, and is Albion more perfidious than Russia and France? England has offered to fight if they would. They won't. If LORD PALMERSTON is a sneak and a humbug, is not LOUIS NAPOLEON something worse than another?

"Oh! but LORD PALMERSTON some time ago gave breath to the menace that if Prussia and Austria did to Denmark that which they have done, 'Denmark would not stand alone.'" Well, what then? I suppose he said what he thought and expected. He gave France and Russia credit for the same honest intention to enforce right as that of England. France and Russia have failed him. Really, Mr. Punch, if there is any perfidy or poltroonery in this matter, I can see none that is chargeable on Albion especially, or that lies in particular at the door of Cambridge House. Greenness, not perfidy, seems to me to have been the fault of Ministers. They were so verdant as to believe that France and Russia would unite with England in going to war for an idea simply moral.

The patriot DISRAELI asks the House of Commons to declare that the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government in regard to the Danish question, "has lowered the just influence of this country in the

councils of Europe." Why didn't he likewise invite it to affirm that the line taken in the same business by the councils of Europe has lowered the just influence which they ought to have in each other? How many words have been wasted on DIZZY's motion, when it would have received an amply sufficient answer in one of two syllables, "Humbug!" This would have been the sole reply vouchsafed to it by an assembly less studious of eloquence than brevity, consulting which, I rest, calling myself your

NIBS.

SOFT WORDS AND POLITICAL PARSNIPS.

"The Neighbour softens, but the Satirist is resolved."—*The Critic*.

PUNCH is placable, even to extremes. And if anything could melt him into forgetfulness of his duty to society, it would be the appearance of this paragraph in the *Standard*:—

"Our facetious contemporary and neighbour in Fleet Street has his occasional poke at us, and we endeavour to return it, though at the odds at which a grave journal encounters an accomplished wit. But we believe our old friend *Punch's* heart to be in the right place, and, Conservatives as we are, we heartily applaud the true English feeling which he manifests on all occasions when the nation's heart is stirred. Nothing can be fairer than the way in which the Liberal satirist has treated the Danish question or the conduct of the Opposition, and his mordant cartoons express, if not very gently, certainly with complete truth, the feelings of the country. He shall now see that the Conservatives are, as he says, going to do 'summut,' and, to borrow his own style, we may add that he will soon see Conservative statesmen at the 'summit' of popularity."

We are not in the habit of making quite such startling epigrams as that with which the above paragraph concludes, but we may say that we naturally and cordially agree in the sentiment which it contains. Nevertheless, *Punch* must be permitted to believe that LORD DERBY will not be Prime Minister next week, and "we may add" that we shall feel it our duty to keep him out of office for the present, the *Standard's* blandishments notwithstanding.

STUDY FOR CLERGYMEN DURING JUNE AND JULY.—*St. Thomas's Summa Theologia*.



THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

MR. JOHN BULL (DENMARK HAVING PRESENTED THE NOTE FOR PAYMENT). "NOW, THEN, MR. KNOUTEM AND MOUNSEER FROGGY, WHAT ARE YOU SKULKING OFF FOR? YOUR NAMES ARE TO THE NOTE AS WELL AS MINE, AND YOU'RE AS MUCH BOUND TO PAY YOUR SHARE AS I AM."

PUNCH'S TABLES OF PRECEDENCE.

THE changes in society having rendered the old Tables of Precedence, to be found in the Peerages, &c., obsolete, *Punch*, Garter King at Arms, has been commanded to prepare new Tables, to meet the wants of the age. He subjoins them, and they are to be suspended in every respectable house in his dominions and those of Her Majesty.

PRECEDENCE AMONG MEN.

1. The Prince of Wales.
2. The Baby.
3. Mr. Punch.
4. Contributors to Mr. Punch.
5. Rest of the Royal Family.
6. The wise Bishop of London, Dr. Tait.
7. Sir Rowland Hill, D.C.L.
8. Sir Joseph Paxton.
9. Sir Edwin Landseer, when the lions shall be done.
10. Artists. Those who smoke pipes to walk behind, not as a mark of inferiority, but because Cavendish is rather strong to be blown in the face of the others.
11. The Medical Profession but no advertisers, quacks, or other seum.
12. Very Broad Church Parsons, and Muscular ones, headed by the author of the *Water-Babies*.
13. Readers of Mr. Punch from his beginning.
14. Readers of Mr. Punch for the last fifteen years.
15. Other readers of Mr. Punch.
16. Archbishops, Bishops, Dukes, and the rest of the Peerage, any how they can settle it among them, but Viscount Williams to be in a good place.
17. "Literary men possess a station in society, although the law takes no cognisance of their rank *inter se*," (*Dod's Peerage*, page 50) so they will come at the head of all the other professions, but must not quarrel *inter se*.
18. The Judges, Sir Plaisted Wilde in a good place.
19. The Beaks, according to Mr. Punch's certificates of merit.
20. Naval Officers.
21. Military dittoes who can both fight and spell.
22. Owners of Winners of the Derby.
23. Members of Clubs, having paid subscriptions, and owing nothing to the waiters.
24. Members of Parliament who have never spoken.
25. Volunteers who attend drill, keep clean, and never make rows.
26. Admiral Fitzroy, while Clerk of the Weather.
27. Mr. Paul Bedford and his new Book, *Recollections and Wanderings*.
28. Anybody who sells a good cigar.
29. Conscientious Barristers.
30. Honest Solicitors.
31. Elegant Articled Clerks.
32. Inelegant Articled Clerks.
33. Actors who never say kyind or umble.
34. Singers who pronounce their words artieulately.
35. Mr. Banting.
36. Tailors who never send in bills.
37. Other tradesmen who have never got a large amount to be made up by next Tuesday.
38. Newspaper boys.
39. Preachers, of all arms, who never exceed five and twenty minutes.
40. Persons who have never written poems.
41. Persons who have written poems and burned them.
42. Persons who never read poems, except those in Punch.
43. The Bishop of Bond Street.
44. The Editor of the Catalogue of the Royal Academy.
45. The Hanging Committee.
46. Persons who eat Periwinkles with Pins.
47. Persons who crack Periwinkles in Doors.
48. Big Porter at Northumberland House.
49. Mr. Paddy Green.
50. The Public in white waistcoats.
51. The Public in any other kinds of waistcoats.
52. The Public without waistcoats at all, or coats either.
53. Mr. Thwaites, when the Sewerage shall be finished, and as he will then be 97 at least, he may ride in a Perambulator.
54. Sir John Shelley, if arm-in-arm with an Italian Organ-man.
55. Sir John Trelawny, if with an Organ-man on one arm and a conscientious Dissenter on the other.
56. Mr. Ayrton, if riding on a donkey, typical of his constituency, and playing an organ.
57. Extinguished Tollmen.
58. The Volunteer who shot the Dog.
59. The Bargee who eat the Pic under Marlow Bridge.
60. Everybody else.

PRECEDENCE AMONG WOMEN.

1. The Queen.
2. The Princess of Wales.
3. The Princesses.
4. Miss Florence Nightingale.
5. The Honourable Mrs. Punch.
6. The Misses Punch.
7. Wives of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
8. Daughters of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
9. Their Godmothers.
10. Nieces of Contributors to Mr. Punch.
11. Their Godmothers.
12. Ladies who love Mr. Punch.
13. Authoresses who do not write Sensation Novels.
14. Lady Artists, including amateurs who draw caricatures of their friends, which they show about in confidence.
15. Madame Grisi.
16. Ladies who would not wear crinoline if they were not obliged to.
17. Ladies who never hurry milliners.
18. Married ladies who listen to their husbands' jokes, and laugh as affably as if listening to a stranger.
19. Ladies who are generally laughing.
20. Ladies who can speak French, and therefore never do when English will do as well.
21. Ladies who understand cookery.
22. Ladies who understand politics.
23. Ladies who understand themselves.
24. Engaged young ladies who can talk to other people besides their young men.
25. Ladies who know the difference between Federals and Confederates.
26. Ladies who encourage smoking in the parlour and the library.
27. Ladies who discourage all sorts of snobs, high and low, rich and poor.
28. Ladies who hold up their dresses from the pavement.
29. Ladies who sing when asked, and never otherwise.
30. Ladies who do not ask for autographs or photographs, except those of Mr. Punch and his Contributors.
31. Ladies who like Gounod and Verdi without disliking Handel and Mozart.
32. Ladies certified by Mr. Punch, or any of his contributors, as pleasant neighbours at dinner.
33. Ladies who delight in reading Mr. Thomas Carlyle.
34. Ladies who flirt with Mr. Punch and his Contributors, and with nobody else.
35. Ladies who look well in anything, and therefore can afford to be economical in dress.
36. Ladies who don't, and therefore can't, and for whose extravagance the charitable make allowance.
37. Ladies who have held stalls at fancy fairs, but have not been vulgar in that vocation.
38. Ladies who, having pretty feet, play well at Croquet.
39. Ladies who know the way to their own kitchens.
40. Ladies who like Beer, and say so.
41. Ladies who know the Postal Initials.
42. Ladies who invariably denounce the Income-Tax.
43. Ladies who never cheat at cards.
44. Ladies who never ask riddles of which they pretend not to know the answers.
45. Ladies who are always ready to come away from the theatre when their masculine protectors are bored.
46. Ladies with blue eyes.
47. Ladies with violet eyes.
48. Ladies with grey eyes.
49. Ladies with hazel eyes.
50. Ladies with black eyes.
51. Ladies with green eyes.
52. Ladies with red eyes, but only after seeing *Leah*.
53. Ladies with any eyes at all.
54. Good plain Female Cooks.
55. The Electric Clerks.
56. The Ballet.
57. Nice Girls at Pastrycooks' Shops.
58. Ladies' Maids, pretty.
59. The Temple Laundresses.
60. Remainder of the Sex.



CADGING EXTRAORDINARY—A FACT.

Enter ART-CRITIC.

Art-Critic. "Haw! I write the Art Critiques for several of the most influential Journals and Magazines. Have you any Pictures you could show me that you would like noticed? I've observed, my dear fellow, you've not been done justice to by the Press. Ah! that is a most charming thing you have on the easel there. That head is deliciously—[*Sc., &c., usque ad nauseam.*] Hem! I've been writing a Work on *Metaphysics and the Heathen Mythology*. Let me have the pleasure of adding your Name to my List of Subscribers. Cost very trifling, and I'll write you a stunning Notice in the *Flunkey's Chronicle*. I know you Artis's like a puff! [*The Listener's blood curdles.*] 'One good turn deserves another, you know.' Twig? [*Winks.*] 'Them as use me well, I use them well.'"

[*Having heard enough, our Artist, with a withering smile, shows this learned Author the door.*]

A TRIFLE TOO SMART.

THE *Smart Snob's Organ* is grinding frantically for the benefit of the other organs for whose utterances pennies are also pitched into the street by people who like coarse amusement. While we recognise the sacred sympathies of such brotherhood, we must protest against downright falsehood. The "tops of the Busses" like a grin as preparation for the day's work, and we allow that the *Smart Snob* supplies grin, and occasional gush, in a very honest manner. And one would not be hard upon claptrap necessary in the way of trade in these days of pushing and bawling. But as it is simply false, and not at all funny, to say that Mr. Bass's Bill for the protection of the sick and the dying, (to say nothing of classes with whom Snobs have little in common) from the cruelties of the organ-fiends, is a measure for depriving the poor of music, we may hint that such writing tends to excite a contempt which we are far from feeling, as a general rule, for any one who strives to please the harmless tastes of his customers. The Bill is calculated to give the poor ten times as much music as they get at present, for it is meant to drive the organs from quarters where they are not wanted. The organ-owners now derive their chief income from hush-money, we wish them to receive it as payment for welcome service. If the profits of the miscreants who import the unhappy Italians, treat them brutally, and mainly live upon the black-mail they extort, be lessened by a police measure, we do not see in this prospect any case for the lamentations of a respectable journalist. As to sneers at the alleged feelings of the late MR. THACKERAY, or at those of MR. CARLYLE, MR. CHARLES DICKENS, MR. BABBAGE, and the musical artists of London, such things are matters of taste, and the tops of the Busses are not, perhaps, very appreciative of true art or science. But tell the truth, even to smart Snobs.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Additional Poems for the next edition; dedicated to MR. BASS, M.P., by a grateful Laureate.)*

I.—BEFORE BASS.

RISEST thou thus, dim morn, again,
Upon the dull and dreary street,
Where, 'ere in Farringford's retreat
I sought oblivion of my pain,

I groaned and fretted painful years,
Stretched on the barrel-organ's rack,
Though sleeping in a first-floor-back,
And wearing cotton in my ears?

Not less street-music, hour on hour,
Would pierce the brain with iterate chime;
Till organ-thunder, murdering rhyme,
Turned milk of human-kindness sour.

And when the organ, from my door,
By dole unblest was bribed away,
The kilted bag-piper's strathspey,
Made misery keener than before.

And when the piper's wind gave out,
Upon the blast by crashes borne
Came ophicleide, bassoon, French horn,
In linked discord clanged about.

Morn passed—dull day to dark declined:
Gas, London's better sun, gave light:
Those sounds still hideous made the night;
Till life seemed one perpetual grind.

I said: This town befits not bard:
For staying here I can but die,
Unuttered all my fantasy,
With tuneless tunes my music marred!

I said: I will seek out some place
Where no street-music is allowed;
Where to the ass-ears of the crowd,
None bids the finer brain give space.

II.—AFTER BASS.

I left fair Farringford's retreat:
I said, I will reseek the town;
Though green in Park and Square be brown;
And dust and clamour choke the street.

Again as in the years gone by,
I sleep within my first-floor-back;
Nor cotton for my ears I lack,
Though all unused 'tis left to lie.

The sun still wears his cap of cloud,
As did the sun I used to know;
I hear the cry of "milk below,"
And "water-creases" clamouring loud.

The sea of wheels still roars and rolls;
The pavement still is vexed of feet;
Yet a strange peace broods o'er the street,
And all unchafed we poet-souls

May shoot our swallow-flights of song,
Nor struggle with the organ's blare:
And nigger-melodists forbear,
And German bands, resolved in wrong.

Like a caged thrush, that yet doth fill
The hours with music as they pass,
I sing my gratitude to BASS,
And them that voted for his Bill!

III.—SELF-QUESTION.

And have I done sweet music wrong,
That deem the organ-man accurst,
And for their praise in song have burst
Who drained his barrel of its song?

* "It was well known that the Poet Laureate had been driven out of London by the street music."—MR. BASS, in debate on Street Music Bill.

A poet I, an organ he;
Is this our quarrel and no more?
I drive a rival from the door;
Two of a trade can ne'er agree;
Or am I hard, as AYRTON holds,
Denying prisoned area-belles
The only joy that gloom dispels
Of days sore vexed with toils and scolds?

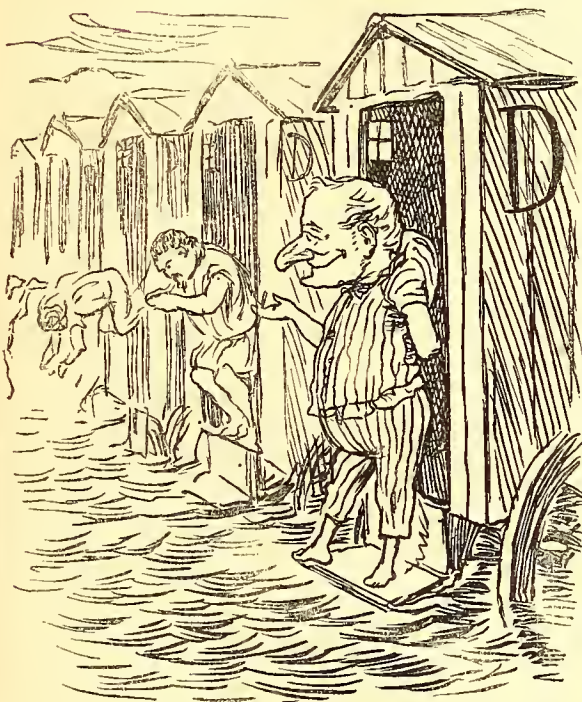
Ah!—no: 'tis that I love too well
The music that those organs slay;
'Tis that my glance too oft will stray,
Pleased with some blooming area-belle,

Unwilling that her eyes should err,
From the policeman drawn aside,
Or Grenadier, his country's pride,
To that black whiskered foreigner

Who grins and grinds, and grinds and grins,
And in the area's smile elate
Defies the first-floor's rage and hate,
And, if I seize him, kicks my shins!

TWELVE THOUGHTS

FOR THOSE TEMPTED TO TRAVEL.



IVERS Railway people, with an artfulness which cannot be too much condemned, are now exciting families, especially the ladies, with ideas of travelling during the recess. Tempting little pamphlets, describing routes, and offering Return Tickets, the price put in shillings to look smaller, are being sent into houses, with disturbing results. To counteract this agency, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to the heads of families a few considerations which Paterfamilias will do well to urge upon those who wish him to yield to Railway blandishment.

Why it is so much better to Stop in Town.

You can see after the cleaning of your house, dusting your books, and so on, and you will have such nice leisure for doing those large windows with the clever imitation of coloured glass.

You can walk so comfortably in the Parks and Kensington Gardens, and have your choice of chairs, as there will be no disagreeable crowd, and no dust from carriages.

You can have orders, or even boxes, for any theatres that may be open, as the managers will be only too glad to see you.

You can study geography, and improve yourself so much, by engaging all your travelling friends to write to you to tell you what they are seeing, and you can follow them—on the map.

You can promenade Regent Street so agreeably, and if there is not much in the shop windows at that season, so much the better, as you will not be tempted to purchase what you don't want.

You will feel so much more comfortable, watching over your own premises, instead of leaving them to servants who will have in followers, and perhaps set the house on fire.

You can have your children home from school for the Michaelmas holidays, and even an extra week, during which you can examine them carefully as to their progress, and take them to the British Museum, and that of Practical Geology, also to the Thames Tunnel.

You can walk with your male relatives into parts of London which you have never seen, as Whitechapel, Ratchiff Highway, and Bow, and you will gain quite new ideas of the enormous size of our noble Metropolis.

You will avoid those long, cold, dull evenings in the country, and especially by the sea-side, when you are tired out, can't get a new book,

and are ashamed to have a fire, and you can spend them in the comfort of your own house.

You can fetch up such a deal of reading which you have never had time to manage during the Season, and besides, can resolutely set yourself to ALISON, HALLAM, HUME and SMOLLETT, and other really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your poor and unrepresentable relations, and ask them to tea, hear all their quarrels and grievances, and advise them as to the bringing up their children, and otherwise discharge the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much more you will enjoy a country holiday in 1865 if you omit taking one in 1864, besides that when your friends return to town you will have so much more leisure to listen to all their narratives of travel, having none to bore them with in return. So

Don't Go Out of Town this Autumn.

CROQUÊT.

IV.

THE turf whereon the Croquet players meet,
Should be by scythe and roller kept so neat,
That not e'en "fairy troops which nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer day,"
(In which quotation I do scent a pun
Where BROWN of Devon, sure, intended none.)
Could for their Almack's wish a better floor.
Give as its length, one hundred feet, no more,
And sixty-five for width: this will be found
A general scale for every Croquet ground.
How through the spaces 'twixt the trees, that keep
The garden border-land, at every peep,
A varying landscape may our praise excite;
How, so to fix th' artistic line of sight
That, true perspective's rules thus well applied,
The eye may catch new wonders on each side,
Until enchanted by this magic scene,
We own a Chatsworth in a bowling green;
How such harmonious colours to collect,
As may but aid the general effect,
How a fit spot, from shadows free to find,
Patent to Sun, impervious to the Wind,
How to make boundless seem contracted space
In what ethereal term 'twere best to place
The point where vanishes each airy line,
Be that Thy task, SIR JOSEPH, 'tisn't mine.

V.

A nervous arm, cool head, and steady aim,
These the essentials of the Croquet game.
The *corpus sanum* and *mens sana* too
Are both required. Yet, 'twixt me and you,
As to *mens sana*—why, there was a match
At Croquet, t'other day, at Colney Hatch;
But this, whatever Croquet's foes may say,
Proves naught: the hatcherers did but play at play.
Behold young Rackety whose very first
Cry in the morning's "Let me quench my thirst!"
He'll doze while healthy gamesters seek the field,
His shaking hand the mallet could not wield;
Up on the sofa stretched he takes his nap,
While the light novel tumbles from his lap,
Thus to beguile the Summer hours he tries,
A burden to himself, a sport for flies!
For this poor wretch with enervated arms,
Our manly Croquet hath no sort of charms:
If I've digressed you will admit I've shown
How high is our sweet pastime's moral tone.

VI.

When my capricious Muse to details stoops,
She'll tell us of the mallets, balls, and hoops,
The pegs, the colours and the marking clips.
Hearken! once more she's opening her lips.
Sing, sing my Muse! she won't—this is distressing,
The lady *does* require so much pressing.
"Here's the piano, now we hope you'll sing;
Choose for yourself; oh, any little thing!"
She smiles, and shakes her head—"Oh! if she might
Be held excused but merely for this night,
She'd take it as a favour." What we can't
Refuse, 'tis our best policy to grant;
And therefore, Miss, you're free. But our esteem
You'll lose, save you next week resume your theme.



MRS. BROWN AT THE ACADEMY.

"WELL, IN ALL MY BORN DAYS, I NEVER SEE SUCH A MANY PICTERS; AND LOR! THE GOLD FRAMES WAS BEAUTIFUL—BUT I GOT THAT SQUEEGED I DID, AND THE PLACE WERE THAT STUFFY," &c., &c.

RAILWAY JOKING.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHAT funny fellows are these Railway directors—the Great Western ones especially! Such a famous practical joke they play on poor excursionists, and on Sunday mornings too, which makes the thing still funnier. You see a notice issued, that weekly on that day an Excursion train will start for Windsor, Maidenhead and Henley at nine o'clock, A.M., and half-a-crown or so a seat. So you cut yourself in shaving, in your hurry to be ready, (for early rising on a Sunday is not a sane man's usual rule), and, having scampered to the station, you see a finger-notice pointing "To the Excursion Train;" but if you do as I did, you find the gate to which the finger points is locked, and nobody is there to tell you where to find the train. Then, if you do as I did, you go to the first ticket-clerk you happen to discover, and ask for a cheap ticket to the place you want to go to. He says, at least to me he said, "There's no cheap tickets there," and, if you do as I did, you'll be fool enough to credit him, and pay him the full fare. You will afterwards discover that cheap tickets *were* issued, although not at the ticket-hole applied to; the first-class, which chanced to be the one at which you happened to present yourself. Of course the clerk might have informed you, without much loss of breath, that though *he* gave no cheap tickets, another fellow did; but then, you see, the joke of the directors would be spoiled, and the joke is just to tempt poor devils like me to cheap trains, and then make us pay pretty dearly for a seat in them. In the hope that I may see a director reading this, and ask him how he likes it, I subscribe myself,

Yours truthfully, ONE OF THE DONE.

P.S. Perhaps you'll say it served me right for travelling on a Sunday. Well, I won't do so again—at least not on the Great Western.

A DOMESTIC RECIPE.

MR. PUNCH has seen a new periodical called the *Bystander*. At present it is rather slow, and he would advise it, as policemen usually advise bystanders, to move on. But, as GEORGE HERBERT says, no one should disdain to pick out treasures from an earthen pot; and here is a treasure of a recipe from the new work:—

"HOW TO DEAL WITH A CROSS PERSON.—We know of no better rule than to keep one's temper under provocation; but this we know is a very difficult thing. Perfect silence is the only way some people can keep their tempers, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. A little unexpected act of attention, or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humour in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who can do this."

Well, yes, for to do it properly, he must have a decent account at his bankers. We would, in the first place, clear away any idea of crossness between masculines, because if a fellow shows us the slightest sign of temper, we simply pitch the nearest thing at his head, call him a name, which is scarcely one of compliment, and walk out of the room. Nor have we anything to do with the way in which a lady should vanquish a cross man—the ladies know their own business. But we have tried the above recipe in the case of a cross woman, and with extraordinary success. At the moment when the frown was angriest, the pout the prominentest, and the foot the shakiest, we suddenly clasped a bracelet on one arm, and put a box (grand tier) for *Faust* into the hand belonging to the other. We are almost ashamed to say what was the result. But it comes expensive, though, and we agree with the *Bystander*, happy he who can do this.

Important to Spanish Bondholders.

In the Money Article of the *Times* it is thus written:—

"The financial position of Spain is beginning to give rise to serious conjectures."

Those who are interested in Spanish solvency will be reassured by this announcement of authority, which on all commercial and pecuniary matters is acknowledged to be infallible. They will take heart from the assurance that the financial position of Spain is at last beginning to give rise to conjectures of a serious nature. It is so long since Spanish finance was looked upon as anything but a joke!

DEFINITION.—*Stern Duty*.—The Post of Helmsman.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

MR. PUNCH in his society is constantly, of course, a hearer of good things; but the two best things that he has heard for many a long day are the charming voice of PATTI in the Opera of *Faust*, and the noble voice of TITIENS in the Opera of *Fidelio*. Mr. Punch need only say her *Margherita* is a pearl (as the name is said to indicate), which shines brightly in the brilliant setting MR. GYE has given to it. Mr. Punch has seen and heard half-a-dozen *Margheritas*, and hopes to live to hear and see at least six dozen of them more; but though each of them may have some special claims to praise, he scarcely expects one of them will please him on the whole so well as ADELINA PATTI.

With regard to *Leonora*, such singing and such acting make *Punch* young again to witness; for while doing so, a score of years fall off from his shoulders, and he fancies himself hearing the best singers of old days before voices were worn threadbare by the fury of a VERDI and the blaring of a band. The noble music of BEETHOVEN "rendered" (as the slang goes) by the noble voice of TITIENS, is one of those good things that one can never have too much of; and as the PRINCE OF WALES has shown his taste for music by "specially desiring" this for one last final extra night, Mr. Punch will, in the name of his million and one readers, also specially desire it for at least a score of positively final last nights more.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.—There is, we hear, a winter garden to be opened at Somer's Town.

PLEASANT MEM FOR A WET DAY.—There's never a Cab within hail.



Park Keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE HACT O' PARLIAMENT A FISHIN'?"

Prisoner. "PLEASE, S', AIN'T BEEN A FISHIN', S'."

Park Keeper. "BUT YOU 'VE BEEN A HAIDIN' AND ABETTIN'."

Prisoner. "OH NO, S'; 'PO' M' WORD, S', AIN'T BEEN A BETTIN', S'; AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, S'!"

MAXIMS FOR THE MEAN.

WHY not use that dirty envelope? Your correspondent is bound to think it was soiled by the postman.

You can turn your linen-collars, and so save in the washing bill. But they fray sooner, from the harder rubbing required.

Try to get your host to talk you down to the door. You cannot tip his servants under his eye.

A cigar-case with a complex fastening, over which you bungle and growl, will often draw a cigar from a friend who wants you to light up and come on.

You can hardly be such a fool as to have smaller change than a half sovereign about you when you have offered to share the cab that is going to set you down.

Tip the boxkeeper a shilling, and a liberal friend will probably stand ices for the party and sherry and seltzer for you—a good bargain.

Wait, and be last, in leaving a railway carriage. It is safest, and you can then take the abandoned newspapers, and *may* get an umbrella.

Always recognise, and ostentatiously assist one disreputable member of your family. He will be your excuse for never giving a single shilling to any other relation. He has half ruined you, &c.

Latest American Telegrams.

(Condensed and Translated.)

GRANT reduced to grunt.

SHERIDAN's Rivals successful.

HUNTER hunted.

HARKER toasted.

MACPHERSON not an Ossy 'un; his cavalry cut up.

THOMAS's men rendered fit for Guy's.

PILLOW on SHERMAN's rear.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Week, July 4—9. We hope that the Conservatives are now happy in their minds. They have been incessantly informing us, for the last two or three years, that the House of Commons, representing the country, desired nothing so much as to turn LORD PALMERSTON's Cabinet out of office. They have won several isolated elections, and had convinced themselves that these little victories had filed and smoothed down the little majority possessed by the Government. We have for a long time been assured that MR. DISRAELI had but to go in and win.

Mr. Punch, who is a tremendous Conservative, but also a being of extraordinary wisdom, has always replied to these statements by begging his friends not to dwell in a fool's Paradise. He has assured them that the House and the country wished for LORD PALMERSTON's continuance in office, and that the Tories, who make an excellent Opposition—for the ideal of opposition is a reasonable obstructiveness—are not at present wanted at the head of the State. For this advice and assurance, which he has always tendered in the most delicate and respectful manner, he has been horribly abused by Conservative organs, some of which have accused him of being bribed by LORD PALMERSTON, as if *Punch* was not much more able and likely to bribe PAM than to be bribed by him. He has been assailed in the style of the defunct scandalous journals that did not spare the names of the ladies of an antagonist's family. And all for telling the silly, hungry rank and file of the Conservatives what their leaders knew quite well, and dared not tell, namely, that they could not turn out LORD PALMERSTON.

Now the attempt has been made, and under the most favourable circumstances. They could not have expected so capital a chance. The sweet face and the popularity of the PRINCESS OF WALES, a weak and gallant nation fighting bravely against overwhelming millions, England awfully abused and ridiculed on the Continent, a rather too meddlesome Foreign Secretary to bait, a strong national feeling for the Danes, indignation at German atrocities, a series of partial failures in diplomacy, the recklessness of a moribund Parliament, all combined to promise success to an attack. It has been made, and after a week of debate the House of Commons has decided, by a majority of 18 in a house of 608, that the Conservatives shall not come into office. Now, perhaps, they wish that they had taken the advice of their faithful *Punch*, instead of abusing that gentle creature.

They can plaster up their wounds in any way they like. The *Standard* "cannot think it a political victory." Nobody has asked the *Standard* to think about anything—we hope more humanity exists among us.

Presently we shall be told that A. was pledged, and broke his word, that B. had the gout, that C. would have been with them, but that his wife was ill, that D. was shut out, that E. had an unfortunate quarrel with COLONEL TAYLOR, that F. is a neighbour of SIR CHARLES WOOD and had bene talked over, that G. is a reprobate apostate for whom no condemnation is too strong, that H. is a violent Protestant and has been offended by the Irish Alliance, that I. missed the train, that J. got into the wrong lobby, that K.'s wife is on such terms with LADY RUSSELL that K. could hardly vote, especially as MRS. K. is not in a state of health to bear agitation, that L. is suffering under a heavy family affliction (his rich uncle has married a housemaid), that M. having been snubbed by MR. DISRAELI in 1859, remembered it on Saturday morning, that N.'s brother is in a mess with his accounts as a Government clerk, that O. wants a ship for his son, that P. has discovered a dormant claim to a Peerage, and has interpreted a confidential wink of LORD WESTBURY's to mean that if P. will not be obnoxious he shall be LORD PIGWIGGIN, one of these days, that Q.'s daughter visits one of the Maids of Honour, and the doting father is ruled by ARABELLA, and that very foolishly (and our people are not half so attentive to these things as Cambridge House), R. was not asked to LADY DERBY's last party, and his name wasn't even given to the newspapers, so he managed to be ill. Here are exactly 18 men, and if they had done their duty, as might have been expected, where would have been your PALMERSTON majority? Very true. But perhaps MR. BRAND has got 18 letters out of the Liberal alphabet which have also been sulking, or honouring their wives and daughters, or feeling Protestant, and the rest of it. And be this as it may, nobody wants to know how Humpty-Dumpty fell from the wall, when we see him lying a smashed conglomerate of egg-shell, yolk, and white,—and not over fresh.

Mr. Punch has, upon occasion, reported the hugest debates with a condensation and a minuteness which have excited the wonder of the world. Having read every line of the Danish debate, as it will be called, because it had really nothing to do with Denmark, he has moved, seconded, and unanimously carried a resolution to the effect, that upon this occasion he shall be pleasing himself most by merely indicating the course of the affair, and noting a few points. The object of the resolution moved by MR. DISRAELI was to turn out the Government. The Conservative whips never believed that it could be done, but the party resolved to try. They had, really, a very good *prima facie* case, and, moreover, as they have done next to nothing all the Session, they were bound to give some signs of organised action, if they were to be considered a party at all. The resolution moved by MR. DISRAELI was to the effect that the policy of Government had lowered the just influence

of England, and it was of course a vote of censure, and was meant and accepted as one.

Monday. MR. DISRAELI moved this resolution in a speech of three hours. His cue was to be tremendously solemn and judicial. He cited vast quantities of documentary evidence, and sought to show that we had deceived Denmark, had insulted and alienated France, and had humiliated England. If a dull, decorous statesman had compiled this speech, it would have been complimented, but something more brilliant was expected from the author of *Coningsby*. On the other hand, when it was known that MR. GLADSTONE would reply, people did not expect much, because the CHANCELLOR'S peace-at-almost-any-price policy is not capable of lively illustration. But when MR. GLADSTONE, after meeting the documentary evidence, and charging his antagonist with "falsification" (there was a riot over the word, and over "calumnies," and then we had all sorts of gentlemanly retractations), abandoned defence, and declared war on MR. DISRAELI, the CHANCELLOR showed himself a terrible gladiator, and showered his blows like wintry rain. The retort of the Ministers is, "You never have told, and you don't tell now, what *you* would have done."

MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and KINGLAKE moved amendments, the first a strong expression in favour of Denmark, the second a strong expression in favour of Government.

GENERAL PEEL was indignant, and likewise pious, at least to the extent of ending his speech with a text, declaring that the Government had made us a shame to our enemies and a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

LORD STANLEY (a long head) disclaimed a war policy, and talked of the resolution as a protest. LORD DERBY'S son is not to be done.

The LORD ADVOCATE was the only other speaker to-night.

Tuesday. MR. COBDEN set out his own non-interference-with-any-thing-or-anybody views very cleverly, and ridiculed the Tories for wanting to remove PAM, who did their work, in the way of discouraging reform and encouraging extravagance, much better than they would be allowed to do it.

MR. ROEBUCK abused the Germans very handsomely, and believed that LORD PALMERSTON thought LORD RUSSELL a dreadful encumbrance. PAM shook his head. "Oh, but I know better," said the omniscient ROEBUCK.

MR. HORSMAN made an exceedingly clever speech, well composed, and full of point and antithesis. He slashed at everybody, and MR. DISRAELI, at the end of the week, called him the "Superior Person" of the House. He voted with Government.

Other speakers. LORD ROBERT CECIL, flat and weak. W. E. FORSTER. BUTLER JOHNSTONE. LORD HARRY VANE. MR. LIDDELL. LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE. MR. WHALLEY (some fun, of the gorilla sort—he began preaching against the Pope). MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD (ready and able).

Thursday. MR. LAYARD. He defended LORD RUSSELL, and dealt some good rough knocks. It was after this speech that the row came.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY. An effective Conservative speech, pleasantly delivered.

MR. BENTINCK. Speech noticeable chiefly because this great Conservative is by no means full of admiration of his chiefs, and called the resolution a rosewater one. Also, in the interest of Protestantism and honesty, he let out his belief that the Conservatives had gained certain of the ultramontane party, by peculiar means.

Other speakers. SIR F. GOLDSMID. MR. COGAN. MR. PEACOCKE. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL. LORD JOHN MANNERS—with a neat Latin quotation—there has not been much classical citation in this debate.

Friday. Fourth and last night. BERNAL OSBORNE opened, firing away good stores. He advised the Liberals not to care what might be the result of the division, whether *Iago* killed *Cassio*, or *Cassio* him, or each the other. Smart, if not statesmanly. Many speeches came after his, but at length LORD PALMERSTON, loudly cheered, rose. He came out with the old spirit. He regretted the pains the Opposition took to degrade and vilify their country. He denied that the influence of the country was lowered, the charge was a gratuitous libel by those who were aiming at office. And, taking the proposed vote as one of censure, he showed some reasons why the Government deserved something better than censure from the country. In four years they have taken off twelve millions of taxes. They have reduced the National Debt by eleven millions. They have obtained a French treaty, which has enormously increased imports and exports. They have diminished the expenditure by three millions. They have fortified our arsenals, established our Volunteer system, reformed India—and kept us out of war. What could

MR. DISRAELI reply to that? That was the real answer to the resolution about Denmark. He saw which way the game was going, made some not inapposite jokes on portions of the debate, and somewhat gracefully threw himself on his sword.

At two in the morning of Saturday the numbers were announced. MR. NEWDEGATE was with difficulty induced to withdraw his amendment, and the House divided on MR. KINGLAKE'S. The numbers were 313 to 295.

There has been but one other House of Commons matter of importance. The Street Music Bill has been read a Third Time in the Commons, and has passed. A Metropolitan Member, eager for another claptrap, hoped that it would be thrown out of the House of Lords. *Mr. Punch*, somewhat excited with the grand debates of the week, has only leisure to recollect what appeared in the *Times* newspaper, when, after a late and furious debate, the Reform Bill was rejected. "The Lords have thrown out the Reform Bill. *Who can say that when we next publish there will be a House of Lords?*" The hint may be put a little stronger in regard to the Music Bill; as, if it be lost, it will be our painful duty to do away with the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

But we have also to mention, not that it much matters, that on the night on which the Commons declared that they would not turn out LORD PALMERSTON, the Lords, by a majority of 4, (123 to 119) also declared that they would not have LORD DERBY as Premier. But Lords on both sides then pulled out proxies, that is, the opinions of people who had not heard the arguments, and as the Tory bundle of these papers was a little thicker than the Liberal one, the result is called a majority of 9 for the Derbyites. Here is another little consolation, with which *Mr. Punch* leaves them for the present.

THE GREAT ANNUAL CRICKET-MATCH.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent, as usual.)

THE Great Annual Cricket-Match was the other day played in the celebrated grounds not a hundred miles from Colwell Natch, between the Hanwell Eleven and the Baker Street Eleven from MADAME TUSSAUD'S. It was a glorious day, and the sun beamed on the assembled multitude who were engaged in piercing holes in their boots preparatory to putting on their skates. The Umpire arrived in a hamper from Town, and was immediately bound hand and foot in his chair, which he filled to the satisfaction of every one concerned.

As the clock struck one, another clock in the village struck two, and a general riot ensued.

Amid the tears of the children, the execrations of the Umpire, and the benediction of the daggers (by the kind permission of SIGNOR COSTA, who had led his horse with his bâton all the way from Town), the game commenced.

The betting was even, the odds being in favour of the winners.

At a preconcerted signal the attack was made.

The names and colours of the riders were successively hoisted up above the pavilion, so that they could be seen by the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, who was making shorthand notes for the convenience of the Organist.

At 9 a.m. the wickets were pitched at the bowler, who, giving a loud cry, fled into the wilderness. The Police are on his track.

Subjoined is the score:—

COLWELL HATCH ELEVEN.

	Runs.
JONES . . . Caught out first Ball	20
CHARLES (his friend)	60
Somebody A Bargain !	2s. 6d.
ARTAXERNES . . In love with Stella Collas	39 Not out.
Three Gentlemen . (names unknown)	45 st. 6 lbs.
Guards, Aristocrats, Crowds	1865
Sum total (run out)	2

MADAME TUSSAUD'S ELEVEN.

MR. COBBETT . including the Clockwork snuff-box . 10d. per hour.	
COMMISSIONER LIN (Bowled, caught, stumped, run out) .	1
The Sleeping Beauty	40 winks.
KING HENRY VIII. . (afterwards Clown)	0
CARDINAL WOLSEY . . . (with a Song)	1
The rest of the Eleven (not admitted after seven) .	200

The Colwell Hatchers went in for a hundred and came out without them. The bowling was excellent on both sides at once. The batting was beyond all praise, and the wicket-keepers, who were smashed to atoms, expressed themselves highly pleased with the performance. Bootjacks were in great request for hitting people on the head with, and fire-irons were at a premium. Among the nobility and gentry present we were glad to notice no one we knew. The Umpire, with strict impartiality, declared in favour of neither, until threatened with the torture, when he succumbed.

The Colwell Hatchers went away early, but returned to finish the game when nobody was looking.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S Eleven were last seen melting away in the distance.

The two Elevens subsequently dined together: the casualties were numerous.

All returned to town, grateful to the worthy Vicar for a rational and well-spent day.

TURF EDUCATION.



SIR,—I think that the taking the liberty to name a beast after a Queen is enough, without misspelling the Queen's name. ADMIRAL ROUS, and LORD BATEMAN, and LORD STAMFORD are in full wrangle and scribble over something about a mare, whom they all call *Jezabel*. Do the heathen never go to Church?

Yours truly,
Mr. Punch. AHAB.

DISRAELI'S POLICY.

SOME of our readers may remember an old school-book, entitled ENFIELD'S *Speaker*. They will be reminded of some

of the parliamentary eloquence preserved in that volume, by the subjoined extract from the *Times*' report of MR. DISRAELI'S speech on his motion of a vote of censure on the Government:—

"If ever a criticism is made on his ambiguous conduct the noble Lord asks me 'What is your policy?' (*Cheers and counter cheers.*) My answer is—my policy is the honour of England. (*Cheers, and cries of 'Oh!' from the Ministerial benches.*) My policy is the honour of England and the peace of Europe, and the noble Lord has betrayed both."

Indeed, the foregoing beats anything in ENFIELD'S *Speaker*; but that is little to say. MR. DISRAELI excels himself. "My policy is the honour of England and the peace of Europe," is a declaration of principle more sonorous and not less significant than that which was epitomised in "Our old Constitution and our young QUEEN!"

The next time that DIZZY is asked what his policy is, he will perhaps reply, "A policy of assurance."

FALSE FINE EYES.

THE subjoined advertisement, addressed to the sillicr portion of the softer sex, appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*:—

BELLA-DONNA produces a brilliant Eye. This Lotion is prepared according to an Armenian recipe. The ladies of Asia hold it in high repute for its qualities to give brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye."

Belladonna so named from its use in the form of a wash by Italian ladies, not for giving "brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination," which they did not want, "to the eye," but to produce a delicate whiteness of the skin, is a plant called in plain English, Deadly Nightshade. Besides poisoning those who take it internally, it will, if outwardly applied to the eye, or near it, cause paralysis of the iris, and consequently dilatation of the pupil. As the iris is a contractile curtain, contracting in the light, so as to regulate the admission of light into the eye, of course, if its contraction is artificially hindered, more light than is requisite for the eye is let into it. More light than is necessary for the eye is, of course, more than is good for it, and too much light does for the eye what too much of a good thing does for any other organ; does for it regularly in the end. The use of Belladonna by stupidity to give itself the appearance of animation is likely, therefore, to result in the addition of ocular blindness to mental.

It is of course useless to observe that the dilated pupil caused by belladonna employed for the purpose of giving "brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye," is distinguished at a glance from the glowing gaze of emotion and intelligence. The language of the eye under the influence of belladonna, used to give it artificial expression, proclaims a fool, so that there is no need of talking to her to find her out. These remarks are made not with the least expectation of persuading any young lady who is in the habit of using belladonna eyewater to leave it off, but only with the view of inducing her father, or brother, or guardian, who may happen to find a bottle of that stuff left anywhere about the house, to throw it out of window.

A Heading.

IN any future account of the discussion on MR. BASS'S Organ Nuisance Bill, it may be described as the *Ayes* and the *Noes* legislating for the *Grinders* and the *ears*.

CROQUÊT.

VII.

HAIL! Bright July! though it must be confessed,
Hail's but an April greeting at the best.
Smile, then, Bright Season, when we Croquet play;
Dread month! when every dog shall have his day.
Rise, charming *Judy*, at the mallet's sound,
Let your Balmorals press the Croquet ground,
I from the hall will bring the needful tools,
And will explain to you the simple rules.
What implements the game demands, my lips
Shall utter; mallets, balls, pegs, hoops, and clips.
The Pegs are two, which Posts some choose to call,
One shows the starting and the winning ball;
For, as the faithful boomerang the same,
Our Croquet ball returneth whence it came;
(I leave it for my readers' thoughtful mind,
A graver simile than this to find.)
The other Peg, or Post, as we may say,
Forms the grand turning point for all who play.
Each Post, which of a seasoned ash we'd make,
Should to a point be tapered like a stake;
These, of the Croquet plane, the north, south pole,
Between these terms the balls contending roll;
As to their length, two feet, is my advice,
One inch one eighth for thickness will suffice:
Eight coloured rings, by which the balls are meant,
Upon each peg we always represent,
In any order, red, white, green we'll say,
But, *that* once fixed, in turn these colours play;
In choosing pegs, you by experience learned,
The nicely polished take and smoothly turned;
Each "pointed," "polished," "neatly turned,"—thus it
Is like some *mot* of SMITH'S or JERROLD'S wit.

VIII.

"And what are those?" says *Judy*. Then she stoops
To hide a blush while I reply, "the Hoops."
But think not, fairest of thy sex, I mean
Offence of any kind to crinoline.
Nay, I detest it not, I only say
That sometimes it is rather in the way.
Most women (trust me, I am not so rude
As *Judy*, or yourself, Ma'am, to include,)
I'd punish with a heavy fine, if e'er
A spreading crinoline they dared to wear;
For their sweet sakes and not for mine alone,
I'd do it; for, Miss, Madam, you must own
That, though your figure is the one to bear it,
How few there are who gracefully can wear it!

IX.

As when the stubborn bow Ulysses bent,
Through every ring the victor arrow went,
So, as to hoops, the would-be winner's ball
Must, starting from the post, go through them all.
These hoops (of iron wire made quite round,
Nor square nor flat will suit the Croquet ground,)
Should have both ends fixed firmly in the grass,
Showing an arch, through which the ball must pass,
Height thirteen inches, ten the space to fill,
More either way would naught allow for skill:
Now, as I said last week, "Sing up, my Muse!"
And, as *she* said last week, "Sir, I refuse."
Just when we in our Croquet are progressing,
She jibs and stops dead short: no sort of pressing
Will make her sing a note: I'm—blank—but there
She would have made e'en TATE and BRADY swear,
But that they had, as it to me occurs,
A great deal more to do with *Hymns* than *Hers*.
Well, TALLEYRAND was right: since all must know
I will not quote his celebrated *mot*.
A brilliant thought! I'll give my Muse the slip,
Ho, there! my spurs, my silver-mounted whip!
Bring round my Pegasus! Not here, Sir. No!
Miss Muse is riding him in Rotten Row.

Two Good Reasons for Two Good Things.

A FOREIGN journalist asks explanation of the fact, that though there are but 50,000 English Jews, 7 or 8 are elected to Parliament, while, though there are 2,000,000 of English Catholics, they send but one Catholic Member. The explanation is, that the elected Jews are wise men—and so are the Catholic electors.



MRS. GRUNSELL AND FRIEND, HAVING HAD TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, THREE ROLLS AND BUTTER, AND ONE BOTTLE OF LEMONADE, PAY THEIR BILL, AND PRESENT THE WAITER WITH A HA'PENNY, WHICH IS INDIGNANTLY RETURNED.

Mrs. Grunsell (loq.) "O, HOW NICE! THIS IS A NEW ARRANGEMENT. NO GRATUITIES ALLOWED."

THE GREAT FIGHT.

Described in a letter from MASTER JOHNNY RUSSELL, of Saint Stephen's Academy, to MASTER THOMAS BROWN.

DEAR TOM,

I HOPE you are quite well. I am quite well. I hope your sister is quite well. Give my love to her. There has been a jolly fight between BEN DIZZY and BILL GLADSTONE, and BEN has got well licked, and I am jolly glad of it, for BEN has been an awful nuisance all this half, and saying nasty things of one, and getting beastly cocky. You know BEN is in the other House and so he couldn't get at me, for you know I am in the Upper House, among the other Big Boys. But he kept saying spiteful things of me, all behind my back, where he knew I could not answer him, and at last he got so cheeky that he pitched into Old PAM, and said he'd fight him and BILL GLADSTONE, to see who should be cock. You know Old PAM has been cock of the school for ever such a while, and our fellows all like him, because he is so good-natured, and is such a clever chap at getting fellows out of messes.

BEN was a great fool to think that he could fight BILL GLADSTONE and Old PAM, for everybody knows that he's no match for either of them. BEN's not a bad hitter, and he's pretty smart in fibbing; but though he's pretty lively in getting on his legs, you know we all agree that there's no *bottom* in him, and although his style is showy, he has little real strength. You should have seen just how BILL GLADSTONE floored him the first round, there never was a fairer knock-down than he gave him. Then he seized him like a rat, and gave him such a shaking, and DIZZY looked quite white, and I don't wonder at it. I think Diz will be more careful now that the conceit has been a little taken out of him. He's got such a black eye, and everybody says that he deserved quite what he got, and I know I'm precious glad of it, for he was awful cheeky.

We break up in a few days, and I hope that we shan't have to come to School again till February. So I've a jolly lot of holiday before me to write letters, which you know I'm very fond of. And so I must conclude. Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

St. Stephen's Academy, Tuesday.

JOHNNY RUSSELL.

VON BISMARCK'S WORD.

UNDER the title of "The Proposed Holy Alliance," the *Morning Post* has lately been publishing some alleged correspondence, revealing a conspiracy against constitutional Government in Europe between VON BISMARCK, VON RECHBERG, GORTSCHAKOFF, and other ministers and agents of the three great European Scoundrelisms of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. We might have doubted the authenticity of these documents but for the subjoined telegram, addressed to the Prussian Ambassador in London:—

"Carlsbad, July 3.

"Your Excellency is expressly authorised to declare that the two Prussian despatches on the Holy Alliance, published in yesterday's *Morning Post*, are purely invented.

"No such document, nor anything similar, exists.

"(Signed) BISMARCK."

Considering, in relation to veracity, the assertions which were made by HERR VON BISMARCK respecting the intentions of Prussia in invading the Danish territories, we need only see his name affixed to a statement to convince us that the reverse of it is true. The disavowal, equally prompt with the foregoing, by VON BISMARCK, at Paris and Vienna, of the despatches on the Holy Alliance attributed to him in the *Post*, evinces an eagerness to discredit their authenticity, which is the best of all possible reasons for believing them to be genuine.

Ecclesiastical.

THE motion for removing the disabilities which lie in the way of the Wives of the Clergy sitting in Convocation will not be brought forward at the next meeting of the Ecclesiastical Synod.

There is no such ecclesiastical title in the English Hierarchy as that of the Bishop of Soda and Brandy.

MUSICAL.—The Edition of the Immortal Bard's Works, from which the Operatic version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was taken, is SINGER'S *Shakspeare*.



THE FIGHT AT ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

MRS. GAMP. "NEVER MIND, MY DEAR! YOU DONE YER WERRY BEST TO WIN; WHICH THAT MASTER GLADSTING IS SUCH A HUNCOMMON STRONG BOY!"

THE DRAMA IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.



ONLY Amateur Theatricals are now the vogue. The following remarks may be prettily made by any member or members of the delighted audience at the conclusion of any private performance:—

No. 1.—“You must be very tired after all your exertions.”

“Well, to tell you the truth, I am rather,” says Mr. PIPPS, candidly, who has, by his own particular desire, played the chief character in three pieces.

His tone is that of a martyr to the amusement of society.

No. 2.—“Oh, Mr. SYMPER, how could you make yourself so hideous? I’m sure I should never have known you.”

Mr. SYMPER smiles feebly at this delicate flattery, and takes much credit to himself as an artiste. He has paid particular attention to his evening dress and general personal appearance, so that he may be in no way identified with the ruffian whom he has been impersonating.

No. 3.—“It really went off admirably. I must congratulate you on your success.”

Mr. MIVINS looks foolish,

and tries to persuade himself that his first appearance has not been such a failure after all.

No. 4.—“What a beautiful dress that was! Where did you get it from?”

Mrs. THAYLYRE would have preferred a complimentary remark upon her acting; but answers graciously, giving the name of the *costumier*.

No. 5.—“Oh, you made us laugh so! I was quite afraid that you would hear me?”

The distinguished Amateur, who has been playing the low Comedian’s part in a Farce, inwardly wishes that the audience had laughed a little louder.

No. 6.—“I’ve seen all those pieces played by professionals. I saw CHARLES MATHEWS play your part in the first piece, and I must say—”

“Ah, of course, you oughtn’t to compare the two,” says Amateur, deprecating stern criticism; howbeit he is of opinion that but for conventional prejudice he is not much behind that admirable comedian.

No. 7.—“You must have played very often, Mr. NOODLE,” observes an amiable lady, with the sweetest smile. “You seemed so much at your ease on the stage.”

Mr. NOODLE, who has made his first entrance apparently through a wall instead of a door, and has invariably found himself behind the person on the stage who was speaking to him, is, of course, delighted to hear it.

No. 8.—“That wonderful look that you gave! I can’t make out how you can do it!”

As the gentleman can’t explain the matter satisfactorily himself, he merely sniggers, examines the carpet-pattern, and twiddles a couple of shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

No. 9.—“How very well Mr. So AND So played,” says some pleasant young lady, knowing that this remark is so peculiarly acceptable to a brother Amateur.

“Yes, oh yes, very well, very well indeed,” replies brother Amateur. Of course this is a most hearty and honest opinion, and, equally of course, he doesn’t say to another brother Amateur that “he didn’t think much of So AND So’s playing in that piece, did he, ch?”

These few suggestions for Drawing-room Conversations will, we feel sure, tend to promote such charitable sentiments as it is ever our object to implant in the large heart of existing Society.

WANTED, A POLICY!

WANTED a Policy, fitted to fill

The gap, left unelosed by rhetorical skill,
To show that, if PAM and JOHN RUSSELL have blundered,
’Tis not *all brutum fulmen* that DIZZY has thundered:
To justify us of the Queen’s Opposition
In defying the Treasury Bench to division,
And make out that if *we* had but been in their places,
We shouldn’t have proved the same men with new faces,
Strained at just the same gnats, just the same camels swallowed,
By the same arts been fooled, at the same elaptraps holloed,
Ta’en just the same road the same mull to arrive at,
And built the same walls, just as thick skulls to drive at!

Wanted a Policy, fitted to fill!

The gap left unelosed by rhetorical skill!

Wanted, a Policy!

A Policy wanted!

Wanted a Policy with a new face,

For a party that’s been a long time out of place,
Whose measures from over long keeping smell musty,
Whose young hands are raw, and whose old hands are rusty;
But for nose who boast PAKINGTON, DIZZY for jaw,
And MANNERS for breeding, and WHITESIDE for law,
Who’ll spout till *White side* of the shield looks like black side,
And the front of an argument’s made out the back side.
Who have HUGH CAIRNS, unrivalled in stating a ease,
And MALMESBURY, who’ll talk till he’s black in the face,
With a brain triply steeled against logic and wit,
Which ne’er knew itself beaten, or owned itself bit.
And last, but not least, who’ve a RUPERT a-top,
No connection, N.B., with the famed Rupert-Drop
That we know goes to smash upon slight provocation,
But our RUPERT is toughness’s own incarnation,
Tough to tackle in talk, trip, convince or persuade,
As supple and sharp as a Damascene blade.

Wanted a Policy with a new face,

For a party that’s been a long time out of place.

Wanted, a Policy!

A Policy wanted!

Wanted a Policy balanced with art,

For a party in splinters too ready to part;
Whose Cabinet *must* prove too small for the sticks,
That a place must be found for, at risk of a fix:
A party, in herald’s phrase, *party per pale*
Of Puritan WHALLEY, and Papist MAC HALE,
Whose coat parti-coloured is piebald with green
Ultramontane, and Protestant ultra-marine;
A party whose leaders are sorely bestead
To keep BENTINCK and DIZZY at peace in one bed;
Whose leader, *de facto*, is barely endured,
As an evil that’s borne since it cannot be cured;
Whose rising men all to the foemen belong,
Whose JOSEPHS are ESAUS, in skin and in song;
Who the one half cry “War,” (to blunt NEWDEGATE’S cry)
And the other half “Peace,” (as per STANLEY’S reply).
Who the Treasury would storm, and wax fat on its fare,
But, beyond that, don’t know what to do when they’re there.

Wanted a Policy, balanced with art,

For a party in splinters too ready to part.

Wanted, a Policy!

A Policy wanted!

CRICKET MUSIC.

Music being now introduced (to the great relief of the ladies) at our grand Cricket Matches, *Mr. Punch* is induced to publish the list of pieces which, at his suggestion, were performed during the Harrow and Eton match, and the fitness whereof was the subject of complimentary remark by the PRINCESS OF WALES.

Invitation to the Ball	GUSTAVUS.
“Batti, batti”	DON GIOVANNI.
“Maiden, Over! Over with me”	SKILLKOG.
Favourite Catch	OLD ENGLISH.
“Home! Sweet Home”	BISHOP.
Cricket on the Hearth Quadrilles	JULIEN.
“On a Bat’s back do I fly”	ARIEL’S SONG.
“Proudly—and Wide”	FRA DIAVOLO.
“O, Mother, he’s come to the Wicket”	MISS FLOBBERS.
“Good Bye, sweetheart, good Bye”	SIMS REEVES.

PICTURESQUE.—It is indeed a pretty sight in the country to see a landed proprietor standing under his own ash, smoking a cigar.



THE SILVER TRUMPET.

Charles FitzCharles (loq.). "ONCE MORE, LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR THE WORDS OF LOVE—AND OH! BELIEVE—THAT YOU SHALL SETTLE YOUR MONEY ON YOURSELF WITH CONTINGENT REMAINDER TO YOUR OWN CHARLEY."

ELEEMOSYNARY EAU DE COLOGNE.

THE subjoined paragraph is taken from a column of general news in the *Post* :—

"THE HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Regardless of expense, the enterprising MR. JOSEPH STUART, of 7, Westbourne Place, Bishop's Road West, occupies a stall, in the gallery, with a supply of the genuine 'Jersey' Eau de Cologne, which is not only patronised by HER MAJESTY, but is also ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article."

If the foregoing statement is correct, the enterprising MR. JOSEPH STUART is an uncommonly good fellow. He undertook to provide the visitors to the Islington Horse Show with a gratuitous distribution of Eau de Cologne. The announcement that he occupies a stall there with a supply of that odoriferous article, contains no intimation that he charges anything for it; on the contrary, represents him as occupying the stall "regardless of expense." If he sells the Eau de Cologne, even at a loss, he cannot be wholly regardless of expense, because he does regard so much expense as is equal to the difference between selling it at a loss and giving it altogether away; and an alleged sale of Eau de Cologne, or anything else, would be simply a sell.

But what are we to think of the allegation that the "genuine 'Jersey' Eau de Cologne is not only patronised by HER MAJESTY, but is also ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article?" Surely this is an anticlimax. "Is not only ten per cent. stronger than any other similar article, but is also patronised by HER MAJESTY." That is the way in which a judicious loyalty would put its recommendation of the "Jersey" Eau de Cologne. "Strong" is an ambiguous epithet applied to odours. Smells may be more strong than pleasant; a smell called strong is often the reverse of pleasant; but when we are told that a scent is not only ten per cent. stronger than any similar scent, but is also honoured by HER MAJESTY's patronage, we understand that its strength is sweetness, and if we wished to imbue our pocket handkerchiefs with fragrance, and make ourselves generally agreeable by diffusing a grateful savour around us, we should, considering that the QUEEN's name is a tower of strength, make choice of the perfume fortified with that of VICTORIA, and, if it were to be sold, lay out money on the strength of it.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY. ?

Wednesday. Saw on label in grocer's window, "Balmoral Sauce." Thought it might mean blacking.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

HERE is the latest discovery in America, which we recommend, as a good thing for investment, to the attentive consideration of all washer-women :—

"A veritable soap-mine has been discovered in Esmeralda, California. The vein is 10 feet wide, 600 feet long, and runs very deep."

What "lathering" good dividends, as an Irishman, would say, a soap-mine must yield! We should be afraid, however, of the speculation ourselves, lest it should turn out only another exemplification of the old saying that "the earth hath bubbles," and, as the Stock Exchange knows, we have enough of those in our own country, without going to California for them.

THROWING STONES FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

WE find that the foreign correspondents are continually alluding to, and making extracts from an influential journal they call *The Cross Journal*. We imagine they mean by this the *Kreuz Zeitung*; but if so, why don't they say so? The English title might lead to all kinds of errors, for really any less-informed person than ourselves might innocently suppose they were malevolently sneering at the *Saturday Review*, or else pointing the finger of irreverence at the dear old *Morning Herald*—formerly bitter foes of ours, but now our warmest friends and allies. On their joint parts, as they are scarcely able to defend themselves, we beg most indignantly to protest against the intended affront.

SPIRIT-MOVING TRADE INTELLIGENCE.

If we may believe the announcements in the Newspapers, the spirits in New York are playing wondrous pranks. They apparently have left off twisting easy chairs about and turning tables topsy-turvy, and have applied themselves to moving precious metals and provisions. By the commercial news transmitted through the *Times* the other day, we learn that on the twentieth of June "gold, which stood at 198½, suddenly jumped to 201," and we further are informed, under date the twenty-third, that :—

"Gold rose yesterday to 245; to-day it has oscillated between 205 and 225."

This jumping about and rising and oscillating movement on the part of gold must clearly have been caused by spiritual agency, for, so far as we have knowledge of the nature of this metal, it has nothing automatic that could give it motive power.

But spirit-influence still more curious is described in the next paragraph, which speaks in verb-less language of—

"Breadstuffs rising. Provisions excited and irregular. Sugars firm. Coffee unchanged."

Here the spirits clearly have been at their work again, and have caused an elevation on the part of breadstuffs, doubtless similar to that which they produced in MR. HOME. If they would kindly undertake to effect a rise in bread just at the right moment in the course of manufacture, the bakers would be thankful for the saving of their yeast. But unluckily the spirits never condescend to stoop to any sort of useful work, and we have small hope of their helping us in any hour of knead. What kind of provisions were "excited and irregular" we are not precisely told; and we may draw upon our fancy for the picture of hams wildly waltzing about the larders, and rounds of beef in their excitement prancing with polonies or capering with calves' heads.

A Diplomatic Munchausen.

IN the House of Commons, the other evening, LORD PALMERSTON stated that the Prussian Ambassador desired to deny the authenticity of the letters published as BISMARCK's in the *Post* "with all the weight of his official character." Ha! A nice distinction! The Prussian Ambassador's personal character may weigh as much as gold or platinum; but his Excellency does not pledge that. It is far too much to say that all the weight of his official character equals that of a feather.

TIME FOR LADIES' TAILORS.



Look upon the following announcement as a sign of the times:—

"COAT FOR LADIES. —The paper shapes for cutting out a lady's summer coat, with full directions for making up and trimming, will be given in the *Queen*, the *Lady's Newspaper*, of July 16."

No longer content to wear petticoats, ladies have now taken to wearing coats. What will they next get to wear instead of petticoats? As many of them as are industrious and clever enough to cut out their own coats, will, doubtless, cut out the other things too; but the majority of husbands and fathers must evidently prepare to sustain a new expense in the tailors' bills which will be run up by their wives and

daughters. Crinoline is about to be superseded at last, and we can see how its place will be supplied. Already the mind's eye beholds the maidens and matrons of England going about with their hands in their pockets.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND IN DANGER.

"WHAT'S that there they be a playun of upon the Green, yander?" inquired an agriculturist on a visit to a suburban friend.

"Croquêt," answered his host.

"Croaky. How d'ye spell ut?"

"C . r . o . o . q . u . e . t ."

"That are spells crocket. Crocket and cricket zounds summut like. Cricket vor men, eh, and crocket for ladies?"

"Your parallel runs on all fours."

"My what? My pig do. Well, I zay, and ben't there a Lord's Cricket Ground? Up there out o' Marrowbone way zumwhere?"

"Yes?"

"Well, then, what I sez, is, Why don't they likewise ha' a Lady's Crocket Ground?"

"MR. HOMEGREEN, your analogy excels BUTLER'S. But we mustn't talk of a Lady's Croquêt Ground till we have secured Lord's Cricket Ground for the Marylebone Club. Do you know that it's in danger of being cut up and covered with bricks and mortar—threatened with being sold on building leases?"

"Cuss them buildun lasers; they be the rhuun o' the country. What's to be done?"

"Why, the land must be bought up by subscription. Ten thousand pounds will be wanted in all. A large part of that has already been raised, but a good deal more remains to be."

"Do ut, now? Well, here's vive shilluns towards ut, and I wish they was pounds. Do away wi' Lord's Cricket Ground, massy ho! That 'ood be a burnun sheam; a disgreass to the cricketers of England, and a sorer and grafe to all as be admirers of manly English spoorts and pastimes."

"Just so, Sir, and I wish your truly liberal example may be followed by others, in subscribing what they can afford. There is a too general disinclination to put down a modest crown by the side of the larger but not more magnificent sum of five guineas."

"Every little helps, as the old 'ooman zed o' the tear as vell in the sea. And zo I hopes 'tween us we shall zave Lard's Cricket Ground."

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE heard the Bow Bells saying, "Turn again, Organman, great bore of London!"

A JOLLY PUFF FOR JOLLY NOSE.

WHEN are we to have the *Green Bushes* again? Soon, MR. WEBSTER, we hope, because we understand that in one of the comic scenes between MR. PAUL BEDFORD and MR. TOOLE, something of this kind is to be introduced:—

Paul B. Easy now, easy now, my bumptious boy, and do not be in such a remarkably indecorous hurry to demonstrate the deficiencies of your education.

Toole. My education deficient, you antibilious old pterodactyl! And if it are, you had the broughtage of me up, and might have eliminated me into a consternation of talent.

Paul B. I taught you your reading, my obtuse and antiseptic child, but read you will not, neither improve your little mind, you ungrateful and intransitive preterpluperfectibility.

Toole. Don't say that, Guv'nor; don't be hard upon a promiscuous cove. I read when I can approximate a book as is within my meteor.

Paul B. Within your what, my uninstructed one? Say that again, or say something else.

Toole (preferring the first alternative, repeats), "Meteor."

Paul B. You must be irresponsible, to make such a response. What do you mean by "meteor?" hay?

Toole. No, not hay; nor yet Will o' the wisp of straw. I am given to understand that it is a delicate French Gallicism, and means "in my line like."

Paul B. Your line like! You mean *métier*, I suppose, my polyglottical baby?

Toole. I was afeard if I sounded it too Frenchy as you wouldn't have understood me, Guv'nor. But you've no call to say as I never read. I have just been reading a work of supernal interest.

Paul B. Did it keep you from your supper, my greedy one?

Toole. Well, I won't go quite so fur into waccuum as to say that, Guv'nor, but it made me enjoy the sassingers to that degree as I got the nightmare, and dreamed I were Mount Vesuvius in a eruption, spitting out laver, which indeed I always do in real life, hating that same nasty weggitable.

Paul B. Favour me, favour me, favour me with the nomenclature of the literary production which has stimulated your tardy predilection for the Muses.

Toole. Gov'nor, we are married men, and had better talk according. I have nothing to say about Muses. I have been reading a book. It's name, says you? Hurry no man's appellations, says I; one day you may have a title-page of your own. I wrote it down: *Wanderings and Recollections, Facts, not Fancies*, by PAUL BEDFORD. Ever hear that name, Gov'nor?

Paul B. That concatenation of syllabic utterances does not seem entirely novel to my auricular organs.

Toole. Very likely. Ah! But did you ever hear that name before?

Paul B. Have I not said so, unperiphrastic one? And the emanations of this autobiographical historiographer have excited your organs of approbateness.

Toole. Now I'll tell you what it is, Gov'nor. I'm a plain man.

Paul B. Were a prize offered for a plainer, I believe that it would remain the undisputed property of the liberal benefactor who proposed it.

Toole. You are an indigenous old Behemoth and a hypochondriacal Anabaptist, if you come to that. I can say long words as well as you, but I prefer common civility.

Paul B. It is well, my excitable one. Now, impart to me your impression of the literary performance of MR. BEDFORD.

Toole. Why, it's a stunner.

Paul B. The epithet is compact, but might be expanded with advantage to the platitudinarian intellect of the nineteenth century.

Toole. Well, I was talking about it with a lot of Swells, and them as know'd better than me, and the Swells say that the book is PAUL BEDFORD to the life, and all the better for being so, and that everybody ought to read it, and have a jolly good laugh.

Paul B. So recommended, I shall probably administer some leisure to the perusal of the tome in question. And I am glad, our uncultured one, that you are not so palpable a relative of the family whose sustenance is derived from a certain Scottish wild flower as I had apprehended.

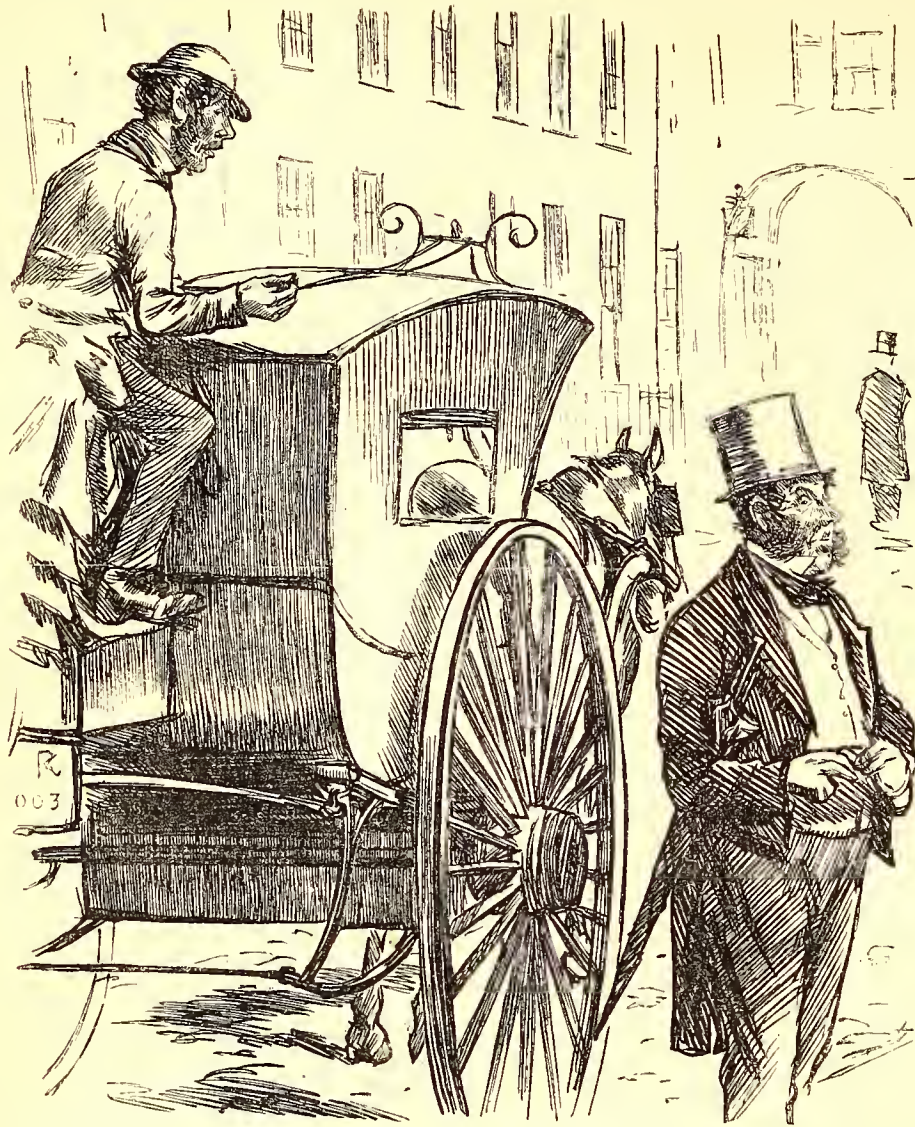
Toole. Shut up, you thundering old elaborated Oystergoth, you blossom-nosed Buddhist of Trincomalee, shut up, will you? Here comes *Miami*.

Enter MIAMI, with her gun.

Miami. Ah! my friends, &c.

"Oh, It's Nuffin'!"

It is not generally known that there is a small colony of indefatigable snuff-takers living on the banks of the Thames. They are called the Snuffers of Hampton Wick.



*Sententious Cabby (on receiving his legal Fare from Temple Bar to Fumival's Inn).
"AH! I ONLY VISH SIXPENCES WAS AS SCARCE AS GEN'LEMEN!"*

EXTORTION UNDER GOVERNMENT.

To JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, Esq.

DEAR TEAREM,

WHENEVER any vermin are engaged in doing mischief behind the curtain in official quarters, you are the fellow to go in and rout them out. Before this reaches you, very likely you will have been induced to raise your honest bark in the House of Commons by some letters which have lately appeared in the *Times*, whence it appears that there is some nasty creature in the Inland Revenue Office at work in extorting legacy duty from the representatives and descendants of parties by whom it is alleged to have been left unpaid many years ago—as many as forty. Down come demands of this kind on executors of executors for principal and interest to the amount of nearly three hundred pounds. Records relative to the original executorship have been lost or destroyed; the past payment of the duty cannot be proved, and people who know and could know no more about it than the Man in the Moon, are fain to submit to the exaction, and pay the whole of the money rather than risk the cost of a defence against a Government prosecution. See the *Times* of Thursday, July 7th, in case you happen to have overlooked these monstrous cases of legal extortion—if it is legal. Read the letter, entitled "Hardships of Executors."

Talk of the oppression exercised by despotic governments; talk of any imposition enforced upon the subjects of an Austrian, Russian, or Prussian tyrant! Talk of any atrocity, short of bodily torture, inflicted on the people of his late Majesty of Naples! As for the Pope, his Holiness would doubtless feel his paternal heart lacerated by the mere supposition that he was capable of permitting such cruel injustice as that which is, as I have told you, practised by some vile underling in the Inland Revenue Office. To pattern it we should have to go to Turkey—the Turkey of BAJAZET and AMURATH.

What kind of a creature is it that has set himself to the odious work of ferreting out these obsolete claims of the Government on persons who are innocent of any knowledge of them? Is it some clerk who seeks promotion by the ostentation of a pitiless zeal? Or is it a wretch who takes a malignant delight in improving the opportunity that his situation affords him of subjecting as many people as he can to annoy-

ance, distraction, and perhaps even misery and ruin? How comes it that he has been suffered—he cannot have been commissioned—to do this dirty work for his superiors? You will doubtless elicit, if you have not elicited, an answer to these questions from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, or some other responsible party. What brute is it that is either amusing himself, or trying to get on, by extortion in the Inland Revenue Office? Find him, TEAREM! Fetch him out! Shake him, boy! Sess! And believe me, yours ever,

PUNCH.

P.S. Who now will ever dare to accept the office of executor, so long as the Inland Revenue Office comes down upon an executor's executor for legacy duty on property which he never dreamt of?

THE LATE MR. WILKS.

THE sudden decease of a political writer and speaker, MR. WASHINGTON WILKS, has produced an appeal to the public on behalf of his widow and six children. This appeal we heartily second, in the interest of those whose helplessness demands all kindly aid, and without any approbation of the claim set up that MR. W. WILKS sacrificed his time to the making speeches at public meetings "with a total disregard to his health or pecuniary interests." No husband or father has a right to earn such a plaudit. He would have seen this, had he lived longer, and would have acted up to his conviction, for he was a very earnest man. Help for the widow and her children may be sent to the Honorary Secretary of the Fund, 65, Fleet Street, and they have the strongest claim upon those who will, we hope, on this occasion deserve the name of Ultra-Liberals.

Extensive Sale of an Ex-Shakspearian Committeeman.

"I DON'T think," said a would-be literary Duke, "you can find a single Irish character in all the works of SHAKESPEARE?"

"Yes, you can," boldly ejaculated young EDMUND, "for I can cite two—MISS O'PHELIA, and CORRY O'LANUS."

The noble Duke instantly started for Manchester.



A PLEASANT KIND OF UNCLE.

SCENE—Inside a Cab. UNCLE on back seat. Two nice boys on front seat.

Uncle. "NOW, REGINALD, LOOK OVER MY HEAD, AND TELL ME THE NUMBER OF THIS CAB."

Reginald (slowly). "ONE, SIX, SIX, EIGHT."

Uncle (sternly). "HOW DARE YOU, SIR? SAY SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT. NOW, JAMES. WHAT IMPORTANT EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY HAPPENED IN 1688?"

[The Boys think they might as well not be out for a Cheerful Holiday.]

"WHERE'S REBECCA?"

WHERE is *Rebecca*, LADY CRAWLEY *née* SHARP? The last time we heard of her ladyship was soon after the death of his excellency, SIR RAWDON CRAWLEY, when she had taken to distributing tracts. If that occupation have not weaned her from worldly vanities, LADY CRAWLEY had better go over to Paris, and join her illustrious family, that of MONTMORENCY, in its protest against Imperial caprice. It seems that the noble old title of DUC DE MONTMORENCY (no one can forget *Rebecca's* claim of kindred) having become extinct, the EMPEROR has revived it, and bestowed it on the DUC DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, who, if his pedigree be rightly stated, has as good a claim as anybody to that which nobody has a right to claim at all. But all the branches of the old family are in arms, heraldic and metaphorical, and they appeal to such law as the Elector of the Millions has left them, for a sentence against his act. Surely REBECCA LADY CRAWLEY will be heard of in the matter, and it appears to *Mr. Punch* that on the ground of respectability, she is quite as much entitled to be heard as a good many who are mixed up in the fray. "My mother was a Montmorency" should be a passport to the Tuileries itself, where anything like old blood must be at a premium, among such brilliancies as the DUC DE LA BOURSE, the BARON FITZ-BOUCHERIE, and the VICOMTE CIRQUE-OLYMPIQUE, *En avant*, REBECCA LADY CRAWLEY! *Noblesse Oblige*.

No Such Luck.

THE Savoy Chapel has been 'burned, with the Savoy organ. Could we make this last word plural, we should almost be consoled. Quite, were the word "organists."

PISCATORIAL.—Shakespearian Angler's Song to his bait: "Sleep, Gentle, Sleep."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY, 11th, Monday. The feelings of the Clergymen who are adverse to saying what is charitable over a deceased person continue to find an exponent in LORD EBURY, who persists in demanding an alteration of the beautiful burial service of the Church. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has no objection to a commission for inquiring into the subject. The BISHOP OF LONDON will not hear of alterations in the service, but thinks that something might be done to relax the law under which the Clergyman is compelled to speak charitably of those whom he would prefer to describe to their friends as having gone to a place of torture. It will be a pity if some anodyne be not invented for these gentle-hearted portions of the surplice population.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, who is seventy-nine years of age, and who, having recently been divorced from his second wife, has just married a third, is entitled, both from his age and from his experience of church ceremonies, to complain of the inconvenient mode in which the services are arranged in the Chapels-Royal. The subject, however, is not one of intense interest to the public generally, and we do not know, in fact, what the conjugal Marquis complains about.

ON the Shutting Public Houses Bill (which was afterwards passed) LORD BROUGHAM called attention to the advantages of the Cheap Kitchens, of which *Mr. Punch* has said so much. LORD BROUGHAM apprised the Peers that for a penny he had obtained a basin of as good soup as any of their Lordships could get at home, and that for fourpence a plate of meat and vegetables of similar excellence can be had. Did not *Mr. Punch* introduce the system from Glasgow? Knowing that such excellent and cheap food can be had, why do young idiots go to slap-bangs and eat sodden meat? Because they think such places more "genteel." But they are very foolish, especially the short-pipe smokers, who need nourishing food to counteract the stunting process which is making them such wretched little sallow animals that one really hates to look at them on the top of the omnibus, where, by the way, they have no business to be, for they ought to walk to their work. If LORD BROUGHAM did not say all this, he thought it, and *Mr. Punch* means to get him to say it some evening.

MR. FERRAND, making a great row (though he had more than one good case to-night, but spoiled it by his violence) was told by SIR GEORGE GREY that he "always spoke under great excitement, and was not aware what he said."

THE House then "laughed consumedly" at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, but this is the regular amusement of the House, and hardly worth chronicling. He asked some absurd question about—what does it signify?

ON an Irish Education Vote, to which of course we should not refer were there not something more interesting than Irish Education involved, there was told, by a Minister, a little romance which beats all the sensationists. An Irish gentleman lay under the misfortune of being suspected of murdering his wife by poison. The interior of the departed was sent to the surgeons at the Cork infirmary to be analysed. The unfortunate Irish gentleman had fallen in love with a new Irish lady, who was to wed him as soon as he was legally acquitted of getting irregularly free from the first marriage. So he bribed a porter, or somebody, at the infirmary, to set the place on fire, in order that any evidence that might be obtained from the interior of his wife might be destroyed; and the plan was carried out with partial success. Now that is something like a story, and we have a presentiment that we shall read it in a book, and the novelist will introduce the usual clumsy vindication of a disagreeable tale—"it actually occurred," as if that had anything to do with art.

FINALLY, we had a British Museum debate, and MR. WALPOLE mentioned various interesting purchases that had been made, none of which, any more than a whole host of other invaluable things, can the public see, until those beasts and birds shall be taken away. While we can see four beautiful giraffes and two hippopotamuses alive, it is too absurd to fling lovely Greek marbles into a cellar, to leave room for that dusty splitting old straddler of a camelopard, and the wooden-looking river-horse at the Museum.

TUESDAY. LORD SHAFTESBURY, having mentioned a rumour that the Prussians had murdered 400 Swedish Volunteers in cold blood, and being informed by LORD RUSSELL that he had ascertained that the burglars were not guilty of this crime, expressed his satisfaction, but declined to make any apology, fairly arguing that the general conduct

of the Prussians deprived them of any right to complain of any suspicion.

LORD MALMESBURY stated the case of the advocates of the Street Music Bill in a temperate and convincing speech, and the Bill was read a Second Time. And the Bill allowing the Masters of Collegiate Schools to read prayers, was passed, in spite of the extraordinary objections of a few Peers.

LORD PALMERSTON explained that the Brazilian Government behaved as ill as they possibly could in regard to Slavery, and to the Negroes whom they were forced to emancipate, and said that the Brazilian Slave Trade was carried on by the scum of the earth. It was only the fear of British cannon that kept the Brazilians to any show of decency. The Portuguese were equally criminal, and for still lower motives.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was then honoured with a Count Out.

Wednesday. We had another theological Wednesday. MR. BOUVERIE endeavoured to do away with the law which connects the Universities with the Church of England. For once, a basic principle became matter of debate, and battle was given on the question whether the Universities ought to be merely national schools, or nurseries of the State religion. MR. WALPOLE of course took the latter view, but dwelt upon the catholic and comprehensive character of a Church that includes men of extremely diverse views. MR. MONSELL said that under the proposed Bill, M. RENAN might be a teacher in a University, and MR. BOUVERIE could make no better answer than "No, he is a Frenchman." WHALLEY THE WISE supported the Bill, because many persons at Oxford were inclined to Popery. The House roared, at which probably MR. DARBY GRIFFITH felt jealous, as he must suppose himself the person chiefly entitled to make the House laugh. We must get up an entertainment for WHALLEY and DARBY to present, all over the country, during the holidays. They would eclipse the Brothers, who lately made a hit as the *Two Dromios*. MR. NEATE (Cambridge Town) opposed the Bill, which was rejected by 157 to 101.

Then a number of Bills were withdrawn, and divers whitebait, swimming a little lower down than Westminster, began to feel uneasy in their minds, and to ask one another why fish were annually sacrificed on the altar of the British Constitution.

Thursday. The Commons insisted on restoring to the Penal Servitude Bill the clause compelling Ticket-of-leave men to report themselves once a month to the police. The Lords, after some discussion, decided

by 62 to 25 that the clause should be accepted, so MR. WILLIAM SYKES will be obliged, occasionally, to leave his card at the house of his betters: a dreadfully oppressive rule, but genteel folks have to undergo the same penance for weeks together, and feel proud of the task.

Government really does not see how to compel Railway Companies to provide a means of communication between passengers and the guard. Very well, very well. Just wait until *Mr. Punch* takes his seat as a jury-man in a case in which damages are asked by reason of a disaster that might have been prevented had such communication been established. Eh, brother jurymen? "For the plaintiff, my Lord, damages £10,000, and the jury wishes that he had asked £20,000." We have made England into a Heptarchy, governed by seven great Railway Kings, but we can temper their despotism by epigrams in the form of verdicts.

We had then a New Zealand debate, in the course of which MR. ROEBUCK expressed his opinion that the natives must be exterminated, and MR. COBDEN expressed his that MR. ROEBUCK was no better than a Thug. The late news is not pleasant. SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO is fighting very hard, and very cleverly, for his own and his father's land, and not only are his military tactics able, but he manifests a spirit which makes it very painful to feel that we are shooting him in the interest of land-speculators. One of the gallant old chiefs, believing that the English had surrounded him, summoned his warriors, read them some portions of our Prayer Book, offered up a short prayer of his own, and then said, "Now, let us die by the hands of brave men." He and his followers dashed upon us, and cut their way into a place of safety. If HAVELOCK or any other of our own fighting Christians had done this, we should have had a burst of plaudit, and acres of bad poetry in his honour. This war ought to be brought to an end, or left to the colonists. However we guaranteed them a loan, by 92 to 55.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, amid wild cries and laughter, wished to know about Denmark, "and about our policy in other matters." Needless to add, that he got nothing out of PAM. But he had a right to put himself "in evidence," for his rival, WHALLEY THE WISE, had just got a great shout by charging the New Zealand Rebellion upon the Papists.

Mr. Punch was much too busy at Wimbledon, shooting for the Queen's Prize, to have any time or attention for any more Parliament at present. He will be found to have knocked the Friday into next week—a feat often talked about but never previously performed.

EARLY BIRDS.



Recently published the prospectus of a joint-stock company for working popular enthusiasm to a profit, and drawing dividends out of hero-worship. Who knows how soon we may find this Company quoted in the market, now that the domestic virtues are beginning to be cultivated on co-operative principles, and stimulated by rewards which are only dividends in another form?

We had long known, on Lord Dundreary's authority, that "the Early Bird picks up the worm;" but henceforth the Early Birds have determined that they will not only pick up worms, but money. These Early Birds have actually invited the birds that flatter themselves they mean to be early, or are otherwise deeply im-

pressed with the virtue of earliness, to unite themselves into a Society—which might as well be a Company at once—called "The Early Rising Association." Their prospectus, or body of rules (printed at Manchester), now before us, authenticated by the names of a *bona-fide* President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary, sets out ostentatiously

"The object of this Association is to promote Early Rising."

"Well—and why not?" an Early Bird may ask. If temperance is to be promoted by people laying their heads together—a timber stockade, or *pah*, to keep out the foul fiend, strong drink—why not early rising, or cleanliness, or piety, or ready money dealing?

The "Soap-and-Water Society," might be a highly useful organisation, with a badge, and the motto, "How are you off for Soap?" the proper apparatus of fines for dirty faces and fingers, and prizes for the

members who should show clean hands for the greatest number of days in the year. So might a society for cultivating in common the great virtue of punctuality in payments—the Ready-Reckoners they might be called—with "Down with your Dust," for a motto. Indeed one does not see why the principle should not be carried still further, and extended to the culture of the Cardinal virtues as well as mere domestic good habits. Why should not the Decalogue be distributed, on joint-stock principles (with liability strictly limited to a particular virtue), and piety, Sabbath-keeping, honouring one's father and mother, abstinence from murder, theft, evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, made sources of profit in the shape of prizes for the good people, to be made up by fines on the naughty ones, till the world had been taught that virtue was no longer to be her own reward, but might be made to bring in a comfortable addition to one's income.

The most serious objection to this plan is, that as these societies operated the fines would get smaller and smaller, and of course the prizes with them, till by the time we had brought up all the virtues to a premium, there would be no premiums available for them.

However, we will not do the Early Birds the injustice to think that such sordid considerations ever occurred to them. Besides they know that it will be a long time before they can induce everybody "to be completely dressed every day by 8 A.M.," as each member of the society is to be by the first rule. The rule does not say "*up* and dressed"—whence we infer that if an Early Bird liked to dress himself in bed, or to dress himself and go to bed again in his feathers, he would earn his day. Then comes a scale of fines to be paid by members not dressed at 8 A.M., rising from the mild infliction of 1*d.*, after 8 and before 8.30, to the alarming figure of 10*s.* after 11!

Again, there is a loop-hole opened by the words "completely dressed." What is complete dressing? It is a matter of taste: we know a gentleman, who generally makes his first appearance in nothing but a dressing gown and slippers. One has heard of shirt-collar and straps as a light and airy costume. Surely the society won't require *full-dress*. Do they admit *peignoirs* for ladies and shooting coats, or dressing-gowns for males? Do they insist on boots, or tolerate slippers? Are trousers indispensable? We see a great field for quibble and litigation in these words.

"On Sundays," (Rule II.) "each member must be completely dressed by 8.30."

"III. Any member on payment of 10*s.* is privileged to stay in bed all day, except Sundays, when the fine will be 1*l.*"

This is a direct encouragement to any unfortunate Early Bird who

may be caught napping after eleven, not to get up at all, as he is free of bed for the whole day for the 11:30 fine. "In for three hours in for four-and-twenty," is a dangerous principle to admit in a society where the temptation to a debauch between the blankets will, at times, be almost irresistible.

"IV. No excuse for being late will be taken except illness, in which case no fines need be paid, and the invalid will be considered as not being late, provided that the number of days' illness does not exceed sixty."

This puzzles us. In the first place, what is the illness that is to let an Early Bird off? Will a slight head-ache, or an all-overishness, or a general sense of "not feeling very well," or an indisposition to get up, be allowed as illness? And who is to certify the illness? Are Early Birds to be put on their honour daily? or is the Association to keep doctors for verification? And why, in the name of justice, is an unlucky Early Bird, who is ill for more than sixty days, to lose all right to indulgence? Is it supposed that if an Early Bird is unable to get up at eight o'clock for sixty days running, he may as well die at once—that he has forfeited all the rights and claims of an Early Bird, and may be devoured, in the shape of fines, by the other Early Birds about him, as, indeed, we know it is the practice of some birds to fall on and chew up their sick companions? Or is it expected that the terror of the fines to come will bring the ailments of all Early Birds to a cure before the sixty days are out? Or that all diseases ought to be crushed—like the Confederate resistance—"within sixty days?" Or that no Early Bird, as is an Early Bird, can be ill more than sixty days running, and if he plead illness for longer, is, *ipso facto*, convicted of imposture, and "taillable et corvéable à merci" like a feudal vassal in France before the Revolution?

"V. Each member must be provided with a book, in which daily to enter the hour and minute at which he is dressed. Each member is put on his honour."

This answers a query put above. But still?—Books are all very well, but who is to ensure honest entries? *Quis custodiat ipsos early-birdos?* "Each member is put on his honour." True. But will he stay there, without being looked after? If Early Birds can be trusted to sit perched on their honours quietly, and without hopping off or fluttering away, under either the fear of fines or the hope of premium, then we can only say they are *rare aves*—a new breed of Phoenixes—birds of a feather—a feather in their caps—birds, not of prey, but praise—true birds of Paradise.

Then come the rules about fines and premiums, fixing how the latter are to be raised by the former, and to be three—the first of one-half the sum total of fines, the second of one-third, and the third of one-sixth, after expenses. No member is to be eligible for these prizes unless he has paid no fines on 340, 320, and 300 days in the year. Ties are to be settled by minutes in bed on late mornings. We see a good deal of wrangling in prospect over all this. And then to think of the Early Birds "sitting on their honour" all through this tempest of temptation! The society ought to be called "an association for putting people on their honour." Rule X. is another puzzler:—

"If an able-bodied and an invalid are equally deserving of a prize, the preference will be given to the former."

"Who's to decide when Early Birds disagree?" Not reason nor justice. They would have said where two people are equally deserving, divide the prize. But the Early Birds say, that when an invalid Early Bird has struggled against his ailments and triumphed—when in spite of all the ills his flesh is heir to, he has been up and carefully dressed—who shall say at what cost of resolution and suffering?—daily for 340 days by 8 in the morning, he is to yield the prize to some great, strong, hulking Early Bird, who has no nerves, and never knew ache, pain or twinge, or was conscious of a liver, stomach, or digestive apparatus, and who gets up, not from any sense of duty, fear of fines, or hope of premiums, but simply from the promptings of his rude, coarse, insensible, and brutally-robust system, that won't let him lie a-bed, if he wished it ever so!

This we must call the very acme of unfairness, and even cruelty.

The year of the Early Birds is to end on the 5th of April, when the books and fines are to be made up and settled, and prizes awarded and distributed, &c. as soon as possible after that date. On this we would only remark that there is clearly a mistake of four days in fixing the Early Birds' field-day.

Rule XV. is remarkable:—

"A member will not be considered completely dressed without his badge, and must never appear in public without it, on penalty of a fine of 1d."

A question arises on this—on the legal principle, *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*. As a member is not to be considered completely dressed without his badge, is he to be considered completely dressed with it? In other words, will wearing the badge be considered complete dressing? If so, we should like to see the badge before we join the Association.

By Rule XIX. honorary members are to be admitted on payment of five shillings, and will have the privilege—of wearing the badge.

This would seem to imply that the badge must be something ornamental or useful, and increases our desire to see an article, the privi-

lege of wearing which is worth five shillings, while it constitutes a complete dress in itself. We trust the Metropolitan Magistrates have been consulted, and that Early Birds in their badges will be recognised as "completely dressed," by the law as well as by the rules of the Association.

In conclusion, we beg to assure our readers that the Association we have been commenting on, really exists. If "birds of a feather flock together," Early Birds, it is to be supposed, will join it. If we may judge of the probable composition of the society by the Early Birds of our acquaintance, we should say that it would bring together, encourage, inflate, and otherwise aid, abet, and comfort a highly conceited and disagreeable set of birds, who are in the habit of revenging themselves, for the discomfort of their own early rising, by crowing over every other kind of bird for the rest of the day. And our conviction is, that the fewer worms the said Early Birds pick up by dint of their co-operative organisation, the better.

A KING AMONG PEERS.



N reference to the *Times*, it will be seen that a new name has been given to one of the special attractions of the old established and popular Exhibition named therein; the department which contains the waxen effigies of GREENACRE, COURVOISIER, RUSH, MR. AND MRS. MANNING, and other persons whose remains were interred within the precincts of a prison, and whose epitaph might have been *Sus. per coll.* :—

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, established 28 years, at the Bazaar, Baker Street. A full-length Portrait Model of DR. COUTY DE LA POMMERAI, Poisoner, from the original photograph by M. TRINQUART, Paris, from life and the best authorities, is now added to the Chamber of Physiognomy.

What used to be called the Chamber of Horrors, is now styled the Chamber of Physiognomy. The portrait Model of DR. COUTY DE LA POMMERAI, Poisoner, is a great addition to it. A greater would be that of the KING OF PRUSSIA, who has done more to deserve a place in it than all the celebrities that figure there put together.

ETIQUETTE.

WHEN your host's servant announces dinner, jump up from your chair, cry out in a hearty manner, "Off we goes," and rush down-stairs. On entering the dining-room, lift up the different covers and choose your dish.

When making a call, see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them before ascending to the Drawing Room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella; this gives an air of unconcerned good breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.

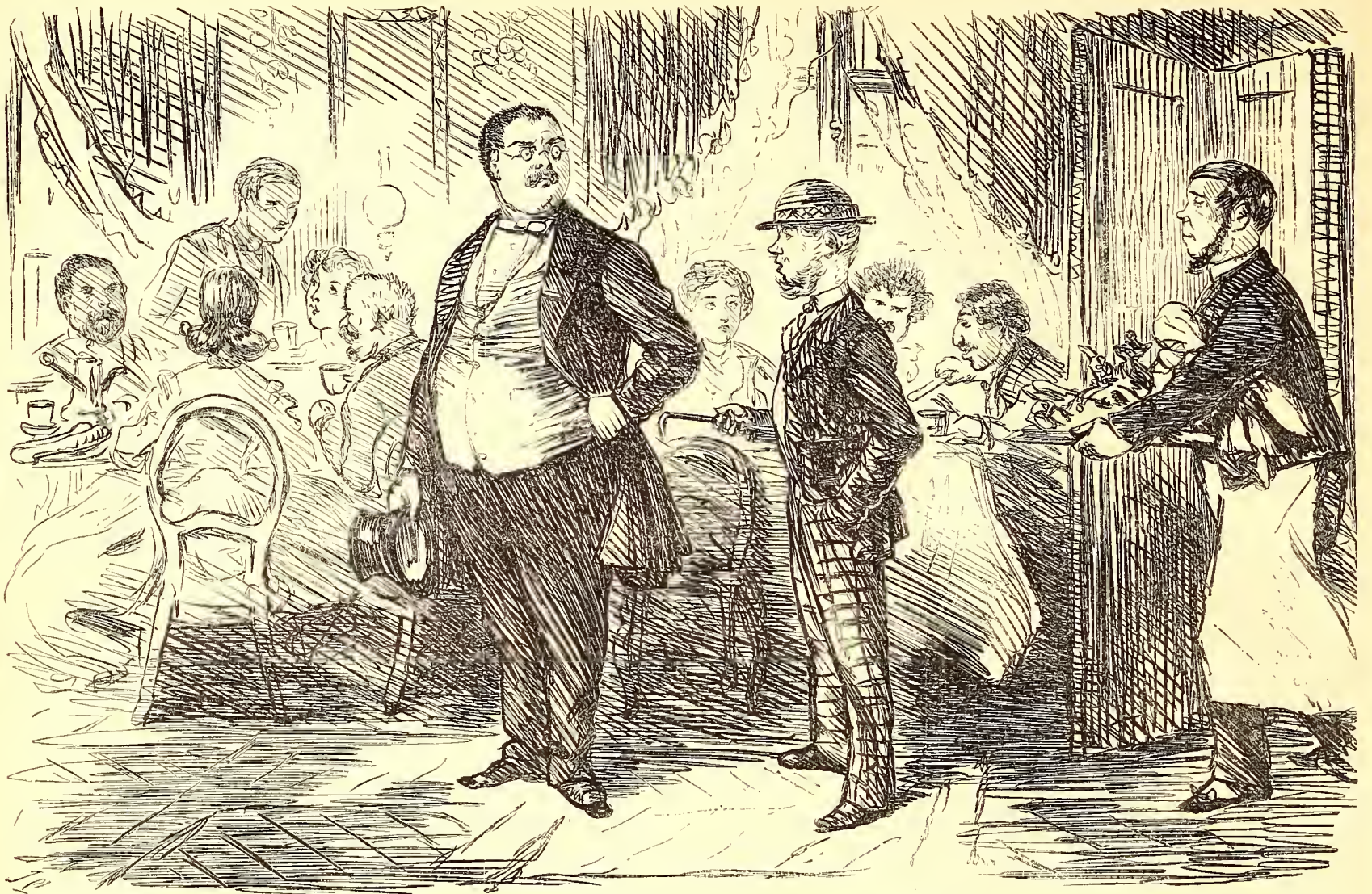
Abe Lincoln's Last.

"Did you ever see a wild goose floatin' on the ocean?" asked the President of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the words of *Ole Zip Coon*. "Well," answered the Secretary, "I guess I have." "Why, then," says ABE, "you ought to know what it's like; but if you don't, I'll tell you, between yourselves, mind, so don't you go tellin' nobody else. A wild goose floatin' on the ocean is like the Union, and our tryin' to restore the Union is pretty much like swimmin' arter the goose—a wild goose, CHASE. And, CHASE, you know as well as I do, that the end of a wild goose chase is gone goose."

"HAY WILL NOT BE PLENTIFUL."

If flesh is grass, for which the farmer's panting,
We'll lay the dearth of hay to you, our BANTING.

HAGIOLOGY ON 'CHANGE.—The Brokers' Patron.—St. Simon Stock.



A LITTLE SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

T-mpl-ns (who has just come down to breakfast). "HERE! I SAY, GARSONG! I WANT A KELKCHOSE FOR DEJEWNAY! DER KORFEE, AND DES HOOF, YOU KNOW!" (N.B. *The Stout Party T. pokes in the ribs is a wealthy Belgian Swell.*)

FROM THE "ST. STEPHEN'S HUE AND CRY."

LOST, in the House of Commons, during the Debate on MR. DISRAELI'S Motion.—1. A Temper; very little worn, and originally of the softest and most durable materials. Any Member having taken it by mistake, is requested to return it to the Owner, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, as its loss has put MR. HARDY to extreme inconvenience and discomfort.

2. A neat set of Peace-principles: supposed to have been stolen from MR. NEWDEGATE'S pocket by a Roman Catholic priest, who was observed lurking about under the gallery in a suspicious manner during Friday night's discussion, and who repeatedly refused to tell MR. WHALLEY his business.

3. A Scruple of Modesty: in a screw of whitey-brown paper, with the name and address of BERNAL OSBORNE, ESQ. M.P. As this is the first time the article was ever brought into the House of Commons, the Owner trusts that if taken by any other Honourable Member it has been taken by an oversight only. The packet is so very small, that it may even have been dropped by the Owner, unawares, and have been swept up with the waste paper by some of the House attendants. Descriptions have been left with the principal pawnbrokers. It is hoped that, if found, it will be returned, as the Owner, to whom the article has been prescribed, is suffering from the want of it.

4. A small piece of Presence of Mind: in an envelope directed to the Right Honourable the SPEAKER, and taken from his chair early in the Debate.

5. A rough draft of a Manuscript, with the title, *Hopes of Office; a Vision*: marked with the initials, "B. Dis.," and tied up in a bundle, with an odd volume of *Vivian Grey*, the *Revolutionary Epic*, with MS. emendations, DELOLME *On the British Constitution*, DARU'S *History of Venice*, PRITCHARD'S *Caucasian Races*, and NEWMAN'S *Theory of Developments*.

6. A Betting-book: containing the latest odds for the Treasury Stakes, and a new recipe for a Cabinet-pudding (on the fly-leaf). As

the Owner's name "JONATHAN PEEL" is written at full length in the first page, there can be no excuse for detaining the article.

7. An old set of Conservative principles (new mounted), tied up with red-tape in a piece of Manchester cotton print; also a ready-reckoner, the *Companion to the Blue Books*, a Manuscript abstract of the tariffs of all nations, the Transactions of the Social Science Association, interleaved and annotated, and a Diamond edition of the *Penny Encyclopædia*.

The above (especially the principles) being of no use to anybody but the Owner, LORD STANLEY, no reward for their return will be offered. The Owner trusts to the honesty of the finder, which will be found its own reward.

8. A whip and one spur: the thong frayed out, and the rowel worn to the stump; will be thankfully received by COL. TAYLOR.

FOUND,—1. The sight of the question (supposed to have been lost, on both sides of the House, during the debate).

2. Several large bundles of Danish pledges: supposed to have been dropped by occupants of the Treasury Bench. If not reclaimed in the course of the month, they will be sold to pay expenses.

STRAYED, a Conservative Treasury Hack: much collar-galled, lame in the fore-legs, low in condition, and bears marks of recent severe punishment; branded with the initials D.D., and a coronet on the right flank. Information to be given at the Goodwood Arms, H. LENNOX.

Hint to Fellahs who Call on Us.

In a case, the other day, at the Middlesex Sessions, MR. OSCAR LA BURN accused MR. MORELLI, a clown, of assault. But it came out that when MR. MORELLI proceeded to beat MR. OSCAR LA BURN, the latter, by his own admission, "was humming a tune from the *Trovatore*." The sentence was very light. We are glad to see that Judges and juries appreciate the boring practice of humming hack old tunes. If the air had been out of *Mirella*, MORELLI might have been amerced more heavily.



THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

CAPTAIN PUNCH, "ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE, PAM! EIGHTEEN A-HEAD! FIRST PLACE STILL; AND MIND YOU KEEP IT!"

CROQUÊT.

A Parenthesis.

AN English-Frenchman, whom this pen respects,
Tells me that in my use of circumflex
Over the "e" in Croquêt, as you see,
I am in no way authorised. (*L'esprit*
Of the French language asks for, I confess,
A circumflex when we omit an "s.")
My sole authority's JOHN JA-QUES; so
I give him up. Ask him; he ought to know.

X.

If you're a hand at Billiards, then you
Will choose a mallet as you would a cue;
The mallet should be made of Box or Ash,
All other kinds you may set down as trash;
Four shapes there are: howbeit, you will see
But one in constant use. Now this should be
So balanced, as to need but little strength,
And, on an average, three feet in length.
Sometimes the play demands a smartish rap,
Sometimes you will but give a gentle tap;
So that you can strike soft or hard with ease,
You'll hold the mallet any way you please.
A coloured ring should every mallet note—
One blue, one red, and so on, as in rote
Mark both the starting and the turning pegs,
Like varied garters on two wooden legs.

XI.

The Croquêt Ball comes next; and this should be,
If made of English wood, formed from that tree
Which in our parks and forests may be found,
Whence sylvan 'Peckers draw a hollow sound.
But better far to bear the mallet's knocks,
Are Croquêt Balls turned out of Turkey-Box;
Three inches, and a fraction, five by eight,
Circumference; and fourteen ounces, weight.
Of Turkey Boxwood made, or Beech, these two;
Beside, I know none other that would do.

XII.

For setting out the Hoops there are three ways,
Some this approve, some that, some t'other praise,
Who hold the one the other two condemn,
And, *vice versa*, are condemned by them.
To settle this there is no certain voice,
You buy your implements and take your choice.
Test every mode: whate'er you think the best
Straightway determine on; and, for the rest,
In this old rule the surest guide you'll find,
In non-essentials, have a liberal mind,
Let, in essentials, Unity prevail,
In all things, Charity: we yet may hail,
One of these summer days, though now too late,
An Act, whose object, it shall duly state,
Is for the Better Regulation and
Improvement of the Game throughout the land;
"Whereas"—away with legal phrase!—"An Act
Of Croquêt Uniformity" in fact.

XIII.

When six or eight are playing, then the clip
Is used: 't is made of metal: with a nip
'T is fixed upon the hoop, through which you next
Are going: this decides the question vexed
As to the player's progress, stops all jangling,
One Croquêt clip at once cuts short much wrangling;
So, ladies, I advise its use: but that
Will call for further notice. *Verbum sat.*

XIV.

Aid me, ye playful yumps that flit around
The Pegs and Hoops of every Croquêt Ground!
Ye gentle spirits do not mock, nor blame,
My humble efforts to describe the Game.
Eight 's the full complement of players: more
Than six is bad, I think; let two or four
Of equal skill for Croquêt's laurels fight,
This the best form of game. Say, am I right?
Let MESSRS. ROBINSON and JONES choose sides;
Miss SMITH, Miss BROWN; perchance their future brides,
Events *do* happen strange as those we read,
And Croquêt may to Hymen's Altar lead.

JONES wins the Toss, and, cunning dog, forthwith
Takes for his partner blonde Miss EMMY SMITH;
While ROBINSON, who'd just begun to frown,
Looks happy and selects brunette Miss BROWN.
On EMMY, Blue her partner's care bestows,
And her with Yellow does Brunette oppose;
JONES chooses Green: two laugh: "he laughs who wins:"
To ROBINSON the Red: and Red begins.

BARCELONIAN BOOBIES.

ONE has heard that musical fools are the greatest of all fools, and it is hard to struggle against such evidence as this. Here is a bit from the *Musical World*, and the story is inserted without a word of comment, and as if such idiotcies were the most natural and proper demonstration in the world. At Barcelona a piece of foolery has been perpetrated "as a special mark of respect to MEYERBEER," who, if he had been alive and at all resembled his celebrated fellow-Hebrew, MENDOZA, would have made his special mark exactly between the eyes of the blockhead who could get up such an affair. A sham monument was erected on the stage, carpenters, redolent of garlick, of course, swearing and quarrelling as they held it up:—

"Nine members of the company each bore a letter, surrounded by *immortelles*, of MEYERBEER's name, which they fixed to the monument. On the latter lay the scores of the celebrated composer's three great masterpieces. They were crowned with laurel by the members of the company, headed by the famous double-bassist, BOTTESINI. The audience, in their enthusiasm, let loose upon the stage white doves with black ribbons round their necks, and it so happened that one of the doves settled upon BOTTESINI's wreath, just as BOTTESINI had laid it down."

How sweet! Let us hope that the dove was not from the pigeon-house of TOBIT. How pretty! What a pity that the bird did not settle on the fiddler's head, when the "enthusiasm" might have been still greater; for unless we can suppose that doves with ribbons on them build in the Barcelona opera-boxes, to be ready when wanted, the enthusiasm must have been rehearsed at the poulterers' and milliners' shops. Well, we don't want to be Pharisaical, and we own that English mobs, gentle and simple, do behave ridiculously at times, but we do not believe that grown-up English folk would do anything but roar with laughter, if a sentimental manager attempted such tom-foolery. On the other hand, we pay real homage to MEYERBEER, by regarding his works as the great attraction of our Season. We wonder whether one of those Barcelonian fribbles would pay a guinea to hear one of the "three great master-pieces?" We don't believe it.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cavalier	MR. MUFF.
Lovely Being	MISS SCREECH.
Stupid Prompter	BY HIMSELF.

SCENE—A Dungeon. CAVALIER about to rescue YOUNG AND LOVELY BEING, or YOUNG AND LOVELY BEING about to rescue CAVALIER. It doesn't matter which, as the plot is somewhat intricate, and the audience have lost the thread.

Cavalier. And so, dear ISABELLA.

[Looks at ISABELLA, expecting her to say something.

Isabella. Ah! a—a—

[Looks earnestly at MR. MUFF, and nods, intimating that he has forgotten his part.

Cavalier. You—a—a—dear ISABELLA.

[Becomes confused. Indulgent audience applaud. STUPID PROMPTER hearing this thinks everything is going on capitally, and shuts his book.

Isabella (trying back in the dialogue). The King will show you no further mercy.

Cavalier (puzzled). No—that is—yes (sticking to his original point)—dear ISABELLA (aside to PROMPTER, but aloud to audience) What's the word?

Stupid Prompter. Eh? What?

Cavalier. The word.

[More awkward pause. ISABELLA determines never to play with MR. MUFF again.

Stupid Prompter (to himself). Where's my spectacles? (finds them). (Aside to CAVALIER). What's the page?

[CAVALIER anathematizes PROMPTER. Confusion. Curtain falls. End of Act.

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—Because they are respectively, All Slop, All Pop, and All-sop.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

"GO IT, OLD DUSTY, YOU'RE AS GOOD AS A FORTUNE TO US; SO TIP US YER FOOT, AND I'LL JUST GIVE YER A SHINE FOR NOTHINK."

THE NEW COLOURS.

A Nursery Sea-Song.

So we've done with the Red, White, and Blue,
And we've done with the Red, White, and Blue,
For we hear from LORD CLARENCE,
The nautical Baron
Have made an arrangement that's new.

Her Majesty's ensign is White.
Yes, Her Majesty's ensign is White,
And ships of all nations,
Must make salutations,
Whenever that flag comes in sight.

But what have you done with the Blue?
And what have you done with the Blue?
That colour is banded
To vessels commanded
And manned by Reserve-Men so true.

Then who shall display the bold Red?
And who shall display the bold Red?
Bold Merchants, whose story
Is England's true glory,
Shall hoist the proud flag. Go to bed.

THE NEXT VOTE OF CENSURE.

SHOULD the present drought continue over another week, MR. DISRAELI will move in the House of Commons, a Resolution for an Humble Address to be presented to HER MAJESTY stating:—"That this House views with the greatest alarm and concern the long continuance of a want of rain, as fraught with peril to the best interests of the country, and regrets that, whilst ADMIRAL FITZROY has been retained in his post by Her Majesty's Ministers as Chief of the Weather Office, all measures which the Government may have taken to obtain a sufficiency of refreshing showers have been unsuccessful." It is understood that this Resolution will be equivalent to a vote of Censure on LORD PALMERSTON'S Government.

TWO ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR DINNER.—Two Dishes with nothing on them.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

SOMNAMBULISM and insanity have both been represented on the operatic stage, and witnessed with the plaudits of many a pleased audience. *Amina* walks in sleep, and *Lucia* goes mad, and both of them to such sweet music that one is charmed by what to some people might seem a painful exhibition. More recently, composers have from mental aberrations turned to physical complaints, and sickness has been sweetly set to music for the stage. In one Opera the heroine goes off in a consumption, and the chief interest is sustained by her portrayal of the gradual advance of the disease; while in a still more recent work the unhappy *prima donna* is smitten by a sun-stroke, and dies after seeing visions, which she vocally describes. Perhaps ague will be chosen next for operatic treatment, and this disease would admirably suit the French vibrato style of singing, which fosters quite an agreeable vibration of the voice. For vocalists who sing as if they had the shivers, a sharp attack of ague would be just the very thing to make their singing natural; and while the tenor had his shaking fits, the baritone or bass might be afflicted with the gout, which would give good opportunity for a burst of vocal vehemence whenever a twinge came, or some one trod on his big toe.

One surely sees enough of sickness in the world, without wanting to see it introduced upon the stage, and I could wish that in *Mirella* the sun-stroke had been stricken out of the libretto, ere the pen of the composer had begun to labour at it. Of course if foolish girls go walking in hot climates with nothing on their heads, they run the risk of being smitten by a *coup-de-soleil*; but there is very little interest in the sight of such an accident, and really I should like *Mirella* all the better if, when she wandered forth to pray for her lost lover, she had the common sense to put her shawl and bonnet on, and, for fear of sun-stroke, take a parasol. When she sees the vision of what is called in the libretto "a wonderful city on the brink of a large lake," and sings out in an extasy, "*Fors è Gerusalem, ed il suo tempio santo; fors è l'avel delle Dive del mar,*" I dare say a good many people thought it

very fine; but I could not help reflecting that the poet had derived his inspiration from the ballad, wherein poor little BILLY sings at the masthead:—

"I see Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
And the British fleet a riding at anchor,
With ADMIRAL NELSON, K.C.B."

With all its faults, however (and for these not the composer but the poet may be thanked), I think *Mirella* quite worth hearing by those who like to hear a pretty, pleasant, piquant, unpretentious pastoral Opera: and I would specially give credit for the way in which this last named quality throughout is borne in mind. To people who are fond of judging by comparison, and cannot hear one opera without thinking of another, I would say that the bold song of the rough suitor *Orrias* is as picturesque and rugged and well suited to the character, as the song of *Mephistopheles*, "*Dio dell'or*;" while the charming recitative which precedes the air *Mirella* sings before *Orrias* comes to plague her, is a bit that made me think of WEBER and MOZART. What most pleased me, however, was—no, not your song, MRS. TREBELL, piquant as it is, and piquante as are you; nor yet your one song, MISS VOLPINI, pretty as it is, and pretty as are you—but the duet "*Ah, parla ancor!*" in which the two girls' voices blend so charmingly and sweetly that he must have the ears of Midas, who does not feel a pleasant tickle in them while he listens to the strain.

I should not have spoken of the opera so much, but that of the theatres there is so little to be said. Indeed our managers this season seem somewhat bent on following the early closing movement, for unless you cross the Thames, or made a journey to the City, you will only find four theatres which are not now shut up. At these you have the choice of either seeing the *Ticket of Leave Man* for the three hundred and sixtieth time, or of seeing MR. WEBSTER in one of his old parts (*Janet Pride* or the *Dead Heart*, pray which, MR. CRITIC, do you incline to call his best?) or of seeing a new play—at least a newly borrowed one—for MA'AMSELLE STELLA COLAS, or of seeing a new burlesque on the now fashionable *Faust*. If you have caught the *Faust* fever, and have given your two guineas to see PATTI as *Mar-*

gherita, you will hardly grudge a crown to see MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS, and note the points wherein her conception of the character differs from your pet's. Moreover, you will find that her husband gives a thoroughly new reading to the part of *Mephistopheles*, quite distinct from that attempted by GASSIER or FAURE: and, as a further tempting novelty, you will in *Faust* at the St. James's, find the *Poodle* introduced, whom, out of reverence for GÖTHE, *Toby* was particularly pleased and proud to see.

As to the Princess's play, it is certainly worth seeing, if only to rub up one's Spanish history a bit, and improve one's acquaintance with KING PHILIP THE SECOND and his father, CHARLES THE FIFTH. If, from glancing at the playbill, you expect to see some likeness in his Majesty, KING PHILIP, to the actor, MR. VINING, you will certainly be disappointed, for, except perhaps in voice, there is no resemblance whatever to be traced. The King looks as if he had been framed as his own portrait, and had walked out of his frame, so like a fine old Spanish picture does he look. *Au reste*, MA'AMSELLE STELLA COLAS is a graceful little person, and her attitudes are always pleasant to behold. But though her admirers doubtless like to see as much of her as possible, she should not have been tempted to play two parts at once, for it needlessly fatigues her, and must perplex the pit. I don't want to find fault though, for both parts suit her very well; and I very much prefer to see her in a piece where (your pardon, Mr. French Author) the words are of small consequence, than to see her make a talking ballet-girl of *Juliet*, and to hear the charming poetry of SHAKESPEARE spoiled by a French accent and a somewhat mouthing voice.

ONE WHO PAYS.

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE PARTY.

To LORD JOHN MANNERS.



CONSERVATIVE LORD, — Now the Vote of Censure has broken down, allow me to tell your Lordship what. Our party must be re-organised. We must return to the old ways. In the first place, let us drop the name of Conservatives. What does it mean? Conservatives of what? Of things as they are? Why then we conserve all the Liberal legislation of the last five-and-thirty years. Conserve roses and apricots! Conserve my eye!

I call myself simply a Tory; always did, always shall. I don't want to conserve the whole of the present state of things, by any means. I wish to rekind all of it that

is the work of Whigs and Radicals. In fact I may say I would if I could abolish the best part of it.

The so-called Conservative Party may get into office by a turn of luck, but it will never stay there. No party can keep in place now except by concession to popular demands. The only difference between the Conservative and Liberal parties is, that the former party does that with a bad grace, and the latter with a good grace. It must of course be the favourite of the two.

Office is at least as hopeless for truckling trimming Conservatives as it is for old Tories. But since we can't get place, let us stand by our principles. If all is lost but honour, we may anyhow as well keep honour. Conservatives are upholding the very measures which they denounced and opposed with all their might only the other day! I call that tergiversation. I say it is disgraceful. We may own that we have been beaten, but ought to maintain that we were in the right. Let us assert boldly that we were, and are, and always have been. They ask what our policy is? Let our straightforward answer be:—"A retrograde policy." Let us boldly proclaim that we desire to reverse all the measures that our predecessors opposed; restore the Test and Corporation Acts, repeal Catholic Emancipation and Reform, re-enact the Corn Laws, re-establish Protection at large, exclude Dissenters again

from the Universities altogether, and subject all national education to the Established Church.

If we cannot be content with the good old-fashioned name of Tories, we might also call ourselves Restoratives; our avowed design being the restoration, if possible, of the good old times.

My proposal is not Quixotic at all. I don't expect that we shall get into office, professing the objects and intentions which I avow. But we have a better chance than your sneaking Conservatives. America is going to the bad, the Continent of Europe, where not in anarchy, is under oppression. Englishmen are frightened; reform has been dropped; reaction has begun; it may end in the reascend of Toryism.

The prosperity of the country under Liberal Government is an insuperable fact to us at present; but prosperity is eating up the land; and in the meanwhile benefits nobody but the commercial classes and the common people. The dearness of butcher's meat is owing to the rise of wages; and there are plenty of people who are sick of a prosperity which is that of others. Prosperity will some day end in a crash. Let us bide our time. DISRAELI may not seem to see all this; very well, then, we must depose him, and find another BEN whose Christian name may be JOHN, if your Lordship is of the same mind with your humble servant,

Gatton Club, July, 1864.

MEGATHERIUM.

ENGLAND AND THE ENEMY.

If you are, as you think yourselves, Europe's Police, Interfere with strong hand, and enforce Europe's peace. You're a pretty Policeman, JOHN BULL, to allow Those two fellows out yonder to kick up that row.

Ah! yes, much, no doubt, old one, 'twould answer your ends If I did put a stop to those games of your friends. But one can't collar two, and you know I should find There's another of your lot those parties behind.

That is all a pretence to excuse standing by. Two to one? Pack of stuff. Isn't France your ally? Of your backing out only NAPOLEON'S afraid; If you'll go the whole hog, France will give you her aid.

Come, I say, now, you, whom I renounce and defy, Do you think that you see any green in my eye? What a nice course is that you would have me pursue, France does nothing for nothing as strictly as you. Didn't VICTOR-EMMANUEL NAPOLEON employ? And what had he to pay for it? Nice and Savoy.

Let a generous idea your counsels inspire. You have no end of guns, but you won't open fire. Though the weak are attacked, you exert not your might. You have ships, you have soldiers, now why don't you fight? Either fight or disarm, you behave like a goose, Keeping up these huge armaments—what is their use?

Oh! what, don't you know that? Well then, wait and you'll see, In case any of those friends of yours molest me. Now then, back, and be off, for your hoof I espy; And you won't humbug me, so it's no use to try.

MRS. HARRIS BANGS THE BISHOPS.

WE were afraid that the Conservative organs would be a little angry at the overthrow of all their party hopes, and the falsification of all their party prophecies, by the majority that has confirmed PAM in the possession of office. But though we "give the losers leave to chide," they should have a little decorum. Who so devout and devoted a friend of the Church of England, who so reverent to its venerable bishops "sacred with the oil of the Apostolic succession," as our religious friend the *Standard*? Who so piously indignant at Dissenters and other atheists, who dare wickedly to think that bishops are only men? But it seems that bishops are angels only when they vote with LORD DERBY. Hear what the religious *Standard* says of the others:—

"The Bench of Bishops is filled with the creatures of the Whig party, who openly avow, with an elasticity of conscience to which only Episcopacy can attain, that they are bound to vote even for a falsehood rather than not 'magnify their makers.'"

We shudder. This from the great Church of England organ! We thought by the scoff at "Episcopacy," that we were reading the Presbyterian *Record*, but the words are the words of Mrs. Harris of Shoe Lane. What shall be said unto her when she gets another religious fit, and the venerable hierarchs of the Catholic and Apostolic Church become angels again? "Elasticity of conscience to which only Episcopacy can attain." And this is the paper which the clergy are thought to read, and to consider "ably written." It derides Episcopacy, and profanely parodies the Bible! Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Harris, why don't they keep the pens and ink from you when you are excited, M'm?



Music Master. "Now, MISS LOUISA, THAT SHAKE ONCE MORE. (Sings.)
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE NOT BEEN PRACTISING."



Miss Lou' (His Youngest Pupil, and fond of chaff). "OH, MR. TRIPLITZ, I VOTE WE TRY SOMETHING ELSE. I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO SHAKE LIKE THAT TILL THE WINTER TIME!"

HINT FOR CLEANING WINDOWS.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Housekeeper's Companion.)

Window Cleaning.—Be careful not to stand outside the windows, but sit down upon them, pulling up the lower sash, and pulling down the upper one at the same time. Take out each pane separately, and clean it. This should be done quickly. If the windows are of plate glass, their appearance is much improved by throwing stones and dust over them. Clean the corners of each pane with a sharp-pointed stick, which you can easily push through, so as to remove the dust from the interior and exterior simultaneously.

The *Housekeeper's Companion* also contains the following excellent Rules for establishing Libraries in villages and village towns:—

1. That every subscriber be allowed to take out all the books at a time.
2. That he may not keep them away for more than a month, except after special application to the Librarian, which shall be invariably refused; but which refusal, to avoid all offence, shall not have any effect on the subscriber.
3. That all persons paying nothing a-year, half in advance, shall become life-members, and be admitted to all the privileges of a full member.
4. That a member shall be only a full member after dinner.
5. That for the purpose of diffusing useful knowledge in the village, all the books shall be in Hebrew, Sanscrit, Syro-Chaldaic, and ancient Hindu characters.
6. That the library shall be open once a-year, from ten till four, during which time the Free list will be entirely suspended.
7. No restriction as to evening dress, which will be worn by all subscribers throughout the current year.

YET ANOTHER FOR BANTING.—"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

THE WICKED LITTLE ONES.

THE Evangelical Alliance, as it modestly calls itself, has been holding a four days' conference at Edinburgh. The discourses were not remarkable for anything but length. But the Alliance felt itself bound to do something to promote Sabbath Observance, and we are privileged in being allowed to state that a devout man, the REV. DR. JENKINS, was inspired with a revelation, which if it be properly heeded, will prevent all Sabbath desecration for the end of time:—

"The REV. DR. JENKINS said, that he greatly feared that parents were not sufficiently careful to put the children's toys out of sight on Saturday night."

Now we have it. The children do it all. Wicked little wretches! If they had their way, we believe that instead of going three times to chapel, and learning catechism between "worship," the profane little heretics would sit out in a field, and string flowers and sing, and even play eup-and-ball. It is awful to think of such juvenile depravity, and we heartily thank the stern JENKINS for pointing out the crimes of the lisping generation. Now we shall know how to prevent Sabbath desecration. Little did we imagine that the real authors of so much evil were crawling about our knees. But for the future let them look out for birch and Calvinism.

Notice to Correspondents.

It is not true, as has been absurdly stated, that the National Discount Company discounts Parliamentary Bills.

We cannot undertake during the hot weather to supply our readers regularly with iced *Punch*.

The Opposition whip does not give any of his party the whipping that some of them deserve.

PICTORIAL.

PICTURES of Fruit and Vegetable subjects are quite in keeping with dining-room ornamentation. Hang up your cucumbers in their frames.



A FACT.—NOTICE WITH A VENGEANCE.

Fond, but Stout Parent. "YES, SHE DOES TAKE NOTICE, SO; AND SHE'S BEGINNING TO KNOW ALL THE BEASTS IN THE ARK BY NAME, TOO. THERE, BABY, WHAT'S THIS?" (*Holding up Hippopotamus.*)

Baby (unhesitatingly). "MAM-MA."

LOFTY SPECULATIONS.

PEOPLE who have more money than they know what to do with should dispose of it in the purchase of shares in some of those highly promising joint-stock companies, so many of which we now see advertised in the newspapers and in circulars sent to us through the Post-Office or left by errand boys at the door. If a man is estimated by the company he keeps, he will of course improve his social position by joining a company, in which his fellow-members will, many of them, be noblemen. It is now getting to be quite a common proceeding amongst the aristocracy to become directors of associations formed for the purpose of keeping taverns and shops, or, as their advertisements say, of "acquiring the business of MESSRS. SO AND SO," guaranteed to return at least ten per cent. Various prospectuses of these dignified concerns are before the world—or behind the fire. In addition to the schemes already proposed by noble lords and gentlemen to small capitalists who regard interest rather than security, we may announce the following:—

The Queen's Counsel Company (Limited).—The formation of this Company has been effected with a view to acquire the practice of the Queen's Counsel. Its efforts will likewise be directed to buying up that of the learned Serjeants, and the other leading barristers.

The Medical Attendance Company (Limited).—The object of this Association is that of acquiring the practice of the principal Physicians and Surgeons of London, and supplying medicine and advice and surgical aid of a superior quality to the British public.

SNIP AND Co. (Limited).—This Company has been formed, as its name implies, for the purpose of acquiring the business of MESSRS. SNIP, GOOSEY AND Co., the celebrated tailors.

The United Applewoman, Tater-Can and Oyster Stall Company (Limited),—has been formed for the acquisition of the whole of the business at present carried on by the old women, costermongers, and others who keep the various fruit and fish-stalls on this great Metropolis. Capital £1,000,000, in 10,000 shares of £100 each, of which it is not intended to call up more than 6*d.* a share.

Having submitted the foregoing list of eligible investments to confiding minds,

we may ask what product of domestic cookery is resembled by an airy commercial speculation which comes to grief? Not a hash; no: do you give it up? Bubble and Squeak.

THE COMING COMET.

AIR—"There's a Good Time Coming, Boys."

THERE'S a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
We ourselves can't name the day,
Nor can MISTER HIND yet say,
When the Comet's coming.
Our last Comet came out strong,
This will come out stronger;
Comets' tails are very long,
This one's will be longer.

Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming, Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
When the EMPEROR shall be
Thinking but of EUGÉNIE,
As the Comet's coming.
Workhouses shall ope their doors,
None shall die of longer,
Organmen shall quit our shores,
Wait a little longer.

Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
When poor needlewomen may
For fair work receive fair pay,
As the Comet's coming:
Brutes who beat their wives shall be
Scourged with a sharp thong, a
Cabman shall act civillee,
Wait a little longer.

Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
There's a Comet coming, Boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming,
To the war an end there'll be,
When Americans shall see
The Comet coming.
Warlike keels shall not at sea,
Rouse the slumb'ring conger,
Universal peace there'll be,
Wait a little longer.

Chorus. There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming,
North and South Amerikee,
Wait a little longer.

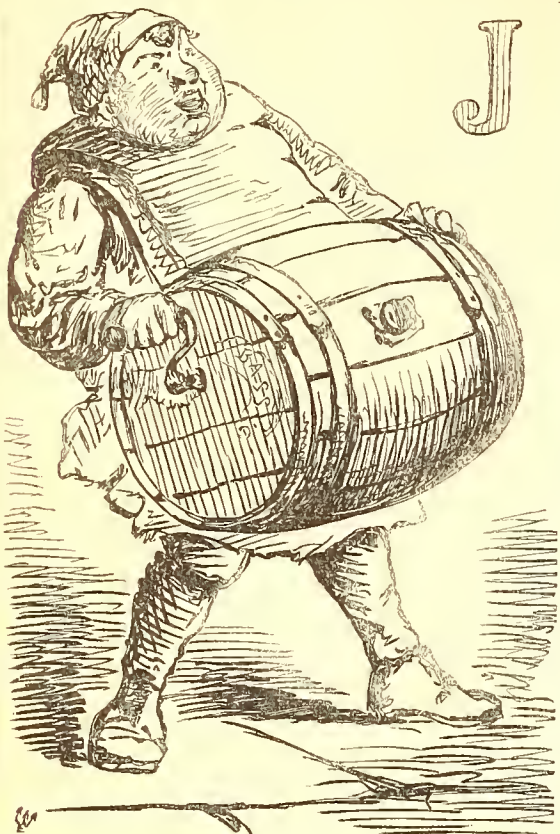
There's a Comet coming, Boys,
A Comet coming;
'Tis to strike Earth's upper crust,
Gracious! won't there be a dust!
If this Comet's coming!
HIND, perhaps quite wrong may be,
TALMAGE may be wronger,
In BISHOP's ob-ser-va-to-ree,
Wait a little longer!

Chorus. If a Comet's coming, Boys,
A Comet's coming!
May you, with me,
Be there to see,
But—wait a little longer.

The Yankee "Devil's Own."

SEVERAL of the Commanders of the Federal Army are said to have been lawyers. The American Civil War appears to be the first in which troops have been led to action by Attorney-Generals.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



JULY 15th, Friday. The CHANCELLOR took vengeance on the Bishops who, in Convocation, had condemned *Essays and Reviews*. LORD HOUGHTON introduced the subject, in an elaborate and historical speech, and asked whether Government intended to take any notice of the action of Parsons' Parliament. This gave LORD WESTBURY an innings, and he went at his work, we were going to say *con amore*, but there was small love lost between the high contending parties. The Lawyer poured out all his vials of contempt upon the Priest. He drew a ludicrously awful picture of what would be the final consequences to the Bishops and Clergy, should the Crown look at their proceedings in earnest, at present. And he

but said that there would be no interference remarked that the condemnatory resolution was of so "oily and saponaceous" a character as to be harmless, from its eel-like nature. The Primate having gravely justified the course taken by Convocation, and the BISHOP OF LONDON having spoken with his accustomed shrewd sense, our friend the BISHOP OF OXFORD replied to the CHANCELLOR. Of course, the words "oily and saponaceous" conveyed no hint to the Bishop. The celestial mind is above such things. But in the interest of the Church, and truth, and humility, and so on, DR. WILBERFORCE did blaze out with uncommon fury; charged the CHANCELLOR with "ribaldry," but said that the hierarchy would sooner endure that cross than fail in their duty. The conflict between the Seal and the Mitre was edifying and suggestive, but it was hard work for a Bishop in a passion to defend the petulant follies of Convocation against a calm, sarcastic Lawyer.

There was nothing particular in the Commons, except that the very improper proposal to double the Australian postage stands over until the Colonists shall have informed us whether they desire a bi-monthly mail. This means a mail twice a month, though, grammatically, it signifies a mail every two months, and we are enraged to find Government adopting the vile slang of the half-taught.

A grant of £500 has been voted for the Royal Academy of Music, and it is not much to make a fuss about, but it gave divers Members an opportunity of venting two-penny indignation, which should have been displayed when millions were going, nightly, on extravagant Estimates. MR. HENNESSY, mentioning that some similar assistance had been half promised to Dublin, repined that when we had "ruined" Ireland, we should insult her with music. But what says the Irish bard, MR. MOORE?

"Come, take the Harp, 'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering woes we see;
Come, take the Harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee."

Monday. This is a *dies alba creta notanda*. It will not be Mr. Punch's painful duty to do away with the hereditary Legislature. For, to-night, in the Lords,

THE STREET MUSIC BILL WAS READ A THIRD TIME, AND PASSED.

Our heart is too full, at present, to allow us to do justice to the authors of the greatest of all the Emancipation Acts, but Mr. Punch is no niggard of reward to those who have done his bidding faithfully. Further particulars will be duly announced, and Italian fiends at a distance will keep there, and accept this intimation.

A Brazilian debate, originated by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, is chiefly noticeable by reason of the extreme calmness and courtesy of LORD PALMERSTON, and the extreme and un-Parliamentary rudeness of MR. OSBORNE towards the aged PREMIER. Mr. Punch is not a harsh judge of hasty language, but MR. OSBORNE, who was born in 1811, might remember that LORD PALMERSTON was born in 1794, and might also remember that LORD PALMERSTON began to serve his country fifty-five years ago, and has been serving her ever since, while MR. OSBORNE'S

services, deducting certain smart speeches, studded with studied impromptu, extend only over a period of six years, when he was Admiralty Secretary. If, as is supposed, he is discontent at not being enabled to add to the obligations under which he has placed the nation, he is not likely to excite a national agitation for his return to office by rudeness to the man whom at this time the people chiefly delight to honour.

We had another New Zealand debate, and again did WHALLEY THE WISE announce his conviction that the natives had been stirred into rebellion by the POPE. A wonderful thing is fanaticism real or affected. When EBENEZER ELLIOTT saw a mau fall off a haystack and break his arm, the poet declared that "there was another result of those accursed Corn-Laws." Driven into a corner, the ingenuity of the poetic mind did, we believe, devise a concatenation of events which connected the broken arm with Protection. We guaranteed a loan to carry on a war which every one wishes at an end. Government declares that it is only a small portion of the natives who are opposed to us, and also denies that the colonial merchants supply those natives with arms. No, but they sell them to so-called friendly natives, who transmit them to their fighting brethren, and anyhow the result is, that the obituary in the *Times*, when an Australian mail has arrived, contains announcements of the deaths of English officers by Birmingham rifles.

Tuesday. A Bill for the Mutual Surrender of Criminals between England and Prussia, was read a Second Time in the Lords. It is a pity that it does not legalise exchange of criminals. Else we should be happy to hand over FRANZ MULLER, when we catch him, in return for the Commander of the Prussian brigand army in Denmark. The exchange would be against us, but never mind that.

LORD HARTINGTON informed the House that Six new Companies were going to Japan. As the object of our action in Japan has always been represented to be the extension of trade, it was supposed that these were new and adventurous trading Companies. But it appears that they are gallant British soldiers, whose stock-in-trade is powder, ball, and courage, and that if they open any shops it will be done with the bayonet. But trade customs vary with climates.

MR. MAGUIRE set out the grievances of certain Paper-makers, who describe themselves as ruined by Free Trade. The Government answer is, that the manufacture is not half so much ruined as is asserted, and that the nation is better off, in regard to paper, than before. Even LORD ROBERT MONTAGU deprecated the renewal of an old fray, and could not see why makers should be befriended at the expense of consumers.

SIR F. SMITH brought up the rather important question, whether the British fleet is properly armed, but the Admiralty declares that it is minding its own business in the most elegant manner, and will hear of no Commissions of Inquiry. MR. BULL will be good enough to make a note of this debate. Should an English ship meet the fate of the *Alabama*, he may have something to say to my Lords of the Admiralty.

Wednesday. Such resistance was offered to the Bill for allowing Church Prayers to be read in Schools, that the measure was withdrawn, and the Dissenting interest may be congratulated on having obtained one victory this Session.

Thursday. The Lords read, a Second Time, the Bill which Mr. Punch took so much pains to explain, for promoting the use of the Metric System. Nearly all the Chambers of Commerce are in its favour, said the DUKE OF ARGYLL. LORD BROUGHAM regarded it as an important step in the right direction, and trusted that it would lead to a further adoption of the Decimal System.

A speculator having got up a sort of Cremorne in that peaceful district, Kentish Town, the Magistrates have hitherto been protecting the quiet residents against what they consider an awful nuisance, by declining to license the place. The public-house interest has of course, a mouthpiece in MR. COX, of Finsbury, and he demanded that Government should bring in a Bill compelling the Magistrates to give reasons for such a refusal. SIR GEORGE GREY replied that it was no business of his to bring in such a Bill.

A necessary measure has been somewhat hastily introduced, but ought not therefore to be rejected. It is a Bill for the Relief of the Casual Poor of London. The purport is to charge all the parishes with a general rate in aid of the unfortunate, instead of leaving them to the tender mercies of the present system. If honourable Members had walked near our workhouses on but one winter night, even the grouse would be neglected, for a day or two, that a measure might pass for laying the most hideous Phantoms that can haunt a city of Christians.

SIR CHARLES WOOD brought in the Indian Budget. There is a surplus of £1,800,000. We should add no more upon so utterly uninteresting and unimportant a subject, were it not that MR. GRANT DUFF, M.P. for Elgin, used language, in reference to good-natured, courteous, and zealous SIR CHARLES WOOD, which in other days would have been—well, thought ungentlemanly. He said:—

"Not only was the Indian Budget submitted at the end of the Session, but they were brought down to listen not to a speech, but to a sort of concatenation of interjected sentences jerked out by a Minister to whom Heaven had denied not only the power of lucid statement but of articulate speech."

The House has been called the pleasantest club in London, but there is no other club where such impertinence would be tolerated. We doubt whether the Codgers would permit it.

MR. AYRTON urged, not without *primâ facie* reason, that inasmuch as Prussia had broken the treaty of Vienna and the peace of Europe, England ought not to hold herself bound to continue to guarantee to Prussia the Saxon provinces which she holds under that Treaty. But LORD PALMERSTON could not see that the gross misconduct of Prussia freed us from Treaty engagements.

A Bill passed for enabling the authorities to regulate the traffic over the London bridges. This police measure was so much wanted that we are surprised it was not violently opposed by some Metropolitan Members, and declared to be a violation of common law rights, the Thirty-Nine Articles, Magna Charta, and the Vaccination Act.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE desired to know whether there were any truth in the rumours of a new Holy Alliance. LORD RUSSELL thought there was none, and that if there were any, a Holy Alliance could do little harm in these days, especially as France and England were daily drawn closer together. This may be so. But LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE does well to look out. When a policeman sees three well-known thieves in friendly council, he does no harm in favouring them with a rather rude stare from his bull's-eye.

MR. CORDEN delivered a long, and exceedingly clever speech on the impolicy of Government in being the Manufacturer of ships, guns, coats, rifles, and other things which he contended could be obtained on far better terms from private enterprise. There was much sense in what he said, of course. But we do not imagine that the time is very near when we shall quite carry out his views, and when, England being at war, it will be announced that the contract for taking Sebastopol has been assigned to MESSRS. GRISSELL, PETO & Co., who have undertaken to hand over the defences to the Government engineer on the first of May.

*Saturday. Silvery fish, that in the morn were swimming
Where the Greenwich golden waters glow;
Ere the night, and lured from goblets brimming,
Tumbled down the throats of PAM AND CO.*

WIVES FOR WORKING MEN.

OLD PUNCH,

THERE is now before me a newspaper called the *Morning Star*. It is a penny paper, but really contains one good thing. That is an account of a proposed institution, to be called a "Working Women's College." It is to be constituted like the Working Man's College which there is in Great Ormond Street, where I suppose the literary working men who some time ago wrote to the *Times* for and against extension of the suffrage, were educated. The original Literary Dustman was brought up, as you know, elsewhere, but in the neighbourhood:—

"You recollects the cinder eep as stood by Gray's Inn Lane, Sirs."

About the Working Men's College, though, I am not joking, and don't in the least mean to make fun of the Working Women's. Among its promoters the *Star* names MR. LITCHFIELD and MR. V. LUSHINGTON, the REV. F. D. MAURICE, PROFESSOR SEELEY, PROFESSOR CAIRNES, DR. CHAPMAN, and MR. W. T. MALLESON; all men of a material more or less substantial than straw. The *Star*, with reference to the two former of these gentlemen, remarks that:—

"The association of MR. LITCHFIELD and MR. V. LUSHINGTON with the proposed institution is, in itself, a guarantee that the project is no weak invention to make a flash in the pan, and then be seen no more."

No doubt; only allow me to say that the *Morning Star* cannot have been up very early to talk of a flash in the pan at this time of day, when pans may be said to have been exploded long ago by the explosion of copper caps, which, in their turn, needles will soon explode in exploding cartridges for breech-loaders. The *Star* is evidently no shooting star. The antiquated metaphor, however, of your brilliant contemporary, detracts nothing from the interest of its article on that modern institution to which that metaphor relates negatively, and is inapplicable. The article in question on the contemplated Working Women's College assures us thereof that:—

"The programme which the promoters put forward has nothing visionary about it. The list of the subjects for which elementary and advanced classes will be formed includes Latin and French, vocal music, drawing, social economy, and physiology, besides the more ordinary but certainly not less useful arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography."

Come, I say, *Punch*, this will be a Working Women's College, indeed. What sort of Working Men do you think those will be who will be suitable mates for the Working Women of the Working Women's College? We are all Working Men, as many of us as have anything to do, and do it. It seems to me that to be eligible for the hand of a Spinster of Arts even, who has graduated at the Working Women's College, a fellow ought to have taken a pretty good degree at Oxford or

Cambridge. I suppose the Working Women of the Working Women's College, all but those who

"Means to live as vargeants and still the laurel wear,"

will expect to marry University Working Men, at least, and will set their caps at the trencher-cap and not at that which consists of brown paper. Barristers, physicians and surgeons, benefited elergymen; such, I presume, are the Working Men who, wanting wives, will go to the Working Women's College for those requisites. As yet, however, the Working Women's College is not actually in existence. For its actual establishment, however, the old, old condition is indispensable. "Money is required," as usual. "There are unavoidable expenses which must be incurred," of course. You may read by *Starlight* that:—

"These are estimated at between £300 and £350 a-year. In order that the permanency of the institution may be secured, the promoters ask that at least two years' expenses shall be guaranteed, and for assistance in this respect they appeal to the public."

So now then, if any of your readers are blessed with infant daughters whom they would like to get qualified by-and-by for the wives of literary and scientific swells, or the governesses of gentlemen's children, let them come down on the nail for the Working Women's College. I suppose they may send their money to the office of the *Star*. Having an ardent attachment to 'a young lady who I very much wish had been sent to a Working Women's College, she is so awfully ignorant,

I remain, your constant Subscriber,

STREPHON.



"But still the house affairs would draw her thence," &c., &c.—SHAKSPEARE.

Beautiful Stars.

THERE are two stars visible just now, that all dramatic star-gazers ought certainly to see. Of these *Stellæ*, the one is STELLA COLAS at the Princess's Theatre, and the other is *La Stella dell Norte* at the opera-house of MR. GYE. They both are evening stars, and in the eyes of their admirers doubtless both of them are viewed as stars of the first magnitude. Telescopes to see these stars may be hired any evening at a very trifling charge, and all who wish to take a sight at them must look somewhat sharp about it, as the stars will both be setting in a very few more nights.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

BISHOP COLENZO and CARDINAL WISEMAN are the Professors appointed to lecture before the Members of the Royal Humane Society during the Vacation, when they will each advance his particular views of Inspiration.



The "Governour," one of the right sort. "YES, JUST AS I AND THE BOYS HAVE GOT COMFORTABLE, AND OUR HANDS IN NICELY FOR SHOOTING, TO LEAVE THIS QUIET VALLEY AND GO BACK TO FEATHER-BEDS AND SHEETS AND FINGER-GLASSES AND TURMOIL AND TRUMPERY, I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF IT. MIX ME ANOTHER PANNIKIN OF BRANDY-AND-WATER, BOB!"

BRIGANDAGE AT SYDENHAM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

UNTIL the afternoon of Saturday, the sixteenth of July, I have all my lifetime been under the impressiou that this was a free country. Provided that one did not trespass upon private property, I thought that in Great Britain one might go just where one pleased, and do just what one chose to do. On the fatal day, however, to which I have referred, this fond belief of mine was effectually dissipated. That afternoon, in a weak moment, (my watch unluckily had stopped, and so I can't precisely specify which moment was the weak one,) I allowed a friend to take me with him to the Crystal Palace. "Come and see the pretty actresses," said he to me, alluringly, "They hold a fauey fair to-day for the Dramatic College, and you may stare at them, you know, as much as ever you like, and won't have to pay a penny for the privilege of doing so." Well, thought I, one doesn't often get the chance of seeing actresses for nothing. So in my innocence I went, and, donkey that I was, I quite forgot to recollect to leave my purse behind me.

Well, Sir, directly I set foot within that fatal fauey fair, I found my freedom gone, nearly all my money also. A dozen pretty robbers held me captive by their smiles, and would not suffer me to go till I had paid good ransom. How many fans and fauey-fairings and photographs I purchased is more than I can say; but when my pockets were quite full of things that were quite useless to me, one fair syren held me spell bound by the magic of her eyes, the while she deftly fastened a rose-bud in my button-hole. "Only half-a-crown" I had to pay her for this ornament, which I knew in Covent Garden would have cost me only twopence. "But you know it's for the College," said she, with a sweet smile, and, after robbing me of half-a-crown, thus robbed me of remonstrance. And, Sir, will you believe it? while these brigands pillaged me, the police stood calmly by, and never stirred a hand to help me! There was I entrapped, waylaid and robbed, and at the merey of a gang of thieves who really looked most killing; yet not one officer of justice came there to my rescue.

Having wholly lost my heart and very nearly all my money, I con-

trived at length to slip away from the Seylla of these Syrens, but then I came to a Charybdis in the shape of an Aunt Sally ground,¹ which completely wrecked my hope that the plundering was ended. Here I was kept prisoner until I had paid for half a sovereign's worth of shies, and had been so far successful with them as to hit Aunt Sally three times on her nose. Then, being released, I was dragged to a magician² who conjured half-a-crown down my throat without my knowing it; and after being forced to pay two shillings more to be frightened by a ghost, I had my few remaining wits completely frightened out of me by finding myself suddenly in the company of a gorilla, a lion, a big bear, and some few dozen more wild beasts.

Add to all these tortures the still more cruel one of being forced to go without my dinner (for the rough-and-tumble feed you pay so dearly for at Sydenham, it were a mockery to speak of by the sacred name of dinner, when any shilling slap-bang is far worthier of the word), add this climax to my misery, and you will hardly wonder that I still growl and grumble at the treatment I received.³ But charity, as *Lord Dundreary* says, helps annually to cover a whole multitude of skins, and the money I was robbed of I know will be well spent in a good charitable cause. So I will forgive the Syrens, though I know I can't forget them: and I'll acknowledge, if they please, that the remembrance of their smiles is a sufficient compensation for the injuries I sustained.

Wishing the Dramatic College therefore all success, which this yearly playing of *The Robbers* must tend greatly to ensure, believe me, my dear *Punch*, yours and MR. WEBSTER'S and the lady-brigands' to command,

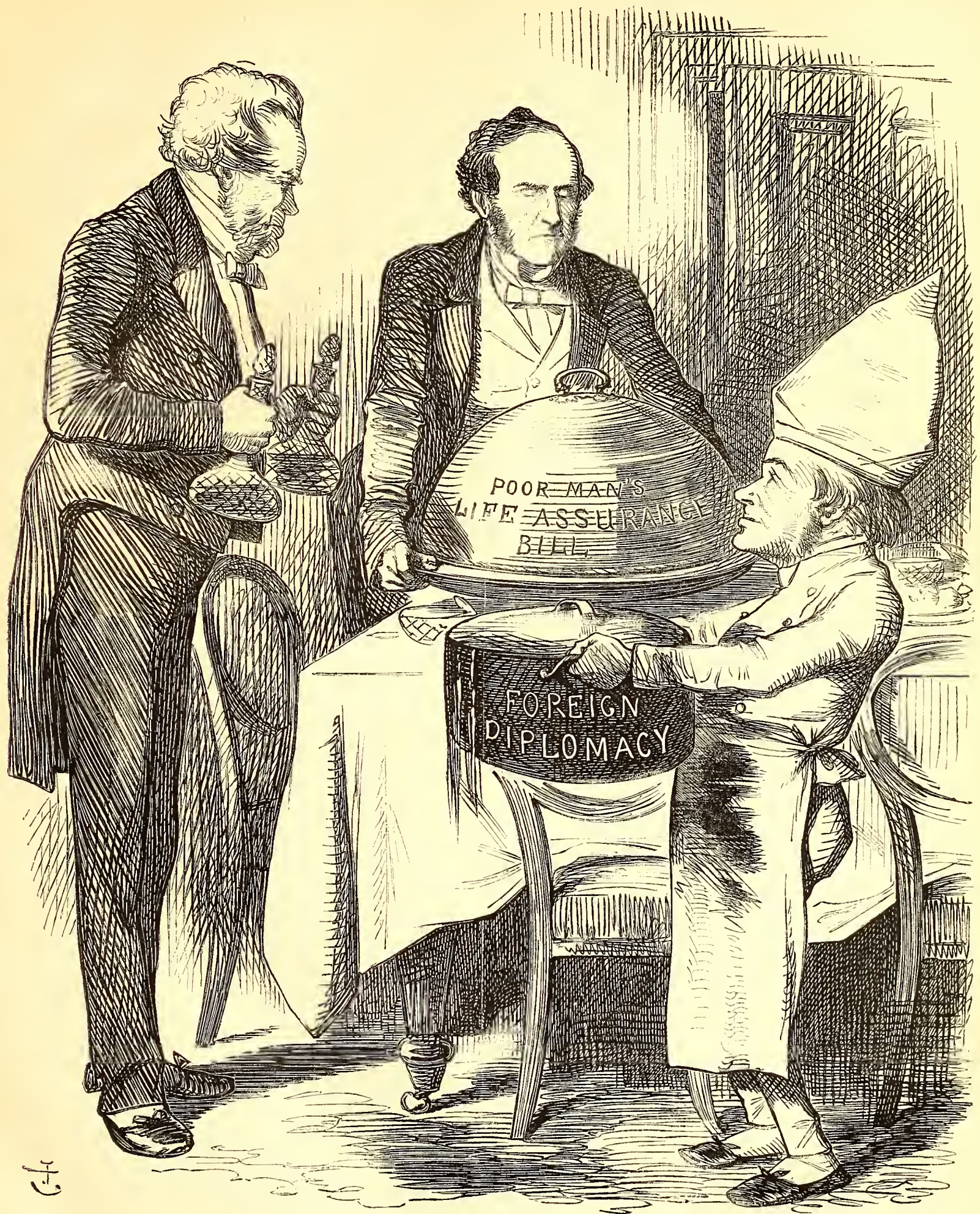
JOHN JONES.

¹ The presiding Brigand was one JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, well known to the Police in the Haymarket.

² A versatile imp, called TOOLEY, no doubt, and who has a familiar known as Little PAUL, both under subjection to a BLAND Magician of Bond Street.

³ We also were robbed of a good appetite by confiding it to a very slatternly bar-maid and a "cheeky" tapster.—*Ed.*

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets:—The Ladies' Faces.



SHORT COMMONS, OR THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

PAM (HEAD WAITER). "IS THAT ALL WE'VE GOT TO PUT ON THE TABLE?"

JOHNNY RUSSELL (THE COOK). "HERE'S MY KETTLE O' FISH!"

THE MORAL OF THE WHITEBAIT.

A Delectable Ballad.

It was a meny of Miniesteres,
And they were boune to dine—
Of the Moët to sup and the Mosel-cup,
And to eat of the Whitebait fine.

A blithesomer band of Ministeres
Ne'er bandied geck and glee,
With their minds swept bare of the cobwebs o' care,
And their hands from the red-tape free.

There were young Ministeres and old Ministeres,
And Ministeres 'twixt the two,
But the blithest of a' was Childe PALMERSTON,
That with Time had nought to do.

They have ta'en the water at Whitehall-stairs,
In a steamboat chartered free;
They have steamed full fast the Bridges past;
By Embankment soon to be.

With a gleeful crack on WILL COWPERE his back,
Childe PALMERSTON he came down;
"Fair fall thee, WILL, that at least one Bill
Hast passed, thy Works to crown!"

"The Bill that to quays, as well as locks,
The silent highway condemns:
And links, withiu a wreath of docks,
The names of THWAITES and Thames."

The chimneys they stood, like a brick-built wood,
Yet was never a black to spy;
And BROOME, the Temple gardener,
Prayed blessings as they steamed by

On Childe PALMERSTON, the Act who passed
That hard on those chimneys bore,
And, like KING JAMES, his *Counterblast*,
Said to them, "Smoke no more."

But with BROOME his prayers, from the Temple-stairs,
A fearful sound there fell;
'Twas the lawyers that cursed LORD WESTBURY,
With candle, and book and bell.

For a Cain and a rod to his brethren, that fain
Had kept grist from the legal mills,
By the cutting down of lawyers' deeds,
And the clipping of lawyers' bills.

"Now a fig for your curse," quoth WESTBURY,
"Ye carrion kites of law!
I have not braved OXON's horns, I trow,
To be scared by *your* beak and claw."

And as the Isle of Dogs they neared,
Childe PALMERSTON he cried, "Lo!
But a little month and to yon isle
We seemed about to go.

"Now not to the Isle of the Dogs we steer,
But to islands happier far:
To the table-land that is ruled by BRAND,
Where the loaves and the fishes are!"

They have ta'en their places at the board,
With appetites whetted keen . . .
But when the covers were lifted up,
All bare each dish was seen.

"Now is this a jape?" quoth GLADSTONE the Grim,
And a gruesome wight looked he;
"I move in Committee of Supply,
And it's who will second me?"

Then up rose MILNER GIBSON the Smooth,
And up rose CARDWELL the Cool,
But Childe PALMERSTON winked with his wicked eye,
And each resumed his stool . . .

"I trow 'twas but a little jest:
But a jest may its lesson bear:
Ye have heard, how in good old Border times,
When byre and fold were bare,

"The gudewife would serve an empty dish,
Or one with a spur therein,
As a hint that they who look to dine,
Should first their dinner win.

"So after a Sessiou bare of Bills,
To Miniisters blank of deed,
Methought these empty dishes here,
Might a hint and a warning read.

"There's GLADSTONE in his Annuities Bill,
One fish with his gaff has hit,
And JOHNNY can boast *his* kettle of fish—
And a nice mess he's made of it.

"But what is GLADSTONE's single fish,
Though 'twere twice as fair and fat?
And as for JOHNNY's kettle of fish . . .
We've had quite enough of *that*.

"In the empty dishes upon the board,
The Session's moral view:
And now that the moral has done its worst—
Serve, waiters! and guests, fall to!"

TRAPS TO CATCH FOOLS.

MANY a valuable lesson on the art of getting money, may be learnt from the quack doctors of the present day. Their contrivances, though very clumsy, are found to answer. A penny-worth of treacle, one pinch of cayenne pepper, half a dozen rusty nails, a pint of fluid, and a five shilling advertisement, is a failure if it only produce five or six sovereigns. A full-sized goose, has been found equivalent to four race-horses, a continental tour, and a diamond brooch. The laughter of the vermin-monger was only moderated by the assurance of his friends, that the bird had escaped with a few feathers untouched.

A small volume circulated through the post, forms an excellent bait. Such a work is easily set up by any unscrupulous printer. The four ingredients—mendacity, indecency, blasphemy, and rubbish have only to be well-mixed, and the nauseous compound is sure to be greedily swallowed by several lunatics.

Any individual who has failed in the coal-and-potato-line may do well with a museum. The wax and plaster models must be made on the same principles that MR. PUFF employed for his plays,—“not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that though they never did, they might happen.” The beadle (a negro is to be preferred), and the curator should be paid a commission on the plunder; otherwise they are apt to get dull on the strong drinks contained in the preparation jars. It must be remembered that these decoy-ducks have to sing the praises of their master, and to give his private address for “consultation.” To do this with effect requires discrimination and judgment. These qualifications are more actively brought into play, when it is known that they will be productive. An attendant who wastes two or three yards of insinuating talk upon “a young man from the country,” without indirectly getting to his purse, must be ignorant of the very rudiments of the business.

The despatch of midnight telegrams with “Hints on the Teeth,” can hardly be recommended at present. A few years hence, when the non-restraint system has come fully into play, and Hanwell is converted into a suburban tea-garden, it will answer better. Even dentists may be in advance of the age in which they live.

N.B. The Medical Act, which a generous Government designed for the protection of the public, has proved an utter failure. DR. PUNCH seriously advises his credulous friends not to be made the dupes and laughing-stock of the jack-puddings of 1864, whether the latter advertise themselves as “registered” or “un-registered practitioners,” or resort to newspapers of apparent respectability, but which ought to find their way to the dust-bin of every decent family. The very best tonic for nervousness, groundless fears, and imaginary premature decay can be obtained in Fleet Street, every Wednesday, for three-pence.

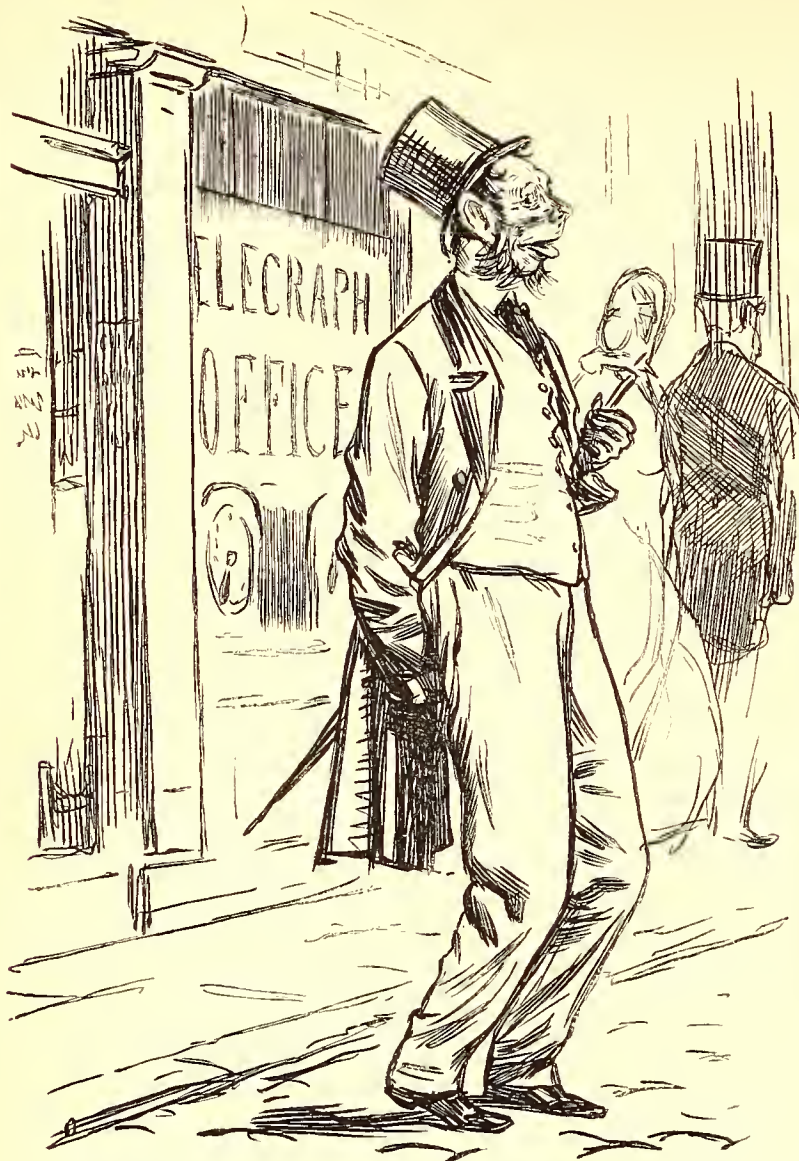
The Victor of Wimbledon.

You poets who're living, stand neuter,
The subject's not one you should try at;
For, considering the County and Shooter,
His bards should be “SURREY and WYATT.”

Elysian Fields.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HIGH ART.—There will be, we hear, in the course of a few days, a great meeting of all Royal Academicians at SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S residence, where, in his own studio, the distinguished artist has sportingly undertaken to draw a badger.



PORTRAIT OF THE HASS

WHO SENDS THE FALSE TELEGRAMS TO THE PAPERS.

MORAL RISKS OF RAILWAYS.

MR. PUNCH,

THE undersigned, equally with CAVENDO TUTUS, and PATERFAMILIAS, and other correspondents of your grave contemporaries, is impressed with the necessity for providing some way of communication between railway passengers and the guard. He is no less impressed with the fear that it never will be provided until Railway Companies are compelled to provide it by their own interest. A suggestion for creating that interest on their behalf will, with your leave, be proposed by him, premising that he, for his own part, and for that of others, regards those means of communication as required, not only for the security of defencelessness from ruffianism, but also for the protection of innocence from false accusation. It will not be until SYDNEY SMITH's hypothetical prelate has been given into custody on a fictitious charge of rudeness by a wicked young woman, that this necessity of a safeguard for railway-travellers will be perceived.

In the meanwhile the expediency of sacrificing comfort to safety of good name, insured by unmitigated publicity, may be considered. With the view of gaining that point, persons hitherto accustomed to travel in first-class carriages, might now take to going by the third class, and so continue till they can trust themselves in the first without fear for their reputation. That is the suggestion for the above-mentioned purpose, offered by your old friend,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Profitable Reading.

PATERFAMILIAS will be caught by the subjoined advertisement, which appeared the other day in one of the Penny Papers:—

"ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—A full account of the recent elopement and marriage in high life will appear in the, &c. &c. Also, a coloured plate of the latest Paris Fashions, and all the latest Fashion and Dress News of the week."

The contents above specified, of the paper alluded to, will, taken altogether, be doubtless considered by Paterfamilias highly calculated to edify his daughters.

SOME PROSPECT OF A MILLENNIUM.

WE rejoice to find a writer in the enlightened *Revue des Deux Mondes* following up some comments on the subject of British non-intervention, with the subjoined observations on that of French:—

"We think that we, also, would do well to abstain for some time from intermeddling in foreign affairs. France would only gain by falling back on herself, and as in the space of two years her policy has failed abroad, she should pursue at home successes more profitable than the diplomatic triumphs which have recently baffled all her combinations. Our policy should be comprised in two words,—liberty and peace; liberty, which will give us back the sentiment of our rights, which will associate us sincerely, really to public affairs, which will complete our political education, which will renew the generous propagandism that we exercised for forty years in Europe; peace, by which we shall render fruitful all the elements of our internal prosperity and strengthen the springs of our power. As for our part, we have been convinced for a long time past that the surest means of insuring abroad the efficacy of French influence is to urge on Liberal measures at home."

If the foregoing sound and sensible remarks may be taken as the expression of French public opinion, France is to be congratulated on having awakened at last to a perception of the right course for a rational people to pursue, that is to say the course pursued by this country. France has not, hitherto, as some Frenchmen have boasted, and too many Englishmen have believed, taken the lead in civilisation; but she is now at least more nearly doing so than she ever was heretofore, by following that of England. Prussia and Germany, in the meanwhile, are adopting the policy of conquest, aggression, plunder, murder, and glory, which repentant England and France has wisely discarded. In good time, the French influence, with which neighbouring nations will be affected by the spectacle of a France enjoying the happiness about to be created by the Imperial Government in urging on Liberal measures at home, will cause those nations to kick out their despots. Prussia, Austria, and Germany will then follow in the wake of France, as France has followed in that of England; Russia in the same way will follow the Germanic nations, and be followed by the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey.

MERCENARIES WELL PAID.

MR. PUNCH,

THUS remarks the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Fredericksburg, on the sufferings of the wounded in the American Civil War:—

"Over every rod of the way and in the best two-horse spring ambulances, a jarring motion was communicated by the absence of half the planks on the plank side of the road, and the ruts and holes cut into the clay side during a week's rain by the transportation machinery of an army of 100,000 men. On such a highway, and in such a manner, did these poor fellows, who stretch their hands out of these ambulances and army waggons for tin-cupfuls of water, painfully travel—some with arms off at the shoulder, some with legs off above the knee, some absolutely with an arm and leg both off, hundreds shot through the leg or the arm, or the breast, some with horrible wounds of the face even to the loss of the jaw and the destruction of speech—all presenting in the aggregate every possible variety of gun-shot wound."

Among these mutilated soldiers, *Mr. Punch*, there were probably some for whose miseries we must feel a pity which we cannot express. Very likely their number included certain wounded Confederates. Ineffable compassion is due to brave men jolted over rough roads, maimed of arms and legs, or having their bones shattered, their faces smashed, or their jaws shot off, and having incurred this wretchedness in defence of home and country. But what sympathy can we feel for the wretches who have received these hideous injuries in the endeavour, for the sake of dollars, or of glory and promotion, or from a mere savage love of fighting, and in a spirit of wantonness, to inflict them upon others who have never wronged them? It might seem a charity to distribute among them a few copies of the above-quoted extract from the *New York Tribune*, with remarks explanatory of the personal privations and inconveniences therein detailed.

I remain, Sir, and hope I may continue, yours ever,
Armament Square, July, 1864.

PAX.

THE GERMAN BAND.

WE wish that MR. BASS, in his bill against bad music, could have shown some way of silencing that troublesome German band, which has done so much of late to disturb the peace of Europe. The KING OF PRUSSIA has been playing the first fiddle in this band, and playing it in harmony with the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. Under their joint leadership the band has done its best to make itself a nuisance, and very serious complaints have been on all sides urged against it, to which it has however paid but little heed. A meeting has been held to protest against the band, as disturbers of the peace; but though everybody said that the nuisance should be stopped, nobody seemed willing to take active steps to stop it. As we abominate all rows, we trust this German band may shortly be bound over by somebody to keep the peace, though we know of no one who has sufficient faith in them to offer to come forward as surety for their doing so.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW THEATRE COMPANY.



ITES for two New Theatres have been obtained—one for a building on a gigantic scale, in the neighbourhood of the late Turnpike, Kensington; and another for a smaller theatre, to be devoted chiefly to the Nautical Drama, an admirable position for which has been fixed upon in the vicinity of the Thames Tunnel. The Tunnel itself will be utilised for dressing-rooms, green-rooms, and machinery department.

A Holder of a Thousand Shares will be admitted to any part of the House, and will dine with the Committee once a fortnight, at his own expense.

Any Holder of more than a Thousand Shares, shall participate in the same privileges, and wear a uniform on Sundays which shall be provided out of the wardrobe of the Establishment.

Any Holder of Five Hundred Shares shall be admitted to any part of the House by means of the ordinary payments; and any holder of more than this number shall be entitled to a refreshment ticket, if any.

A Holder of Three Hundred Shares may be permitted to light the gas (but not to turn it on) on the stage, under the superintendence of the paid gasman. He shall then be allowed to quit the Building unmolested by the meanest official.

Any person holding One Hundred Shares, shall be permitted to hold as many more as he likes; and may visit the exterior of the Theatre at all hours. He shall further be permitted to express his opinion of the performance freely and unreservedly to any lady or gentleman frequenting any part of the House; but that he shall be liable to be forcibly removed on every occasion for interrupting the performances.

All Holders of Two Thousand Shares and upwards, may exercise their own judgment in choosing the Dramatic Pieces, and may give the characters in the same to whatever performers may take their fancy in any of the numerous London theatres.

To secure respectability, the Machinery will be entirely worked by Shareholders, three of whom, if respectively possessing One Hundred Shares, shall have the privilege of pulling up the curtain and calling the actors.

Holders of Fifty Shares shall be dressed in a becoming livery, and shall carry on a watering-pot wherewith to lay the dust between the Acts.

Holders of Twenty-five Shares may do what they like in any department unconnected with the Theatre.

The Call-boy's duties will be to attend to the Shares, and make the necessary calls.

To ensure harmony among Acting Members of the Company, all quarrels between Leading Tragedians, Light Comedians, and Low Comedians of the first and second class, shall be submitted to the Committee, who will sit daily in the Treasury from ten till four to adjudicate upon such matters.

Every Shareholder, considering himself an author, shall be entitled to have one or more of his own pieces produced during the Season; and shall have an undisputed right to the entire stage management.

The Prompter shall be elected by a majority of votes.

The Theatre shall be thoroughly ventilated on entirely new principles, as yet undiscovered.

During the Summer months the Private Boxes shall be iced; and in the Winter Season shall be warmed by patent stoves.

The proposed Theatre has the advantage of being close to all the Railway Stations, Cabstands, and Steamboat Piers. Dining Rooms, Supper and Breakfast Rooms, and Apartments for Families, will be attached to the Building. Further particulars will be duly announced.

APPOINTMENT.—MR. BANTING to be Adviser to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

CROQUÊT.

PLAYERS.

Red	MR. ROBINSON.	Blue	MISS SMITH.
Green	MR. JONES.	Yellow	MISS BROWN.

XV.

ONE mallet's length from what *at first* we call The *Starting Post*, the player puts his ball, Here o'er the red our ROBINSON, with calm Determination, lifts his dexter arm, Whose hand, which even SAYERS' self might shun, Grasps the firm mallet gleaming in the Sun. Not otherwise did ARTHUR lift on high The bright *Escalibur* and foes defy. "Now then, look out!" Red's war-cry; and with care The weapon slowly cuts the fragrant air, The list'ners hear the dullest tap proclaim The first blow given in th' exciting game. Here ROBINSON's right hand its cunning shows, Through the first Hoop the ball obedient goes, And rolling onward seeks with gentlest pace 'Twixt first and second Hoop a middle place, Whence its skilled master with no waste of force Can the next 'vantage gain upon his course. The Two Hoops won, the Red must now go through The Third, that's parallel with number two; But from it distant twenty feet, and so Back at a sharpish angle you must go. Now herein lies the art of arts, to send Yourself to such a place as not to lend The smallest aid to your opponent, yet Where you'll from your ally assistance get. Well, ROBINSON this crafty method knows, And will essay; but he cannot "dispose." A buzzing fly or some malicious elf Taking that form, or Beelzebub himself, The very king of flies, comes up to worry him, And when he should be slow and sure to hurry him. The Blue and Green do much enjoy the joke, Brunette is angry: Red is "off his stroke." Dame Fortune suddenly her wheel reverses, And his ill luck Red, *sotto voce*, curses. The fickle jade who's backed him, now has tricked him, He hits to where he'll fall an easy victim. His turn is over; for this rule's obeyed, By none may two successive strokes be played, Save one of these three following things you've done— Have Roquêt, Croquêt, or a Hoop just won. The meaning of these terms I'll soon explain, At present ROBINSON can't play again.

XVI.

NOW JONES commences, and both Hoops he makes, Then steady aim he from the second takes At Red, and *if he hits him*, 'twill be seen What we by "Roquêtting a person" mean. Huzza! 'tis done! MISS SMITH the deed applauds As partisans cry out "well hit" at Lord's. Napoleon-like, with folded arms and frown, Stands Red. "Oh dear!" sighs heavily MISS BROWN. Intent upon the game, without a word, JONES puts the Green in front of Hoop the third. Touching the Red, and thus the foes have met, On Green is JONES's foot securely set. When Greek meets Greek, we're told and not before, That awful moment comes the tug of war; To Croquêt Red, is JONES's present end, That is by striking Green the Red to send Up to the limits of the Croquêt plane, Whence he'll lose time in coming back again To his original position; now To "Croquêt anyone" I've told you how. JONES struck the Green, and thwack! the Green struck Red, Who from his stronger foeman shudd'ring fled. Honour the brave! he cannot choose but yield, And leave the Green possessor of the field. Deem not, careering JONES, that you have won The game till all you've got to do is done; Nor be faint-hearted, oh ye other two, Till he has done all that he's got to do. Never should one despairing side cry *Actum Est de, etcetra*, till the other's whacked 'em.



THE "IMPERENCE" OF THEM LOWER CLASSES.

First Bystander (British Workman) to Second ditto (Gorgeous Flunkey). "WELL, BLOWED IF I WOULDN'T A'MOST AS SOON BE YOU, JOHNNY, AS ONE O' THEM FELLERS THIS 'OT WEATHER!!"

"WHO'S GRIFFITH?"

An Ode

In Commemoration of a Grand Parliamentary feat.

FAME! Blow your trumpet
In honour of the greatest man that liveth:
Or if you have a drum, just thump it,
Hurrah! for DARBY GRIFFITH!
Renown is his that never yet surrounded
Any M.P.
Let all electors gaze, and say, astounded,
"Yes, that is He."
Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
A thing twice done has brought a Briton glory,
But none like this, O Fame, no never! Far be,
The thought of equalling the fame of DARBY!
Twice Mayor have liberal Aldermen been greeted,
Twice Killed is KEELEY's most triumphant play,
Twice Speaker has a Commoner been seated,
And twice ten years has *Punch* been England's stay.
Twice men have had small-pox, spite vaccination,
Twice men have married, spite the warning Past,
Twice have risked life in mad acrostation,
Twice have risked fortune on the dicer's cast,
Twice have men tried a Crystal Palace dinner,
Twice sought to find a Peeler on his beat,
But never yet has Briton, saint or sinner,
Performed great DARBY GRIFFITH's awful feat.
Hear it, O, Counting BABBAGE, hear with joy,
Hear it, O BIDDER, Calculating Boy,
For counting such as this was never done
Beneath the Sun.
Hear it, all bores, wherever you may be
On land or sea,

Leap up, and shout, and hail him with a roar,

THE GREATEST BORE.

For in July, One, Eight, Six, Four,
Within twelve hours did DARBY G.
Stand twice upon the Commons' floor
(They laughed, but what cared he?)
And in the selfsame day,—

Read papers, if you doubt—
Devizes, twice thy Member raised his bray,
And was, in most unceremonious way,
TWICE COUNTED OUT.

Conjugal Unanimity.

A YORKSHIRE Paper says, last week:—

"A 'lady' fell off one of the boat piers at Scarborough, and was in imminent danger of being drowned. Three fishermen let each other down, forming a chain of their bodies, and saved her. The 'lady' did not even thank her deliverers."

Nor, we understand, did her husband.

NOTES AND NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT from America says,—

"If LEE makes a dash at Baltimore, New York will quickly change its note."

Yes, and may then find it easier to change its note than its green-back.

A Waif from Wimbledon.

"PRAY don't hurry on so, it's really very dangerous," said CAPTAIN CHARLEY to Miss LIGHTFOOT, who was in haste to see the shooting. "Dangerous!" exclaimed the lady, "Why, what is there to fear?" "Well," observed the gallant officer, "you see, some of our fellows are remarkably good shots, and you might be mistaken for the Running Deer!"



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

ACCLIMATISATION IS ALL VERY WELL IN ITS WAY—BUT IT IS NO JOKE, ON RISING TO THE SURFACE, AFTER TAKING A HEADER, TO FIND A LIVELY HIPPOPOTAMUS AS YOUR COMPANION OF THE BATH.

SALVATION OF A SERVANT GAL.

PLEASE ser your artishes wery Orphan drors Characters of survant mades In crinoleen makin hof us look ridiculus And the Same Way your littery gentamen Poakin their Funn at us in Print about Our catchin Fier continually and Bein bernt to deth now *mr. punch* don't be onjust and So mutch as Yuve sed a Bout the Accidence a Risen from Crenoline by fier to Pore servunts its only fare for U to acnolige the Perservation wich an instance of the Enclosed and Having by the Elp of a pear of Cesars instructed from the *Thames* nusepaper i ave the Plesure at this Oportunity to reques faver of your assertion:—

"SAVED BY CRINOLINE.—A few days ago a nursemaid lost her way on the cliffs at Newquay, and went close to the edge of the precipitous cliffs, when she slipped and fell to the beach below, a distance of a 108 feet. Her crinoline expanding with the air, however, so broke the fall that she landed without a scratch or bruise, and, although much shaken, was able at once to walk 100 yards and inform her mistress of the occurrence.—*Western Morning News*."

there now *mister punch* wot do yew say to That if it addent a Bin for that nussmade's crinna lean to a certingty Shed A broak Er neck and wosent It a mersy she Add it on so now pleas sur doan't Never say Another wurd agin crinulen Nor yet ave hus Drord in it Stickin hout so Hand lookin like Stoopids but instedd of witch a nise Coppy of Versis and a Pictor of the Nussmade a dissentin from the Clift like a Haingel from Eving or the Hintreppid feemal airy O a ventrin Down the Presipidge in a Parashoot. There is praps sum objexons to crinnolin for cookes and kitching mades Att the Fyre i wont say but wott it may be out a place but for them Has as to Wawk hout with Childern and look Respectable an ispesially on Lorfty cliftes and eye winds you must Admitt is a Savin of Human life and leastways Becomin to Nussmades anyow Its werry tru crinuline sum time ketches fiar, but for Wunce in the way u se were cort by the Wind witch hif itt ad not Bin hall Up i mene al Down with the wearher so no more cryin Down hoops which now in course we air hall cock a hoop and i remain beleave mee yure Afectionit umbel Searvent

SARY JAIN.

P.S. i Think it Wos a good Puff for Crineline.

Belgraveyard Guly 1864.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE SONG.

THE LAWYER.

SPINSTER of the Saxon beauty,
At the Grainthorpe Manor mill,
Of this heart you've had possession
Since I made my uncle's will:
Yours the image all-engrossing
When I try to read Reports,
You, my AMY, am I drawing,
Even in the Chancery Courts.

Ah! that brow as smooth as—vellum—
Ah! those lips vermilion red—
Kisses wherewith I have sealed them
No one ever witnessed:
I would sue the man who ventured
To deny you dressed with taste,
I would tax his costs who hinted
An "impeachment" of your waist.

Soon the long vacation's coming,
Soon the weary term will end;
No more writs and affidavits,
No more actions to defend:
I shall take the first conveyance—
Train at five P.M.—express—
I shall count the sluggish moments—
Forty minutes, more or less.

Meet me, Cousin, at the Station
With the trap that's duty free,
It can take my rods and gun-case,
We will walk, *prochein* AMY,
Past the glebe and old inclosure,
Past the deeply mortgaged inn,
On to where the freeholds finish
And the copyholds begin.

There I'll make my declaration,
There I'll pause and plead my suit;
Do not let it be "in error,"
Do not be of malice mute;
But "surrender" to your Cousin
In the customary way,
And become the donee, dearest,
Of an opal *negligée*.

I've a message—recent purchase—
Sixty-eight in Mortmayne Row,
Title good, and unencumbered,
Gas and water laid below;
Come and share it, undisputed
Owner of this heart in fee,
Come and be my junior partner,
And my better moiety:
J. P. WILDE shall never part us,
And in time we both may see.
Girls, fair copies of their mother,
Boys, the counterpart of me.

TEXTS TRANSPOSED.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

AT the request of my Preceptor I furnish you with a few specimens of my caligraphy, consisting of moral sentiments and maxims of my own selection:—

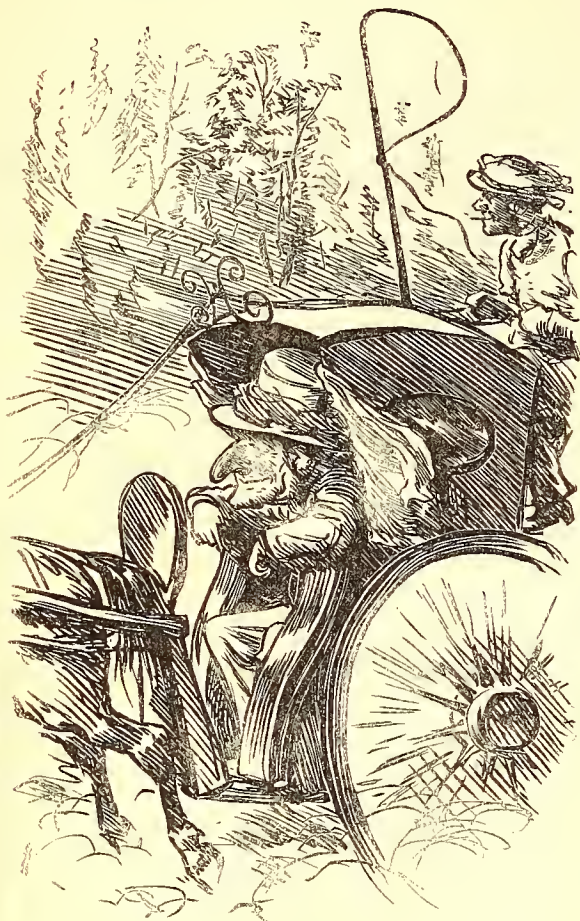
Procrastination is the soul of business.
Punctuality is the thief of Time.
Familiarity doth breed respect.
Virtue is its own punishment.
Vice is its own reward.
Diligence ensures fatigue.
Application is painful.
Industry commands privation.
Perseverance will fail.
Caution comes to grief.

In the pleasing hope that the foregoing evidences of my improved handwriting, and of my moral and intellectual progress, may merit and be rewarded with your kind approbation, I remain, my dear Parents,

Your Affectionate Child,
Mentor House Academy.

JIM.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ROYAL ASSENT WAS GIVEN TO THE STREET MUSIC-NUISANCE BILL, HENCEFORTH THE ANTI-GRINDERS' ACT, on Monday, July 25th.

The same ceremony was performed upon several other measures, of no importance, and upon several tons of Railway Bills, and we hope that somebody is looking after MR. BRADSHAW, who may reasonably be driven out of his wits by the prospect of the interpolations he will be called upon to insert in his interesting and exciting little work.

The Lords forwarded a Bill for the New Zealand Loan, but LORD MALMESBURY thought that the Colonists ought to do their own fighting, and that the War was an unjust and unholy one. So thought LORD LYVE-

DEN, formerly VERNON SMITH. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE denied that our troops felt disgust at the War, and declared that they were only too happy to kill anybody and everybody whom they might be instructed to slay. LORD ELLENBOROUGH believed that the Colony would not be able to meet its pecuniary engagements.

The Commons talked miscellaneously. LORD PALMERSTON utterly declined to attempt any mediation in America. The Fortifications Bill passed after a debate, in which LORD HARTINGTON stated that the country was by no means in a "deplorable" condition in regard to ordnance. We are glad to hear it, but only the other day the DUKE OF SOMERSET asserted that we had no good broadside gun. A Bill for sending out raw and half-taught medical officers to India was rejected, which was well, but it is not so well that the Army is medically officered, to a great extent, by such persons, because men of talent will not enter a service in which they are ill-treated.

The Bill for providing relief for the Casual Poor of London went through Committee, and was afterwards hastened through the Lords and passed; so that there is reason to hope that we shall be spared many painful and shameful scenes with which men who walk the streets on winter nights have been unhappily familiar.

Moreover, the Commons set themselves against the Bill for the Surrender of Criminals between us and Prussia, inasmuch as we know what despots mean by criminals, and we are not going to be entrapped into a treaty to hand over refugees. Government had to withdraw the Bill. The Germans will say that this opposition arose from the ill-feeling generated by the Danish War, in which case the Germans will say that which is untrue.

The House rescinded the Vote that turned BOB LOWE out of office. Now, he had better rescind his resignation. It was clearly shown that he had not done anything dishonourable. It was by no means so clear that his enemies had not.

MR. LAYARD said that we could do nothing more for the Circassians, whom the Russians have expelled, with their usual barbarous fidelity to a policy of acquisition. The brave mountaineers and their long rifles will be missed on a day when they might have rendered good service.

Tuesday and Wednesday. Routine and flat talk. We except a clever but awfully bumptious speech from LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who retains the old-fashioned idea that BRITANNIA rules, not only the waves, but all the shores they wash.

Thursday. The Lords, but not in their Parliamentary capacity, decided that MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON was not the lawful wife of MAJOR YELVERTON. The LORD CHANCELLOR and the (absent) LORD BROUGHAM considered that she was, but the LORDS WENSLEYDALE, CHELMSFORD, and KINGSOWN, (olim PARKE, THESIGER, and PEMBERTON-LEIGH respectively) were the adverse majority. Deducting the value of the chance of being LADY AVONMORE, one would say that

there was every reason to congratulate the lady on not being linked to the Major.

LORD EDWARD HOWARD was pathetic about the foolish fellows who go to America and are trapped for the Federal service. We imagine that the number is really rather small, but it is well that emigrants should be warned. MR. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, the emphatic Radical Member for Leicester, took an opportunity of declaring that the Federals were resolved to put down Slavery, and had the power to do so. With the Confederates ravaging Maryland and throwing Washington and New York into consternation, the declaration seemed a little ill-timed. PETER had better go down to his constituents and blow them up well for being such ruffians as to tear MR. COXWELL's balloon to pieces and nearly murder him, because they thought his ascent was not to take place. Their treatment of the balloon was the more surprising, because folks who return a PETER TAYLOR must be rather partial to a Wind-bag.

Friday was, *Punch* is happy to say, the last day of a do-nothing Session.

The Royal Speech was read by LORD WESTBURY. It was a curious one. We cannot help thinking that somebody had "chaffed" LORD PALMERSTON, and told him that there was nothing out of which to make a speech, and that he had jauntily replied, "Bet you we make a longer speech than usual," and thereupon had ordered a vast quantity of extra "padding." On the principle on which the Address was framed, it might indeed have been made twice as long and a great deal more amusing, though every conceivable Parliamentary topic was crammed into it. We venture, in order to make this narrative readable, to show both what was said, and what, had the gossiping principle been a little more brilliantly carried out, might have been said in the Speech.

You can go, and the QUEEN is very much obliged by your assiduity. The weather has been uncommonly hot lately, and HER MAJESTY supposes that you have done a good deal in the way of cup and other cool drinks.

Very sorry we could not make peace between Denmark and Germany, but hope that it will soon be made. Rather a funny picture in the *Charivari*, representing England, with the usual prominent teeth, saying that she was true to the memory of NELSON, and would not insult him by preventing the bombardment of Copenhagen.

We have got rid of the Ionians, and hope that the Greeks will like them. Ionia reminds one of the *Iona*, and a beautiful boat she is, and if any of you are going to Scotland for the recess, you can't do better than get aboard her at Greenock, and steam up through the lovely scenery of the Clyde. Her salmon cutlets are also lovely.

We are on good terms with China. The prices which China fetches at CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S are perfectly astonishing—people must be cracked, as well as the saucers they buy.

Have patched up matters between the Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia and the Sultan. If you are visiting Constantinople, you will of course go to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and do not forget to buy a handful of those pretty coloured glass cubes that your guides scratch out of the great mosaics.

We regret that Federals and Confederates are still fighting. By the way, New York seems to have been a good deal riled, because the *Deerhound* did not hand over the Confederates whom she saved from drowning; but why don't the Yankees abuse LOUIS NAPOLEON for not giving up those who escaped to Cherbourg?

Very much obliged to the Commons for the money voted. The *re-pecuniarum*, as PAUL BEDFORD calls it in his entertaining book, is something that even a Regina can't do without. I believe you, my liberal and munificent ones.

Lancashire distress has diminished, and we trust that the raw material of industry will be extracted from countries that have hitherto furnished it scantily. This means Cotton from India, and elsewhere; but talking of that, we have not settled that SIR SYDNEY COTTON is to be the new Indian Commander, although he is seventy-three, or so, and therefore, of course, the fittest man for the place.

New Zealand is not quieted. But only a part of the natives are in revolt. It is to be hoped that among those who will be finally obliterated will be LORD MACAULAY's eternal New Zealander, who is now becoming a nuisance of which the police should take notice.

Our East Indian possessions are developing their resources, and the people there are generally content. GRANT DUFF was abominably rude to CHARLEY WOOD, about his inarticulate budget, and deserves to be called GRANT DUFFER.

The Assent has been given to many measures of public usefulness. Did you see that one of the public usefulnesses, the shutting public-houses after one in the morning, produced a maiden assize at Bow Street next day? But we must not be proud, because that is wrong.

The new Factory Act will be beneficial to women and children. And if you'll excuse the joke, the new Malefactory Act, for wallop-garrotters, will also be beneficial to women and children by protecting their protectors from murderous attacks.

The new Assurance Act will benefit the working classes. The Assurance displayed by the opponents of the measure, and by the officials

of the bad little Companies, was more remarkable than delightful, but the other Chancellor walked into them elegantly.

The new Act for making Advances for Public Works in the Manufacturing Districts will be useful. Are you not glad to be out of the way of public works in London? What with MR. THWAITES'S Sewer barricades, and the Embankment carters, there is no moving in the streets. But I suppose, as the French say, one can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.

The Act for making it easier to make Railways will make them cheaper to make. But if the directors do not invent some mode of enabling passengers to communicate with guards, and accidents happen, it is to be hoped that juries will give thundering damages.

General well-being and contentment prevail through the QUEEN'S dominions. But this remark doesn't apply to people who would like to get out of town in this fine weather, but are obliged to remain and attend to the ignominious details of terrestrial business.

We are glad to remark the progressive increase and developement of the national resources. This sentiment is MR. GLADSTONE'S, and it is not impossible that in the Deep Solitudes of Hawarden Castle, he may invent some Awful Sells in the way of new taxes. But sufficient for the Session is the Budget thereof.

We are also glad that you have been able to diminish taxation. By a precious little, say you, but that's ungrateful, and you must not look a gift-remission in the figures. If GLADSTONE had laid on taxes instead of taking them off, you know that you would have borne it patiently. The middle classes never complain.

On returning to your respective (and respectable) Counties you will still have important duties to perform, and we hope the grouse will be plentiful and not too strong on the wing. By the way, this speech does not apply to such of you as live in Middlesex, because here you are. That's awkward, not to say unconstitutional. We will vary the formula next prorogation.

Some of these duties are connected with the linking together of several portions of the community. This does not mean the acts of such of you as are Magistrates, when you order different kinds of culprits to be hand-cuffed in couples, but alludes to jolly field-sports in which all classes can join, races, private theatricals, and all that sort of thing.

May all that you do tend to the happiness of the people. Some folks may hint that your dispersion, and ceasing from dull debating, may be one means to that end. But we must occasionally be serious, and you know what is really intended. I do not know that I need detain you any longer, and several gentlemen of the Commons will be glad to go and shake hands with the SPEAKER. I should keep gloves on, as the weather is so warm, but this is matter of taste, or rather of feeling.

That is what the Speech might have been, as well as what it was, but such as it was, *Mr. Punch* rejoices that it has been said, and it is with much satisfaction that he again puts the stopper into the bottle of Essence of Parliament.

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OF course I never read debates, no lady ever does, unless indeed she is made to do so by a brutal-minded husband, or a tyrannous Papa. But now and then I own, I *do* like hearing a debate, at least I mean I like the fun of sitting by and chatting with the lady friends one goes with, and quizzing the poor Members whom one knows, and loves to laugh at. So I was very glad to hear that SIR G. BOWYER intended to ask somebody or other to take away the nasty grating stuck before the Ladies' Gallery, and so give us air to breathe and not keep us caged up like canaries as we have been. But do you know, FRED tells me that the Government won't do it, because they say that if the horrid grating were removed, our faces would be visible, and this the stupid things declare "would exercise an influence on the proceedings of the House which would not be desirable." FRED tells me MR. COWPER used these very words, and as a married man, I think he ought to be ashamed of them. In any *decent* company, the influence of ladies must always be desirable, and SIR G. BOWYER was quite right in reminding MR. COWPER that ladies were allowed to sit in open galleries in the House of Lords, for the *Peers* have no objection to see a pretty bonnet and a pretty face beneath it, and are not afraid of being *injured* by their influence. FRED says, that MR. COWPER said, he thought the House of Commons was not inclined to be "exposed to such an ordeal" as the presence of a lot of ladies visible would be. *Ordeal!* Gracious me! Why, one would think the man was talking about walking on hot ploughshares, or being stretched upon the rack! The idea of ladies' presence being viewed as an "ordeal" for men to undergo, when I'm sure they ought to view it as an *honour* and a *compliment*.

As for Members being influenced by seeing ladies near them, well, perhaps at times they would be, and it would be a very good thing if they were. Talk of women's tongues, indeed! I declare we don't love talking half so much as men do. And the nonsense that men say, too! at least when they sit in Parliament. I'm sure there's not one speech

in fifty that's worth listening to, and not one in a thousand where the man might not in half the time have spoken all he had to say. You never heard such hesitation, such hem'ing and such ha'ing, and such a saying of the same things over and over again. Well, men may tell us that we ladies don't know when to hold our tongues, but we shall certainly not learn much if we follow their example.

I really think if ladies might sit where they were seen, the Members would be awed into a better style of speaking. At least they wouldn't be so prone to call each other names, as now and then they seem to be; because men don't like being chaffed or bullied before ladies, and so the debates would be cleared from personalities. Besides when men had talked enough, and were beginning to be bores, a grumble from the gallery would be quite enough to stop them. Indeed I should not be surprised if ladies were requested to sit on great occasions just opposite their husbands, so that, when an orator was getting rather prosy, he might just catch his wife's eye, and prudently sit down before he had quite made himself a nuisance to the house.

England being still in a semi-savage state, ladies are not yet allowed to sit in parliament—except behind a screen; where, though their tongues, say the reporters, may now and then be heard, they are not permitted to take part in the debates. I trust that by next Session the screen may be removed, as a proof that civilisation is advancing in this country; and that though their tongues be silent, ladies may be suffered to take part in the debates with as many speaking glances as they feel inclined to give.

In the hope that *Mr. Punch*, who is the champion of the ladies, will, for the credit of the country, carry this amendment, I beg leave to subscribe myself, in all feminine humility,

SOPHONISBA SMITH.

P.S. I don't wonder that the Lords beat the Commons in their rifle-shooting. How can men expect to get a sight worth having when they dare not look a lady in the face!

PAM'S HOLIDAY.

THE others are off to the grouse or the salmon,
Their stables or stubbles, their sheep and their kine;
They have tenants to tickle, constituents to gammon,
There's Baden to punt at, or Paris to dine;
Some are dozing the seas, some are doing the mountains,
Some, *Murray* in hand, yawn through galleries afar;
Some, like DARBY GRIFFITH, are seeking the fountains
Of news at those sources, where breeds the *canard*.

Of correct country houses the mill some are grinding,
Philand'ring, and flirting, and dodging *ennui*;
Some are trying to croquet the ladies, and finding,
To be croqueted, not croqueted, 's the lot of a *he*,
All, one way or other, the means are contriving,
But in vain, to kill *him*, who'll kill *us* by-and-by,
Time—against whose sharp scythe the most confess there's no striving,
But whom PAM, and PAM only, still dares to defy.

Yes—let others by desperate attempts Time at killing,
Acknowledge their terror lest Time should kill *them*:
PAM boils eggs with Time's glass, takes his scythe, blithe and willing,
To prune the lush growth of his secular stem;
Where blossoming bright, round the stout *lignum vite*,
The flowers of the summer in winter are seen—
Till we own PAM the *Cheese*—the more old, the more *mighty*—
His head may be grey, but his heart is still green.

Not for him the repose craved by brains over-wearied;
Not for him the distractions implored by *ennui*,
Romsey's Rifles reviewed, by express he'll be carried,
And drop in on the lieges of Bradford to tea.
Is a railway to open? a town-hall to christen?
A school to inaugurate? PAM is the man.
"What's your name?" "M. or N." We suspect, as we listen,
As the man's "*all in all*" that his name *should* be PAN!

Contagion on the Rail.

To the other perils attendant on railway travelling is now added that of Small-pox. We all of us occasionally run to catch the train; now, if we catch that, some of us will probably catch something more.

A QUESTION FOR A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.—What do you know of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and who told you?

MOTTO FOR BIRMINGHAM.—"Honour BRIGHT."



CROQUÊT IN AMERICA.

"TRUE THAT WE HAVE TAKEN UP THE FOREIGN GAME OF CROQUÊT—BUT HOW DO WE PLAY IT? NOT ON THE EFFETE AND SHAVEN LAWN, BUT ON THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE; NOT WITH THE PUSILLANIMOUS HAMMER, BUT WITH THE MASSIVE WAR-CLUB, WITH WHICH WE SMITE THE BOUNDING NINETY-SIX POUND CANNON BALL, THROUGH A SERIES OF TRIUMPHAL ARCHES, UNTIL WE SINK IT RIGHT INTO THE BOSOM OF SUN-DOWN."—*American Essayist.*

THE ARMY-SURGEON FAMINE.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

To EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.

MY DEAR DE GREY,

SOMETHING must be done to provide the Army with competent Surgeons. It seems that they are not to be had at the terms we offer them. Men of education will not come forward to compete for appointments by which they do not acquire the position of gentlemen, and the pay necessary to maintain it. That is not surprising.

What, then, is to be done? Common sense, uninformed of military matters, would suggest the immediate increase of Army-Surgeons' pay, and recognition of their social standing. But the former step would be a difficulty for MR. GLADSTONE, and the combatant officers will never stand the latter. If ever so many Surgeons were killed or wounded in operating under fire, it would not signify. The others look upon them as civilians, and something lower. I may say that they regard them as intermediate between gentlemen and tailors. This may be absurd. It is perhaps absurd even of them to despise tailors. But the fact remains that they do despise tailors, and would not associate with tailors at all, and will not submit to associate on terms of equality with Surgeons. There is no arguing with a prejudice.

Now I should like those who are capable of judging the question to consider whether it would not be quite possible to procure plenty of Surgeons for the Army, cheap, and perfectly competent, by the simple expedient of revising the standard of qualification at present fixed as necessary to the competence of Army-Surgeons. I don't know, but it strikes me, that a man could learn to cut off a leg perfectly well without learning more of anything else than a butcher, usually knows. I don't see that even the ability to perform the most complicated operation in surgery requires any more education than what has generally been received by a common cabinet-maker. Why shouldn't a man tie an artery as expertly as possible, without being exactly able to pronounce

its Latin name? I suspect the hitch is in that Latin. And if, in addition, you require Greek, and modern languages, you render it still more insuperable.

So much for surgery. Now as regards medicine. Considering how doctors differ, may we not safely conclude that what they call medical science is all humbug, and all that is really useful in medicine is the knowledge of what to give for this or that complaint, which might easily be acquired by any druggist's apprentice? I put what they call diagnosis, and all that, out of the question. I suppose it's easy to tell one fever from another, and organic diseases can't be cured, and men who are afflicted with them are of no use in the Army. If, then, a Surgeon need know no more beyond his own art than a skilled mechanic, and if all the knowledge requisite for a physician is no more than might be learned by a shop-boy behind a counter, why exact more from an Army medical officer? Why catechise him in botany and chemistry, and philosophy? Examine him in his own business, and nothing but that. In that subject him to competition if you like; invite Surgeons to compete for employment as you might hairdressers. Then you will get the sort of fellows you want; fellows who will be satisfied with moderate pay, who will not want, and indeed would be disinclined, to associate with officers and gentlemen; would be content to mess, where they would feel at their ease, with the non-commissioned officers.

In short, if we persist in not giving Army-Surgeons the pay or the treatment suitable to educated officers and gentlemen, we must make up our minds to accept illiterate snobs for Army-Surgeons. By

Horse Guards, August, 1864.

GEORGE.

Art Gossip.

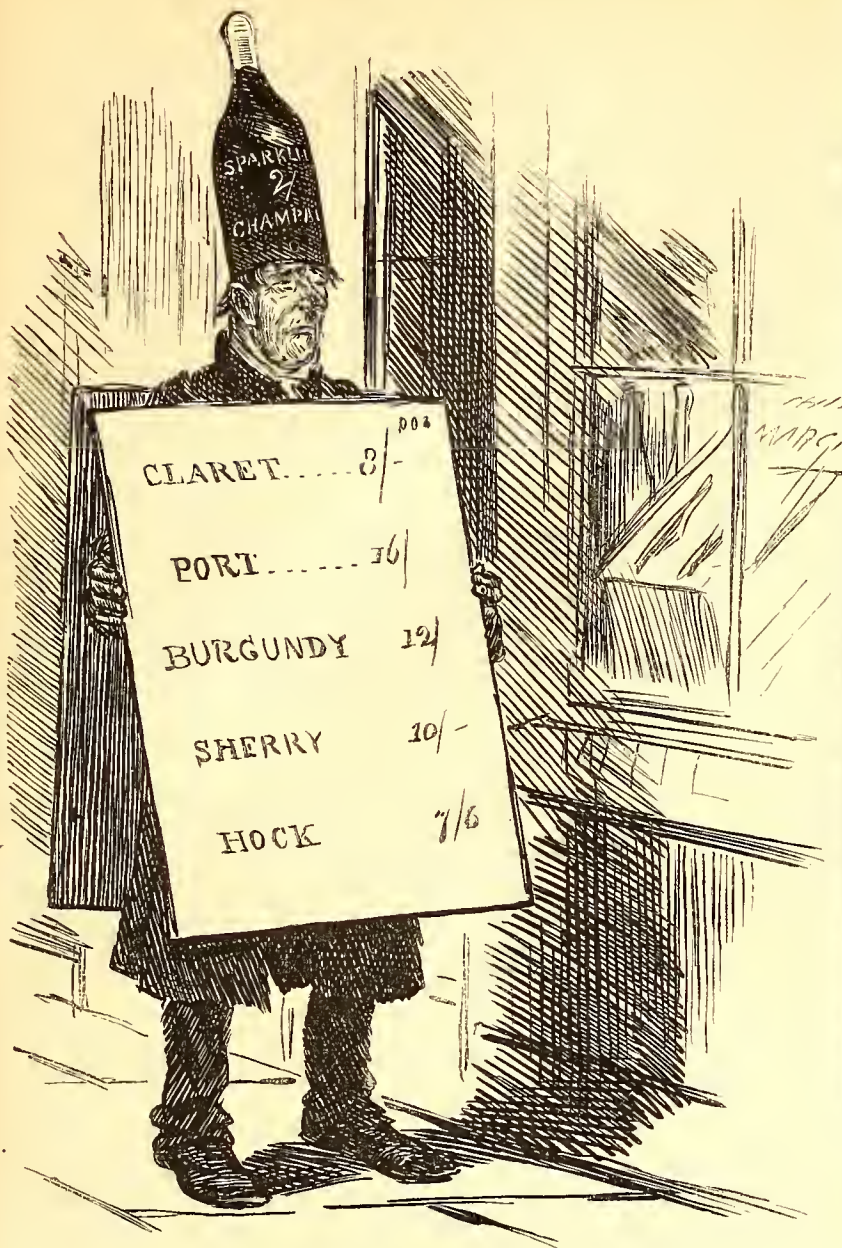
MR. COOK, R.A., on being asked if he would ever send another nautical piece to the Exhibition, declared that he would not, confirming the announcement of his determination with a violent blow on his paint box. It may be said that this artist has struck his colours.



CLEARING THE STREETS.

MR. BASS (ASIDE). "THAT'S MY THUNDER!"





AN EXHIBITION

TO BE SEEN GRATIS, IN REGENT STREET; THE VICTIM EVIDENTLY SUFFERING FROM A BOTTLE OF ONE OF THE ADVERTISED MIXTURES.

OSTEOLOGY OF AN OLD SAINT.

WHO was that "SAMPSON STOCKFISH, a fruiterer," with whom *Justice Shallow* "fought behind Gray's Inn?" Is it possible that he could have been a collateral descendant—a direct one of course he could not have been—of ST. SIMON STOCK? And who, most people will ask, was ST. SIMON STOCK? He was an English Carmelite monk, who, however, became Prior of Bordeaux, and died there on the 16th of May, 1265, aged 101. We transcribe the following particulars respecting him from a narrative which appeared some time ago in the *Tablet*, headed "Relics of ST. SIMON STOCK:—"

"SAINT SIMON STOCK was interred at the door of the Carmelite Church, in accordance with his own express wish; but, in consequence of the prodigies that were there enacted, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, PIERRE ROSCIVAL, visited the church, caused the body to be taken up from the earth, and placed it upon an altar, for the more convenient veneration of the faithful. So great was the concourse of the people upon this occasion, that the whole body was left three days exposed within the church, and it remained 'free from corruption, exhaling a marvellous odour.'"

It had, doubtless, been converted into adipocire, subsequently decomposed, as we shall see. However—

"From that time numerous miraculous cures were effected, and it is related that the number and authenticity of these cases occasioned many wonderful conversions, to the great joy of heaven and earth. The Archbishop, 'after having satisfied public devotion, ordered that the body of ST. SIMON STOCK should be placed in a more honourable place until such time as a chapel, which was afterwards built, could be raised.'"

So the Archbishop granted the friars a *habeas corpus*, and accordingly they had the body of ST. SIMON STOCK transferred to a chapel, where it was venerated. SIMON was canonised by POPE NICHOLAS THE THIRD, in 1276, and from that time to 1680 divers Popes issued sundry

briefs and bulls for the commemoration and glorification of ST. SIMON STOCK. And now, the other day:—

"After the lapse of five hundred and ninety-nine years from the date of the death of the Saint, there appeared in the Cathedral of Bordeaux the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of London, with one of his Religious, and attended by an English layman. The object of their visit was to secure a relic of the illustrious English Saint, which was to be carried to the country where his first breath had been drawn."

"After the lapse of five hundred and ninety-nine years," now, in the nineteenth century, as we used to say before society had dreamt of spirit-rapping, three educated English Roman Catholics appear in the Cathedral of Bordeaux, to beg for a bit of dead man for religious purposes. They and some others, priests and laymen, marched in procession from the Sacristy of the Cathedral to the Chapel where the relics were preserved, and then was enacted the following scene of what, if the account of it, as below given, had appeared in a so-called "Evangelical" novel, one would take for an ultra-Protestant's fiction of Popish "mummery":—

"The case containing the relics having been brought into the sacristy, they were uncovered according to the appointed ritual. The Prior of London, having exhibited the authorisation of the Cardinal Archbishop, obtained an undivided relic, which was laid upon a silver cloth-covered pall, and secured by two white silk ribbons passed round the bone, and sealed at each of the four ends with the seal of the Archbishopric. So secured, the relic was placed within a reliquary, and fastened down upon a cushion with golden bands. The reliquary itself was then closed and sealed in eight places with the seal of the Archiepiscopal See of Bordeaux. The sealed reliquary was then given up to the Prior of London."

Now, if this is not indeed "mummery," what solemnity of burlesque can be conceived that is? With allowance for the difference between verse and prose, the foregoing statement reads like a passage in the *Ingoldsby Legends*. The relic, it will have been observed, consisted of a bone. The attention of "the PRIOR OF LONDON," and "the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP," and CARDINAL CHIGI, who has formally attested this relic of ST. SIMON STOCK, may be invited to the fact that it was a bare bone. The body of the Saint, when first disinterred, remained "free from corruption, exhaling a marvellous odour;" perhaps a most ancient and fishlike smell. But chemistry had got hold of it, and slow decomposition had denuded its bones as effectually as if they had been those of an alderman, or any other man. The flesh of ST. SIMON STOCK has resolved itself into gases long ago, and it does not appear that his few remaining bones continue to exhale any odour at all. "A wide distribution of the relics of ST. SIMON STOCK has been made," we are told, "at various periods." For instance:—

"In 1423 our Religious of the town of Ghent received an arm of the Saint. This holy relic, after having been exposed to the veneration of the Faithful in their church up to the year 1573, was then wrested from their keeping by the heretics of that period. Other relics of our Saint, preserved till that time in the Churches of Cologne and of Bruges, in Flanders, underwent the same fate."

The Saint's arm appears not to have been miraculously capable of holding its own. Otherwise, it might surely as well have punched the "heretics'" heads. Again:—

"In our Church at Valenciennes, a finger of the Saint is still preserved with great veneration. This precious relic, which escaped the fury of the heretics, has been the instrument of many prodigies from 1506 to the present time."

ST. SIMON STOCK's votaries appear to have torn him in pieces:—

"The tomb of ST. SIMON STOCK was opened in 1595, on the occasion of the visit of a celebrated Doctor of Salamanca, Religious of the Order in Spain, who had travelled to Bordeaux to visit the tomb of the Saint. He asked for and obtained of our Superiors the bone of one leg for the Church of our monastery at Salamanca; and also one of the sides (une des côtes) for our Church at Valencia. At Orleans, in France, the Church of our Fathers was about the same time enriched with one of the sides (d'une des côtes) of ST. SIMON STOCK, which is kept in a reliquary carried processionally every year through the town on the Second Feast of Pentecost. In 1617 the Carmelites of the convent in Paris obtained also some part of the relics of ST. SIMON STOCK, at the solicitation of M. MARK ANTOINE DE GOURGUES, the first President of the Parliament of Bordeaux."

One pious ecclesiastic, however, seems to have done what he could to put the saint together again:—

"In 1863, by the order of the MOST REV. FATHER GENERAL JEROME ARI, all that remained to us of the relics of the Saint's holy body was transferred to a rich 'chasse' of silver, ornamented with precious stones and other works. His holy skull was placed within a silver bust and the lower jaw within a silver box."

ST. SIMON STOCK was not of SHAKESPEARE's mind; that is, he had not, seemingly, that decided objection to the disturbance of his remains which the divine WILLIAMS recorded in strong language. See, what ST. SIMON has accordingly been reduced to:—

"Amongst the remaining relics are the cranium and jaw of the Saint, part of one femur, and parts of other bones. The largest entire relic was that now possessed by the English Fathers."

And, as for that:—

"The relic within its shrine is now honoured in the Chapel of the Carmelite Monastery at Kensington."

In short, the biggest remaining relic of ST. SIMON STOCK is part of the Kensington Carmelite Friars' stock in trade.



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.—No. 1.

Corporal (log.). "BEG PARDON, SIR, YOU MUST KEEP YOUR HEELS WELL DOWN WITH THIS MARE, SIR; BOLTS DIRECTLY SHE FEELS THE SPUR; NEARLY KILLED A ROUGH-RIDER THIS MORNING, SIR."

THE LAST OF THE BENEFICENT LASH.

WE have heard little of garotting since the enactment of the statute which awarded stripes to the offence so named. Ruffians may fondly imagine that Act to have become a dead letter. If any do, they will be undeceived by an instructive narration which has appeared in the *Durham Chronicle*, thus commencing:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—JOHN CROUDACE and THOMAS ALLISON, who were convicted at the Assizes last week of garotte robberies at Sunderland, and sentenced, the former to five years and the latter to ten years' penal servitude, with 20 lashes each, underwent the punishment of flogging at the County Prison on Saturday."

So much may be sufficient for some scoundrels, who understand well enough what a flogging means, and are adequately admonished by a knowledge of the fact that two of their peers have had one. But there are others whose conceptions of the unpleasantness of being flogged are so vague, that any information calculated to give them clear and definite ideas on that subject is very desirable for such blackguards. They will profit by learning, from the continuation of the foregoing statement, that:—

"The instrument of punishment was manufactured by a sailor, who is undergoing imprisonment in the gaol, expressly for the purpose. The cat is ingeniously composed of nine thongs of stout leather, in each of which are nine knots, and these being connected to a flexible handle, the power, wielded by strong hands, is terrific."

The construction of the corrective implement thus neatly and precisely described, appears to have been quite a labour of love to the sailor, who so ingeniously composed it. This scourge is apparently a very considerable improvement on the knout, and would doubtless be highly approved of, as such, by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and GENERAL MOURAVIEFF, for the purpose of causing order to reign in Warsaw, or elsewhere amongst insurgent Poles. After a line particularising the effects of its vigorous application to an indefinite surface of integument, those whom it may concern are apprised that:—

"The prisoners were firmly tied up in a reclining position, the lower part of their shoulders exposed, the higher and lower part of their backs being protected by padding. The warders, HODGSON and ALLISON, executed their task with the skill of more practised hands."

By the "reclining position" in which the reporter states that MR. CROUDACE and MR. ALLISON were tied up, he probably means the reverse of what he says. A reclining position would have been more comfortable for those gentlemen than convenient for the warders who

FLOWERS AND SLAUGHTER.

COMPLAINTS are made that though we have ample details of the doings of Federal warriors, we hear only of results as regards the feats of the Confederates. *Mr. Punch* is happy to give his friends a peep into the Southern camp. The following is an extract from a Texas paper which has just reached him. It is part of an officer's letter. The life of the Confederate seems to be an agreeable mixture of Flowers and Slaughter. Here are the Flowers:—

"On our entire campaign the ladies treated us with the greatest of kindness, not unfrequently strewing our way with sweet flowers and beautiful bouquets. More than once, I was asked 'are you a Texian?' Reply, I am. 'Well, I am always glad to see Texas soldiers, they are in such good spirits about the war.' On reaching our old stomping ground, we were met by many bright eyes and smiling faces that spoke of joy and relief. It did our hearts good to see what confidence and pleasure our presence inspired. (A slight intimation of what we hope to realise when we have freed our country and return home.)"

And here is the Slaughter:—

"Scarcely halted for the evening, when a party of negroes from Yazoo City, officered by whites—fifty or sixty in number—charged our camps, suspecting us to be a small scout. With frantic yell, and at full speed, our men charged upon them, cutting and shooting them like beasts—the road was literally strewn with dead negroes for four miles or more. Here and there were seen negroes begging for life. Some on their knees saying: 'Don't kill me, Massa, I'll cook for you, black your boots, keep your horse, or anything. Massa, I was pressed in.' 'You black rascal, I'll press you out again,' and down he would come."

The writer pleasantly adds:—

"The bloody old Sixth fully avenged herself of the murder of two of her members, STARKS and M'CLUNG, of company 1, who fell into the hands of the negroes a few weeks since near Mechanicsburg. Negroes had better look shy in this climate."

More agreeably diversified life it is hard to imagine. Now we receive a bouquet from a smiling lady, now we blow out the brains of a kneeling negro. "How merrily we live that soldiers be!"

MEDICAL QUERY.—When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

had to do them justice. Perhaps he intended to say that they were made fast in an inclined position; though it must have been against their inclination that they were so fastened. Anyhow their situation was such as to enable their disciplinary attendants to get well at them so as to execute their task "with the skill of more practised hands." The warders not only did this, but they did it with an enthusiasm, and a muscular vigour, which seem to have been inspired and stimulated by the very strongest antipathy to garotters, such an antipathy as might be supposed likely to be felt by persons whose best friends had been garotted by the criminals whom they were commissioned to flog. Consequently:—

"The first lash was received with comparative equanimity by each prisoner; but on the second —!"

What follows may be perfectly well apprehended by the imagination of *Punch's* readers. The physical details, however, omitted here, will doubtless have been attentively perused by the unimaginative sort of persons for whose study they are suitable, and to whose edification they must conduce, in the penny papers. We will only add the sequel to those instructive particulars:—

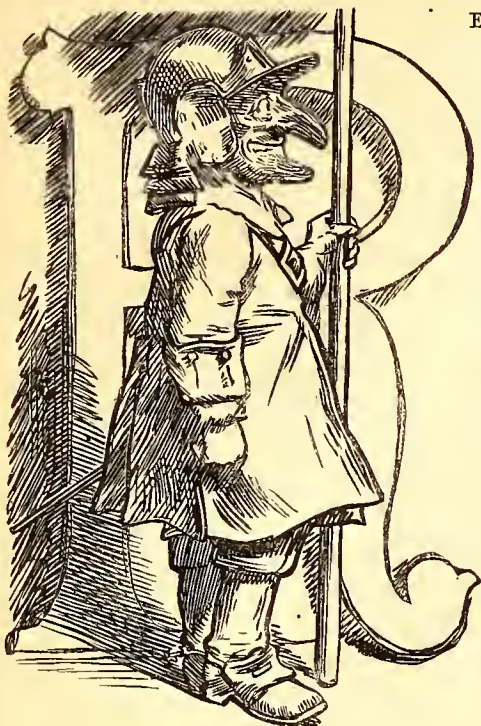
"When the punishment had been inflicted, the prisoners were taken down and removed to the prison infirmary in a state of complete prostration,—indeed it is averred that neither of them could have received another lash without the greatest danger. Although the prisoners did not witness the punishment, they could hear the shrieks of the unhappy sufferers in their cells, and it is to be hoped the contemplation of the punishment may have a salutary effect on their minds."

It is, indeed. All well constituted minds will agree in the amiable aspiration expressed by the reporter of the *Durham Chronicle*, and sincerely hope that the consideration of the flogging administered to MESSRS. CROUDACE and ALLISON, garotters, may have a salutary effect not only on the minds of the prisoners who had the advantage of hearing them roar, but also on the minds of miscreants disposed to imitate their crimes, who were out of hearing of their cries. The infliction of the lash is a degrading and dreadful punishment. May all further recourse to it, for the castigation of garotters, be rendered unnecessary by the discontinuance of garotting.

A Hint to the Park-Keepers.

WE understand that, out of compliment to those who chiefly use it, and who by their behaviour drive away more decent visitors, it is intended that St. James's Park shall be henceforth called St. Giles's.

A MARTINET OUT OF ORDER.



EALLY Indian military service appears, in some instances, to produce on the intellect a peculiar effect, such as may be considered to be exemplified in the statement thus quoted by the *Times*:—

"A PARTICULAR COLONEL.—The *Englishman* says, 'Our readers will remember that a short time past COLONEL WALTERS, of Her Majesty's 35th, commanding at Fyzabad, placed LIEUT. PROCTOR, the cantonment joint magistrate, under arrest for appearing at a ball in plain clothes. The matter was referred to the VICEROY by the Chief Commissioner, and his Excellency has expressed decided disapproval of COLONEL WALTERS's conduct, on the ground that it would be highly inconvenient, and attended often with serious results, if a commanding officer were allowed to place a military officer in civil employ under arrest for what is, after all, scarcely a military offence. The VICEROY has also requested the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to take such notice as he may think fit of COLONEL WALTERS's conduct.'"

What is there to render it necessary that a British officer should appear in his uniform at a ball? Why may he not wear plain clothes like any other man, leaving decoration to the ladies? For them, indeed, a ball may be regarded as a fit opportunity of display, but COLONEL WALTERS seems to require that officers should make it an occasion of parade. It may be a Colonel's business to prescribe the costume in which his subordinates are to face a battery of cannon, but what concern has he with that in which they dance at balls? If, at those festive assemblies, instead of waltzes and quadrilles, it were customary to execute waltzes, there would at least be some propriety in warlike attire, and still more in war-paint, which might, with consistency, be enforced by a savage Colonel. The notice which the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will probably take of the conduct of COLONEL WALTERS in placing LIEUTENANT PROCTOR under arrest for the ridiculous reason above specified will probably result, under medical direction, in the administration of antibilious medicine to the gallant Colonel, and the application of cooling lotions to his head.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF FEMALE SERVANTS, ADDRESSED TO LADIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

THE want of some practical treatise on the management of that peculiar class of individuals, female domestic servants, has long been felt in the household world. It would be impossible for us within the compass of the following remarks to give anything but a slight sketch of a subject, which may at some future time, we hope, be treated of in a more masterly and exhaustive manner by abler hands. The few hints we propose to give may not, however, be without their effect in producing a better understanding between mistress and servant; for without some guide the best intentioned persons are often through ignorance, led into errors which they themselves may be afterwards the readiest to deplore.

On engaging a new servant, it is best at once to state, without circumlocution, that the place is an exceedingly hard one, and that you very much fear she is not equal to the work. It is but mistaken kindness to attempt to set things in a pleasant and comfortable light at first. A little exaggeration the other way is better, as the subsequent surprise will be all the more pleasant to her on finding the work not so hard as represented.

It is a good plan when you are initiating the new maid into her duties, to digress at length on the merits and good qualities of some predecessor. Feelingly deplore her loss, express very faint hopes of ever getting one like her again, and end by a general lamentation over servants as they used to be, the small wages they used to ask, in comparison with what they demand now-a-days, (it will add force to your remarks if you illustrate them by a reference to the wages you give to the new-comer), and their plain and inexpensive raiment as compared with the tawdry finery and crinolines of the present time; and as servants who are fond of dress generally contrive to obtain

most admirers, you will thus be led by easy stages from crinoline to followers, against whom it is, of course, natural, nay, indispensable to the maintenance of due order and obedience that you should inveigh in no measured terms.

Having thus made matters smooth, and paved the way to a good understanding between herself and yourself, you will have the satisfaction of perceiving that you have made her "know her place," a branch of knowledge which all authorities agree to be most necessary for servants of every grade.

Should she have "a misfortin," as the breaking of a wine-glass, or the like, begin at once to blame her clumsiness, and on no account listen to any explanation ("qui s'excuse," you know, "s'accuse"), but threaten to deduct the value of the article out of her wages; for though you are, of course, aware that servants have to handle more fragile articles in one day than you have in a month, that can be no reason whatever for even the pretence of leniency, than which a mistress can possess no greater fault.

Take opportunities of blaming her before her fellow servants, this will be soothing to her feelings (if she has any, but it has been shrewdly conjectured that servants have none, at least to speak of, indeed some persons have gone so far as to consider them mere machines,) and in giving your orders send them by word of mouth from one servant to another (two heads are better than one) so that should they not be duly executed, you can have no hesitation in giving a general scolding all round, which is often a relief after any little family disagreement, such as will occur sometimes even in the best regulated households. Never scruple to contradict your maid servant flatly, even when you know you are wrong, (how can order be preserved in a house where servants know better than their mistresses?) should she plainly prove you to be in the wrong, don't give way, for that argues moral weakness, but persist in your assertion, whatever it may be, and don't, on any account, listen to her. A proneness on the part of a servant to speak in her own justification must be at once repressed, it is generally the result of that false system of over education, now, alas! so prevalent among the lower orders.

As a general rule, argue with your servants on trivial subjects; if you are getting the worst off, raise your voice and out-talk them, for, remember, your dignity must never be compromised, nor will it do to lose your self-respect in your intercourse with menials. Be continually on your guard against depredations. Depend upon it, servants are always ready to take advantage of their employers. To prevent, if possible, this pilfering on their part, maintain a system of mistrust. Insinuate on every occasion that the loaves of bread have been cut (it is not a bad plan to notch the bread or otherwise mark it), the milk watered, and the sugar taken. Always count the lumps. Do so before the servants, (it is as well to be open and above board in one's actions). Be assured that nothing does servants so much good as the being suspected. It keeps them up to their work, and whatever misguided individuals may say to the contrary, induces a more Christian spirit in mistress and maid. Should one of your servants tell you that her parents are dangerously ill, and express a wish to go and see them, you can have no compunction in refusing to give her permission, at the same time evince astonishment that she should be so wanting in all proper feeling as to wish to leave you. Ask her what she thinks you are to do while she is away. If she still persists for some unaccountable reason in wishing to go, for fear of what malignant busybodies may say, allow her ungraciously to do so, but restrict her so closely as to time that she shall have only three-quarters of an hour clear at her home, however ill her parents may be. It will never do for you to suffer inconvenience for trifles.

Rise late yourself, and scold the maids for their laziness in lying so long in bed. Assert positively that the clock had struck seven before they were down—your being asleep at that time should be no bar to your doing your duty to yourself or them.

Finally, when you are at a loss (which a good manager never should be) upon what subject to have a difference with, or vulgarly speaking, to blow up your cook, you must fall back upon that grand *pièce de résistance* dripping, or if it be winter time, upon candles. They are splendid topics for an animated discussion, the first named especially, introducing, as it does, the grand question of perquisites, with all its intricate ramifications.

Fashionable Intelligence.

(From *St. Giles's Chronicle*.)

THE interesting infant daughter of an unlicensed Spirit Seller, in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, is to be christened *Ginny*.

AN APPEAL TO BETTING MEN.—What's the odds on any horse so long as you are happy?

DRAWN GAME.—Portrait of a Brace of Partridges.



"LISTENERS NEVER," &c.

A CIRCULAR BACK STAIRS JOINING THE GRAND STAIRCASE IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE IN ENABLING YOU TO FIND YOUR PARTNER IN A CROWDED ASSEMBLY; ONLY YOU MAY DROP ON HER SUDDENLY, AND HEAR HER MENTION "THAT YOU HAVE BORED HER INTO THE NEXT GALOP, BUT SHE WILL SHOW YOU ANOTHER CARD WHEN YOU COME, AND GET OUT OF IT."

HOWLING GAROTTERS.

As if a flogged ruffian were not tolerably competent to howl for himself, the *Morning Star* helps him with an additional bellow. A couple of garotting scoundrels came under the cat at Durham the other day, and because the lash was administered in an efficacious way, our contemporary raises as much outcry as if he, and not the cowardly brutes in question had "caught it." What sentimental nonsense next? *Mr. Punch* abhors and detests the lash as a punishment for the soldier, but there is a peculiar and special case in which such an infliction is exactly the thing to be desired. The villains who, for the sake of plunder, make a dastardly attack in the dark, and fell and stun an honest man, upon whose life and energy depends the well-doing of a family, deserve any amount of punishment; but the best, both as chastisement and as example, is that which they most dread, and there is nothing so dreaded by them as physical pain. It seems that these Durham rascals, though soundly flogged, were castigated with far more tenderness than is bestowed on the soldier. Pads to protect their upper and lower regions were provided. But the lash was admirably well laid on, and they howled and shrieked tremendously, and when something was said about it in the House, SIR GEORGE GREY replied that all had been done in conformity with law, but that really "flogging must be a disagreeable operation." The House laughed and applauded, and the nation, which reserves its sympathy for deserving objects (witness the Wimbledon abstinence from amusement, and from firing, for the sake of one unfortunate man) will say, "Serve the scoundrels right, and let the same dose be administered whenever such dastardly ruffians can be got under the swing of the not quite harmless, but decidedly necessary Cat."

A VALUABLE LITTLE MORAL.

LET everybody regard as an enemy the man who is nobody's enemy but his own.

SWEET VACATION.

(As Sung Last Saturday.)

AIR—"Dulce Domum."

SING, O, Colleagues, we together,
Hey, why should our tongues be bound?
Troll we a jolly strain,
Parliament's o'er again,
Sweet Vacation, come, resound.
Sweet Vacation, Sweet Vacation!
Sweet, O sweet, O sweet Vacation!
Sweet, O sweet, O sweet O sweet Vacation!
Sweet Vacation, O resound!

Lo the happy time approaching,
When the Session's strife is done,
After the weary fray,
Now comes the time of day,
Soon will trouble's end be won.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

PAM is laughing, so is JOHNNY,
GLADSTONE, he is roaring too,
Now, Members, go away,
Off for a holiday;
We have our Vacation too.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Boys, away fling blue books dreary,
Fling away despatches dry,
Fling business right away,
Ease now shall toil repay;
Care, to thee I bid good bye.
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Come, JOHN THOMAS, call the Hansom,
To the Station let us go!
Grouse-shooting on the Moors,
Exercise out of doors!
Ever singing gaily O,
Sweet Vacation! &c.

Sing we to the Lords and Commons,
In a voice which they shall hear,
WESTBURY, come, old boy,
Wherefore delay our joy?
We are safe one more half-year!
Sweet Vacation! &c.

PIPE ALL HANDS!

CERTAINLY the wants that one sees advertised grow daily more extraordinary. Here for instance is a specimen:—

WANTED, A GOOD SECOND-HAND BISCUIT BAKER.—
Apply, &c.

Is it the biscuits or the baker that must be second-hand? In either case the quality appears a little strange to us. Who on earth can have a taste for buying biscuits second-hand, after some one else has munched them? Or, in the other case, pray what on earth is meant by a "second-hand" baker! Footmen advertise themselves sometimes as being "single-handed," so possibly the advertiser put in "second-hand" to make it clear he wished the baker to possess a second hand, which in any time of knead would certainly be useful to him.

But, talking about hands, here are some still more curious manual requirements:—

WANTED, an Experienced Skeleton and Demi-SKIRT HAND: also Machine Hands; also a good Giver-out.—Apply, &c.

Machine hands very possibly are the hands used by the Spirit-rappers to be shown at their *séances*. But what a demi-skirt hand can be we are puzzled to conceive; and still less can we imagine an experienced skeleton. Indeed the latter really is too horrible to think of, and we therefore beg to be excused from taking further thought about it.

Ugly for Ever.

ALL enamels, pigments, and other preparations of that sort, advertised as imparting bloom to the complexion, obstruct the pores of the skin, and inflame the visage, producing permanent discoloration and disfigurement, with sallowness, tan, freckles, pimples, bubuckles, wheelks, knobs and flames of fire.



THIS IS JACK SPARKLES, WHO USED TO BE SUCH A THOROUGH PRERAPHAELITE, AS WE CAME UPON HIM "AT WORK" THE OTHER DAY—AT LEAST HE CALLED IT SO. HE SAID HE HAD COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT "PAINTING WAS, AFTER ALL, MORE OR LESS A MATTER OF MEMORY, AND THAT HE WAS STUDYING SKIES!!"

RULES AND REGULATIONS

TO BE OBSERVED BY PERSONS VISITING ST. JAMES'S PARK.

1. VISITORS may enter the Park at any hour throughout the day or night, and, if they find the gates shut, they may scramble over the railings.
2. Visitors may come in any costume they think proper. Battered hats and tattered clothing are on Sundays *de rigueur*.
3. Visitors may bring with them as many dogs as they desire: mongrels, yelping curs, and savage-looking bulldogs are especially admissible. For the benefit of nervous ladies and their children, no dog is expected to be led by a string.
4. Visitors may send their dogs into the water, for the sport of fetching sticks or chevying the water-fowl. Dogs having rough coats are especially requested to shake themselves near other visitors who chance to be well dressed.
5. If any Chinese duck or other valuable water-fowl be caught and killed by any dog, it may be pocketed and cooked.
6. Visitors may walk, run, hop, skip, jump, and tumble about upon the paths, or on the grass, or on the flower-beds, without fear of interruption by the keepers of the park, and may trample down or pluck whatever flowers they think proper, and may climb or pull the branches off whatever trees they please.
7. The Park being intended as a quiet place to walk in, visitors may play at any noisy games they like, and may shout, scream, whistle, cat-call, shriek, sing, bawl, and bellow to their heart's content.
8. Smoking is permitted. Dirty pipes preferred, and dirty hands to match. Visitors who happen to have dirty faces also are requested to sit down by any decent-looking person, especially a lady, and to puff their smoke as much as possible right into her face.
9. Visitors in walking may hustle whom they choose, and, if spoken to, may use the coarsest language they can pick.
10. Visitors may pic-nic in the Park when they think proper, and are especially requested to scatter about their orange-peel, and bits of dirty paper which have served them for a table-cloth, as much as ever they can.
11. Visitors may use the Park chairs without paying for them, and may turn out any sitter who is better dressed and weaker than themselves.
12. Visitors may cut their names upon the seats and trees, or may whittle them away, or chop them up for firewood, or disfigure them in any other manner they prefer.
13. Visitors may throw stones anywhere they like, and if they happen to hurt somebody, may laugh and say, "O here's a lark!"

ASSES ON INQUESTS.

(To Coroners' Juries generally.)

BLOCKHEADS,—Read the verdict which an intelligent jury returned in the case of LEE, engineer, and TRAINER, fireman, sent by one of your description to be tried for manslaughter, on account of the deaths caused by the late accident at Egham. That intelligent jury declared that "they were strongly of opinion that there had been no culpable negligence on the part of the prisoners, and that the accident had arisen in consequence of the company having given dangerous instructions which could not be carried out." You see, that if you ought to have inflicted a trial for manslaughter on anybody, the parties whom you should have saddled with your verdict were the Railway Directors.

Know, blockheads, that it is your duty to decide according to evidence, and not to impose the anxiety and cost of a trial for felony on men against whom you have none that will sustain the charge. Observe that it is not your business to gratify the vulgar demand that responsibility shall be enforced on somebody or other, right or wrong, and that there is no law which authorises you to punish misadventure by annoyance, with the view of inducing greater care for the future. Recollect that you yourselves are responsible to

PUNCH.

Note by a Stump-Orator.

THE difference between the Science of Cricket and Ornithology appears to be, that the one classes together the Bat and the Bawl, the other, the Bat and the Owl.

14. Visitors may cadge and beg of any one they meet, and may chaff, insult, and worry any decent persons who, from age, sex, or infirmity, are unable to defend themselves.

15. The Park-keepers are instructed to go to sleep and to remain out of sight as much as possible, so as not to interfere with the proceedings of the visitors, who are to be allowed in any way that pleases them to misuse and spoil the Park, and make themselves and it as great a nuisance as they like.

LAY FROM LLANGOLLEN.

"A large party of excursionists was discharged into this peaceful locality the other day. They had drunk freely, and commenced to be insulting and outrageous, for which some of them were rather roughly handled by the inhabitants, and took away some bruises and black eyes as hints for future good behaviour to unoffending people."—*Welsh Paper*.

AIR—"The Maid of Llangollen."

THE Vale of Llangollen is all very well,
But a trip to Llangollen's no end of a sell:
Bad luck to the day on the banks of the Dee,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I'd heard a good many romantic sweet tales
Of the Passes sublime in the mountains of Wales,
Things came to a pass I did not hope to see,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I climbed to Crow Castle as brisk as a cat,
And I've just brought away a memorial of that;
For my eyes are as black as a crow's back can be,
Since the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

The jolly Welsh ale was uncommonly strong,
And through the small streets we came bawling along.
I thought on excursions all larking went free,
Till the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

While my nose was a bleeding, to add to my woes,
A Welsh harp played something called, *Ah, heed your nose!*
I know what I'll heed, which is larks by the Dee,
Where the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

LAW!—The splendid new Law Courts at Manchester have cost some thousands. BARON PIGOTT assured the Magistrates that they could not in any better way have spent the Hundreds of Salford.

SEA-LIONS AT SCHOOL.



E gentlemen of England who *don't* live on bread and cheese, but can give yourselves good dinners down at Greenwich if you please, *Punch* has some six words to say which he will thank you to attend to.

You may recollect, perhaps, that on your road to Greenwich, that is if you go by railroad, you pass a certain station which is called New Cross. Now there exists in that same neighbourhood a certain Royal Naval School, which more than thirty years ago was founded for the benefit of sons of Naval officers, and of officers in the Marines. If when you next go

down to Whitebait you just pull up at New Cross, you may learn that at this school for future COLLINGWOODS and NELSONS:—

"Nearly two hundred sons of Naval and Marine officers are now receiving the benefits of a first-rate education, qualifying them for any pursuit in life, on less terms than the actual cost of their maintenance, and a portion of these pupils, in necessitous circumstances, are maintained gratuitously, and on a merely nominal charge, preference being given to the orphans of those who have fallen in the country's service; and it is an ennobling feature in this school that the names of these, or the terms upon which they are admitted, are unknown to any one in the establishment. Cases of pressing necessity are at once met. How promptly this is done may be seen from the report of the Council, who refer, with pride, to the immediate admission, upon the foundation, of the son of an officer who was drowned in Her Majesty's ship *Orpheus*, and to numerous other instances in which orphans have been received, without the delay, expense, and anxiety of canvassing for votes; all these cases being thoroughly sifted and decided solely on their merits."

If you have time enough, you also may just have a little chat with MR. ALFRED EAMES, who has managed from its birth the finances of the school, and, to his credit be it said, never has allowed it to get into debt. MR. EAMES is much too modest to brag of his good management; but if you chance to look benevolent, he will very likely drop a gentle hint that schools, however well they are managed,

do as a rule cost money, and that the Royal Naval School is no exception to the rule. On hearing this, perhaps, you will assume a hurried air and pull your watch out hastily, and suddenly remember that your train is due for Greenwich. Of course *Punch* too well knows what is due to a good appetite, to recommend you to run risks of being late for dinner and finding your fish spoiled. But, dinner being over, and the bump of your benevolence being pleasantly excited by the whitebait you have copiously been washing down your throat, just talk the matter over with the friends you have around you; and, as you glance at Greenwich Hospital, where old sea-lions have a den provided them for life, just cast your eye up-stream and think of New Cross Naval School, which has been launched expressly for the sons of old sea-lions, of a somewhat higher breed.

Ten thousand pounds or so is all that is required for the completion of the School, which then will hold three hundred scholars, as its founders wished it should do. If you don't happen to have this trifling sum about you after payment of your bill (and after a fish-dinner one is apt to find one's person somewhat fuller than one's purse), the best thing you can do is just to write a cheque for the few hundreds or so lying idle at your banker's, and get the friends about you to do the same. For fear of any accident, you can stop on your way home and leave the cheques with MR. EAMES, who, if you ask him prettily, will not object to take them because perhaps the signatures are not written quite straight.

It has been lyrically stated that—

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

But wooden walls, or even iron ones, would prove of little service, if wooden heads commanded them. By the Royal Naval School the heads of future Captains are saved from growing ligneous, and Admirals that are to be have their brains put in good trim to go on active service whenever there is need. So, ye gentlemen of England, who'd live at home at ease, Without fear of molestation by the French or Portuguese, or Russians, Prussians, Spaniards, Turks, Dutch, Yankees, or Chinese, Or any other nation that has ships upon the seas, Subscribe unto the Naval School at New Cross if you please, And teach our young sea-lions how to mind their *q's* and *p's*. Only one wing more is wanted to complete this Naval School; so give your ten thousand pounds more, gentlemen, and up will go this wing: and the school, having two wings, will then get on "like flying."

EXTORTION OF INLAND REVENUE.

FROM letters that continue to be sent to the *Times* by executors and lawyers, it appears that the authorities of the Inland Revenue Office are conducting the affairs of their Legacy and Succession Duty Department like low tradesmen, rascals who keep their accounts in a slovenly way, neglect to enter the payments made to them, and every now and then try on the dodge of sending in again the bill that has been already paid, on the chance that the loss of receipts by the customer will enable them to make him pay it twice over; when the receipts are produced against them saying that they are "very sorry." The agent of this scoundrelism is, of course, not to be blamed for it, if, in its execution, he only obeys orders. He is no more a thief than the JACK KETCH who hangs an innocent man by official warrant is a murderer. The instrument of the extortion practised by the Legacy Duty Office is named in the *Times*, a MR. TREVOR. His employment seems to consist in looking up the accounts of duty due and settled some twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, but of which the settlement was unrecorded by the fault of negligent clerks, and demanding the repayment of the Government bill with the menace of a Crown prosecution. If this TREVOR is not a malignant misanthrope, availing himself of the facilities of his position to amuse himself by the infliction of misery and ruin upon everybody whom he finds in his power, his employers will surely be at once dismissed from Her Majesty's Service. The Trevoracity of these harpies is insufferable. Either they should be sent about their business, or MR. TREVOR should be obliged to exchange his situation for an appointment in Bedlam.

Architectural.

It is said that portions of St. Paul's must shortly undergo repair. It is also proposed that a Festival in honour of SIR CHRISTOPHER be held. The Dean, however, opposes all Wren-ovation.

SPORT.—*Nice Dinner for Sporting Men.*—Steaks and Cup.

LATHER AND SMOKE.

WE read in the *Leicester Journal* that a barber, named ALLEN, charged before the Magistrates of the balloo-destroying borough with Sunday shaving, pleaded—

"That the persons who laid the informations were actually carrying on business of a much more annoying and demoralising character, that of tobaccoist and cigar dealers, and were teaching boys and youths to smoke bad Cigars on the Sunday, to the annoyance of all respectable persons."

Well said, ALLEN the Shaver. For boys and youths to smoke at all is bad, for them to smoke on Sunday is worse, but for them to smoke bad Cigars on Sunday to the annoyance of respectable people is worst. You are a logical man, and we dare say an easy shaver, and we agree with the Magistrates that there was very great force in what you said. We wish they had not fined you. We approve your protest against the sickening sight of brats sucking tobacco. It is a pity that the police are not empowered to take away pipes and cigars from the little wretches, and box their asinine ears. However, as we must not say with POPE,

"Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Shave beards by stealth and blush to find it fame,"

Mr. *Punch* makes the fine up to you by this piece of fame, well deserved by your remonstrance.

The New Draft.

KING LINCOLN, at Confederate raid in twitters,
To a new draft his subjects would compel;
The newest draft for Yankee-land were bitters—
The wholesome bitters drawn from Truth's own well.

ARISTOCRATIC AND SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Creation of a New Peer—at Brighton.

NEW RAILWAY SIGNALS.

(From the Code Godsonian.)



drawn up for the future guidance of the officials connected with the New Railway Line, which, when opened, will be entitled, The N. S. E. W. Colwell Hatchney Railway :—

1. GENERAL SIGNALS.

Blowing a Whistle.
Blowing a Nose.
Playing the Trombone.
Waving your Hand gracefully.
Waiving an Objection politely.

Stirring the Fire with the Sugar-tongs.
Imitating HERR VON JOEL on a Walking Stick.
Winding up a Watch (Anybody's) the wrong way.
(With Power to add to their Number.)

As these general signals have no arbitrary signification, they may mean anything, everything, nothing, or something, which it will be the duty of the stoker, the engine-driver, the signalman, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, sitting in Committee on the top of a first class compartment, in an express train, to decide upon, and see carried out, even if accompanied with personal violence.

2. The persons employed on the Line shall be a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, ploughboy, apothecary, thief. This will ensure due attention being paid to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. Each one of these shall be empowered to give signals to any one else.

3. Waving a black flag on a black dark night far away from any light, means danger.

4. Standing on a Line on which the express train is just coming, means danger to one person. Two in the same position, means danger to more, and so on.

TIME.

1. The Trains on the New Line shall run every *seven minutes*, and in order to prevent confusion, *fifteen minutes* at least shall be allowed between the starting and departure of each Train.

2. Every ten minutes, a plate-layer shall cross the line as a signal to the fireman that his dinner is ready.

3. There shall be five minutes' difference between all the clocks at the several stations on the Line, so as to ensure the quickest train reaching its destination *in no time*, and to suit the requirements of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*.

4. The Company intend to run Trains just whenever they like, without reference to any stated times, which are only a source of nuisance, and unnecessary excitement to the travelling public.

DUTIES OF SIGNALMAN.

The *Red Flag*. The Signalman may wave the Red Flag, whenever he feels elated or excited, as a sign of his jollity and happiness.

Red and Blue Flags. To be waved as a sign that it is a Director's birthday.

Waving a White Flag Violently. Means "Hooray!" "Three cheers," &c., or anything of that sort.

The *Red Light* shall mean "Stop!" except when it means "Go on!"

The *Blue*, *vice versa*.

The *Green* shall mean nothing.

The *Yellow* anything.

General Rules.—Blue on yellow, Red's your player in hand. As at Pool, so here, the aim of the Company is to fill the Pockets, and "lives" are lost at this game.

THE GUARDS.

Every Guard shall carry a Red light, a Blue light, a Bengal light and a box of CHILD'S Night Lights. He shall also be light-headed. He will also be provided with as many flags as M. ROBIN used to produce out of an ordinary hat; besides the

Standards of all Nations. He shall also carry all the Acts of Parliament affecting Railways, and a book containing Lines from different Poets, and a short history of the Seven Sleepers. He must know the current number of *Bradshaw* by heart.

NOTICE.

The Company will hold themselves responsible for nothing.

CROQUÊT.

XVII.

THIS is the state at present of the game, Miss SMITH's not had her turn: Miss BROWN the same; Red, croquêt, does for speedy vengeance call, While Green continues striking now the ball; This rule can't fail the losers to provoke, Viz., that a Croquêt's followed by a stroke; Oftimes, to Croquêt helps you to a place, Which you would not have reached so soon; this case Was JONES's, for, at Hoop three, is the Green Where he could not, without Red's help, have been; Thus selfishly ambitious worldlings play, Clinging to who will help them on their way, Whom, being used, they will, at the first chance, Croquêt away, and thus themselves advance. At the third Hoop now Green prepares to fire, With grim delight Red views him strike the wire, And "better luck next time," cries Red, "old fellow!" "Show him no quarter, but be careful, Yellow." This to Brunette, who makes the first and second, Then Roquêts Green, on which she had not reckoned, Then Croquêts him away, not very far, While ROBINSON exclaims, "Green, there you are!" As through the third Hoop goes Brunette; the two Foes eye each other, "Now the fourth she'll do." Right through again! all are astonished; she Is more amazed than any of the three. The fifth, at her *next* stroke she cannot do; Hoop five, to four, is, as was three to two; The last but one before the turning post Is number five, which she, as 'twere, may coast; So for this neutral Port does Yellow steer, Placing herself the wished-for haven near.

XVIII.

N.B. You mayn't, howe'er its place entice, The same ball Croquêt in your one turn twice, 'Tis as immutable as Median laws, But yet to this there is a saving clause :— If twice you'd have a ball your Croquêt take, Between the strokes, your Hoop, in order, make. Yellow, Green Croquêt, can't th' assault anew Repeat, till she her proper Hoop's gone through; When through the Hoop that's next, the Yellow's been, Naught hinders but she can re-Croquêt Green. Observe, my friends, the fourth stroke that JONES made, Was viciously, not well, or wisely played. When Green drove Red as far away from sight As possible, he did it out of spite: He should have Croquêtred Red that 't might arrive Where it would help him on through number five; Before which, meeting him, with well-aimed thwack, He'd send him to Hoop nine, till he came back; And so on: thus the *Second* player may At once make all the Hoops by skilful play. Without a purpose Croquêt not a ball: Or *really* play, or do not play at all. Ladies, at Croquêt I'd not have much talking, Some chatter from a spiteful love of baulking. The silent player plans a careful game, And shoots the careless with a surer aim.

Thankful for Small Mercies.

THE Irish are certainly the oddest birds out. That collection of "Martyrs of Circumstance," the Avonmore Lot, has been ringing bells, drinking healths, and making specches at an Irish place called Belleisle, all for joy because the House of Lords has solemnly declared that LORD AVONMORE's son, MAJOR YELVERTON, was not to be believed. We don't see much in that declaration to cause either astonishment or jubilation. However, the "Siege of Belleisle" is not raised yet.



LETTER H.

First Manly Voice. "BEAUTIFUL HAIR, ISN'T IT, FRED?"

[LAURA, who had not expected to make a Conquest so soon as their first afternoon at Sludgey-on-the-Ooze, listens not displeased.

Second Manly Voice. "YES;—NICE BREEZE, SO REFRESHIN' AFTER THE 'EATED HATMOSPHERE OF THE METROPOLIS!!"

[And LAURA was properly Chaffed by her Younger Sisters, who took stock of the Speakers.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(Respectfully Dedicated to Small German Princes in general.)

THERE is an ancient fable that everybody knows,
Whose truth and point come closer home the older that one grows.
It is as young as yesterday, ancient as HOMER's times:
Its moral's seen in action in all ages, ranks and climes.

A cat once with a monkey lived in *Bund*, if not in *Bond*,
Which Puss—or Pruss let's call her—was of roasted chesnuts fond;
But on these toothsome fruits while she was fain to close her jaws,
She had a wholesome horror of singed hair and toasted paws.

One day Miss PRUSS, much meditant upon her favourite Diet,
Long o'er her claws in velvet sheathed with closed lids had sat quiet;
Sudden her green eye twinkled; she rose, purred sweet on Pug,
And closed her soft fur round him in an electric hug.

Now this monkey was, at some points, an exception to his kind;
Neither lecherous, nor yet treacherous, nor to mischief much inclined:
Bumptious he was: went with his nose in air and tail tight-curved:
Chattered: laid down the law—in short, a monkey of the world—

But on the whole a kindly, inoffensive little Pug,
Quite contented in a mirror to gloat on his own mug,
If kept out of the way of edge-tools, gun-powder, fire,—
Things Pugs always come to grief with, and so most to them aspire.

But whether 'twas the thrilling of Miss PRUSS's fiery fur,
Or the seductive whisper of her insidious purr,
Certain it is, Pug's passions seemed to take a sudden start,
And Miss PRUSS's crave for chesnuts flashed through his little heart.

"Chesnuts!" mewed Puss. "Roast-chesnuts! Duchy chesnuts! or
I die—"

And "Chesnuts! Duchy chesnuts!" chattered Pug, "or so do I."

"'Tis I will light the fire," quoth Puss, "and all the world I vouch
That 'tis not for myself I roast, but that Pug may fill his pouch."

Then Pug clawed Puss in gratitude, and Puss purred sweet on
Pug;

The fire was made, the chesnuts laid in the ashes, smooth and snug;
They hissed, spat, sweated, shrivelled, split, while Pug and Puss, safe
posted,

Watched their various ways of showing their objections to being roasted.

"They're done!" quoth Puss, "How savoury they smell! but, Pug,
I say,

We mustn't let 'em roast too long, or they'll roast all away.

Now to extract the dainties from the fire's hungry maw!"
"Don't burn yourself!" quoth Pug. Quoth Puss: "Oh no—I'll
use *your* paw!"

So said, so done: ere simple Pug could argue, plan, inquire,
His luckless paw was into, and the nuts out of, the fire.
You may see him chafing, chattering, wringing his blistered paw,
While Puss nibbles up the chesnuts, and bids Pug "hold his jaw."

MORAL.

The moral's the important point; if in our adaptation
We've reversed the actors' functions, excuse the alteration.
Our Puss we've made the artful one, our Pug the tool eximious,
As BISMARCK fits the feline part, the smaller powers the simious.

"I Deny your Major."—*Falstaff.*

DOD's *Peerage* says that MAJOR YELVERTON is connected with the
houses of Sayers and of Walker. There is a class of sayers whose
sayings make many people say "Walker!" but we did not expect such
rudeness from the House of Lords.



BRIGANDS DIVIDING SPOIL.

WHALLEY THE WISE.

MR. G. H. WHALLEY has lost no time in giving an account of his Parliamentary Stewardship to the intelligent electors of Peterborough, who do themselves so much honour, and so thoroughly vindicate their title to the franchise, by returning that determined enemy of Popery. We regret that we can find room only for a portion of his admirable address to his constituents.

MR. WHALLEY, after a sketch of the past Session, and references to his introduction of a protest against the Church of Rome on the Third Reading of every Railway Bill and other domestic measure, proceeded: "I shall continue this course. I am asked what Popery has to do with railways? I answer, Everything. I know that nearly every station-master is a Jesuit in disguise, and some day when there is a Roman Catholic rebellion, and troops are wanted, the lines will be blocked, and probably collisions will be arranged for the destruction of the Queen's soldiers. The Jesuits are everywhere. Do you know why the Nelson Column is not complete? Because Popery obstructs homage to the victor of Roman Catholic fleets, and SIR EDWIN LANDSEER has been converted. (*Cheers.*) Do you know that the LORD CHANCELLOR of England, in utter defiance of the law that the keeper of the QUEEN's conscience shall have no Popish leanings, has favoured the interests of MRS. YELVERTON? Why? Because that lady is a Catholic. (*Sensation.*) Do you know that the QUEEN OF SPAIN has ordered a statue to COLUMBUS? Why? Because the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has founded a new Catholic empire in America, and that in ten years Federals and Confederates will lie at the feet of the POPE. Gentlemen, I have often felt pangs of conscience at representing a borough called after St. Peter, and I do wish you would change the name of your town. (*Cheers.*) Are you aware that in the heart of London, in front of the most magnificent railway terminus we have, is rising a beautiful and costly copy of an Eleanor's Cross, the superstitious monument erected by a Popish king? Do you know that the conductor of the music at our noblest opera-house, (visited I am sorry to say by the Heir to the Throne) is M. COSTA, a Catholic, and that he has got a dispensation for leading the *Huguenots* and the National Anthem? Have you heard that EARL RUSSELL, the pretended enemy of Popery, is going to bring in a Bill for restoring to his relative's property its old Popish name of Convent Garden? You knew, gentlemen, that the London General Omnibus Company was a foreign speculation, but do you know that all the conductors are Jesuit priests, that they charge half fares to passengers who cross themselves, and misdirect to Catholic chapels those who inquire the way to Protestant places of worship. (*Shame.*) Yes, gentlemen, and can you hear with patience that a Catholic Tract Society has obtained leave from MR. PANIZZI, of the British Museum, to insert a tract in every volume of the Library? Does MR. PANIZZI's name remind you of England or of Italy? Was there a word, gentlemen, in the QUEEN's Speech last week, to remind us that the Sovereign is a Protestant? Not one. But the QUEEN was made to go out of her way to express satisfaction that she is on good terms with the EMPEROR OF CHINA. Who cares for the EMPEROR OF CHINA in himself? But what so-called Christian religionists have had for hundreds of years the greatest sway in the Chinese Empire—who have been tolerated when Protestants have been excluded? Why, the Jesuits. (*Cheers.*) Again, do you note that it is made matter of boast that the French and English are drawing into closer alliance, Catholic with Protestant? (*Cheers.*) Ay, you cheer, but that is not all. Who is our friend's friend? Who, at this moment of the increased amity is about to visit the Tuileries? The KING OF SPAIN. Does that anti-Protestant bigot come for nothing? Will LORD COWLEY see him? We live in awful and perilous times, gentlemen. I know for a fact that there were hundreds of Catholics among the Rifleman at Wimbledon, and that if one of them had been the best marksman of the meeting, LADY ELCHO would have unhesitatingly presented him with the QUEEN's Prize. (*Sensation.*) Yes, and how soon would that silver vase have become the ornament of a Popish mass-house? It was providential that it fell to MR. WYATT, who is a Protestant, but no thanks to the authorities. Why have passports just been so universally abolished on the Continent? In order to entrap Englishmen and Englishwomen into Catholic countries in order to promote proselytism? Why has the cross on St. Paul's just been ostentatiously and splendidly regilt? Look at that. And why is a magnificent bridge being constructed, at vast expense, at Blackfriars—and observe that Popish name, gentlemen. Because Blackfriars Bridge will open a tempting and delightful road from mid-London to CARDINAL WISEMAN's Popish cathedral, St. George's. Lastly, gentlemen, though I could give you a hundred similarly alarming demonstrations, hear this. You have heard of MR. BANTING. His system is artfully promulgated all over the country. It is pretended that he merely desires to reduce the over-corpulent. Bah! He is a Jesuit priest, and his object is to introduce and make popular the Popish practice of regular Fasting. Yes, gentlemen, I repeat that we live in perilous times, and the Triple Crown will soon dominate the Three Kingdoms."

MR. WHALLEY sat down amidst loud cheers and passionate cries of "No Popery!"

THE "SECOND COLUMN" OF PUNCH.

(An Improvement on that of the Times.)

JIG. Grandmamma crusty. Cat has blue kittens. Don't come.

WOMBATS has no tails. F. Z. S.

FRANK. You have been watched—and found not worth watching.

WIGGLES has split. Beef it.

KATE. Photograph received, and you won't do. Evidently a squint. You are forgiven. Get thee to a nunnery. CEELEBS.

HUME.—Thermometer up to snuff. Spirits boil. Zero nunquam est ad bonos mores. Fire.

WAPSHOT fizzlegig barabbas yah bowlegs nifflekin jinks B 16 yubble wobbleby law bacon erysipelas toad lobboly-boy gr mx jones bleat scrunch. Address, Liverpool, as before. SNUMPS.

IF the GENTLEMAN who drew an inference on Tuesday, and drew it so correctly that it is clear he cannot be a Royal Academician, is as able to draw a cheque, he may send it to IMPECUNIOSA, *poste restante*, Regent's Park.

LOST, the Half of a Five Pound note, of which the advertiser had previously lost the other half, and therefore cannot tell the number, but any one will do, and preferably a whole one. Address, Roderick Doo, the Minorities.

LOST, by a Lady, at least missing, for it is absurd to say that she can have lost it, as she is exceedingly careful about money matters, but the shopman was pestering her to look at several things at the same time, and it was past her husband's dinner hour, and he makes such a fuss if he is kept waiting. P.S. She is not quite sure whether it was a cheque or a note, but it must have been one or the other, because she had no silver except halfpence, which she remembers because she was going to give a beggar-child a penny, and did not, and it was on the day of the Horticultural Fête, or else the Crystal Palace Concert. Please send it to her house, and enclosed to herself.

LOST, two hours waiting for two ladies at the Waterloo Station. Will never take them out any more. No further reward will be offered. S.

LOST, a PORTE-MONNAIE, supposed in an Atlas Omnibus. It contained nothing of any very great value, except the photograph of a policeman (new helmet) and some love verses cut from the *Family Herald*, and commencing, "I dare not bid thee blow thy nose." Direct, Rosalind, Area, 17, Lycurgus Cottages, Somerstown.

THE EXECUTOR (or EXECUTIONER), of SAMUEL HALL, (supposed to have finally disappeared in connection with an unlegalised arrangement for equalising capital by nocturnal taxation at private residences) is requested to communicate with his representatives, care of BARNEY AARONS, Esq., Houndsditch, in the event of any property of the supposed late Hall being in the possession of the above. If not, never mind.

RED GERANIUM. I said what I meant, and I mean what I said. Your old party took care I should not speak to you again in the train, but I am single, deeply affectionate, and though I have no tin, I expect from the style of your dad's trap that he has lots. Drop us a line to "Pensive James," Blotcher and Scratchley's, law stationers, Mile-end.

APOLOGY TO SLAPP BANGER, Esq.—Sir, In consideration of your having kindly abstained from punching my head in the presence of females at the Music Hall on Saturday night, for saying in an ungaurded instant that you was no gentleman, I humbly recal that objectionable sentiment, which was only prompted by the heat of the moment, and of the room, and of the iced lemonade, and by your shoving me off my seat, and calling me a dirty little snob, and I regret using expressions as are derogatory, and you may publish this.

Witness, Bob A'Dill Blazes (*Irish Native Militia*).

MOSES SNEAKER.

COURT of FIRST INSTANCE, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, FRANCE.

On the complaint of Arry Snook, English subject, and vaulter of *comptoirs*, that Ernest Perigord, French subject, and perfumer, lately sold him a confection under the name of *Crème de Rhinoceros*, warranted to make the youth Snook's hair black:

Considering that the hair of Snook hath turned green by force of such confection.

Considering that green hair may injure Snook in his business, by promoting the ridicule of the frivolous, who are the chief customers of Snook's master.

The Court doth order, and make it of record, Book 198, p. 1037, charge for entering, three francs, six centimes, that Perigord shall rub into Snook, *franco*, a pot of his *Huile D'Hippopotamus*, day by day, till compensation. L'ANE (*Huissier*).

FOUND, lately, something rather elegant. To prevent fraud, the

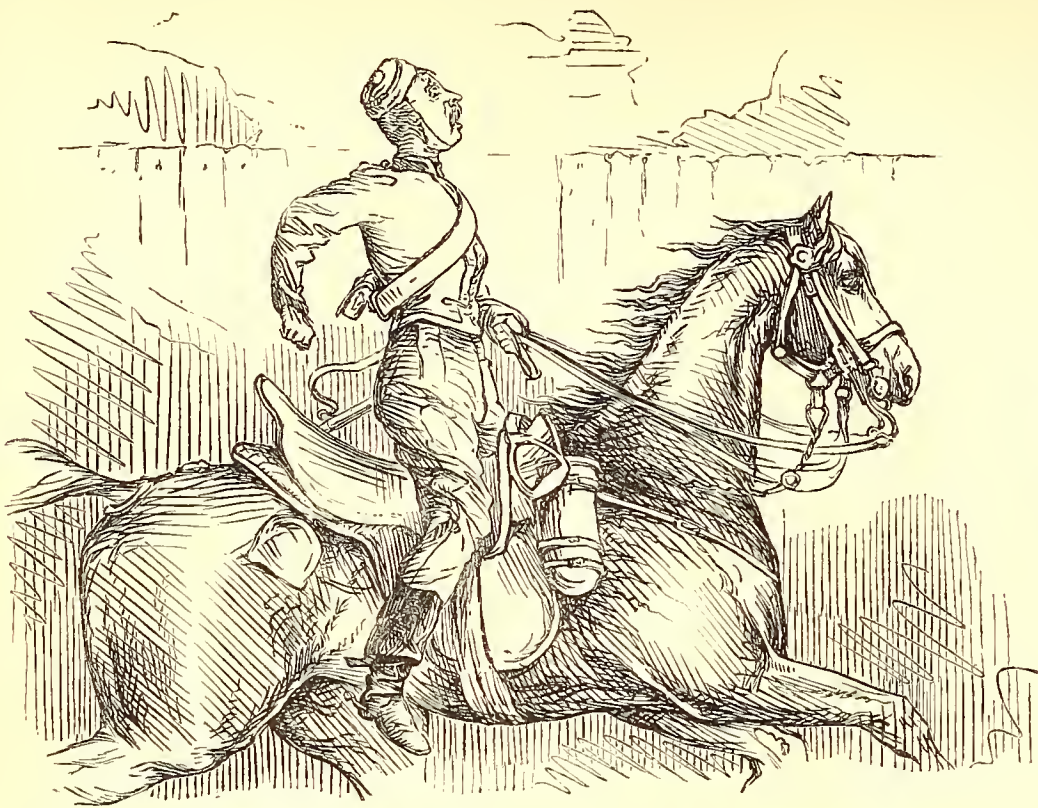
Advertiser declines being more particular in the description, and if it is not claimed in twenty-four hours, her conscience will be satisfied, and she means to keep it. N.B. She will not look at an advertisement for six months from this time. Address, A. B., London.

LATRO.—When first I met thee warm and young, I little thought thou would'st be hung. Pausc and repent, my thievish friend, or on a line thou wilt depend.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD will be given to anybody who will reveal the means of preventing the publication of any new novel whose interest is based upon the violation of the sixth, seventh, or eighth commandment. Address, Paterfamilias, Anywhere.

FAST.—Your fears might have been dissipated, if you had not been so yourself. Proceed to the City of Bladud, and obtain artificial baldness.

JOHN.—I have made a new will, and your only benefit under it will be as an inmate of the Asylum for Idiots, to which I have left what I had meant for you. Bless you.



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.—No. 2.

"NOW THEN, SIR! SIT WELL BACK, AND LET HIM BUMP YOU, SIR."

BEEES AND BEEHIVES.

SIR,—Here is a communication which I've just received from the Master of the College at St. Bees.

What the old Queen Bee said, in this last very hot week, when she was going with her party out of the Hive, "This is *warm* work." To which a Country drone replied, "Yes it be's."

The letters in the *Times* on this subject are highly instructing. But Bee Master has not given us any information concerning the mauagement of a "Bee in a Bonnet;" nor does he once allude to those Scotch insects known as the Drones of a Bagpipe. Hoping to hear something more in this matter.

I remain, Sir, Yours truly,
HONEY SOIT.

Progress of the Embankment.

WE are happy to say that this important metropolitian work is making great progress. Thanks to the energy of the contractors, the stream of traffic in Fleet Street and the Strand is all but choked up, and will soon be completely diverted from the main arteries of London. The dams are very numerous and strong. Nothing is now driven in the neighbourhood except the carts and the piles.

NEW PUBLICATION.—Unpoetical "Lines on a Lady's face,"—Crows'-feet.

THE NAGGLETONS UPON ROME.

The happy couple are at Breakfast in their house in the fashionable locality in which we had last the pleasure of meeting them. MR. NAGGLETON is, of course, reading his "Times." MRS. NAGGLETON has received some letters by the morning post, and has been meditating on their contents.

Mrs. Naggleton. HENRY, this is the First of August.

Mr. Naggleton (without looking up). MARIA, your chronology is indisputable. Moreover, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. N. Good feeling would dictate your avoiding a joke on *that* subject, HENRY.

Mr. N. (conscious). O, isn't it your birthday, my dear? But that is no reason why I should not wish you a happy return of the day, or of any day.

Mrs. N. Happiness is a word for persons who are differently circumstanced from myself, HENRY, but I am making no complaint. I merely reminded you that this is the first of August.

Mr. N. (prepares to receive cavalry). I had already learned that fact from the newspaper.

Mrs. N. You may learn something else from it, I dare say, and be told that everybody but ourselves is out of town.

Mr. N. If there is such a personal statement, my dear, I shall come to it presently, and I will then consider whether I ought to call the editor to account.

Mrs. N. I think, HENRY, that by this time you have known me quite long enough—

Mr. N. My dear, I am incapable of admitting anything so rude.

Mrs. N. (emphatically). Quite long enough to be aware that nonsense may delay what I may wish to say, but cannot prevent it.

Mr. N. Have I ever refused my tribute to your pertinacity, my dear MARIA? What do you wish to say now?

Mrs. N. What it would not have been necessary for me to say, if I had had a different husband.

Mr. N. Well, you have an indifferent one. Agreed. Go on.

Mrs. N. Indifferent, indeed, HENRY. Indifferent to the state of my health, and that of his children.

Mr. N. Agreed, again. How hard he tried to get you from Mrs. OWLEYBIRD's party on Friday, when morning was dawning. And how pleasantly he handed DR. PETER GRIEVOUS a cheque for thirty-seven pounds on Saturday for medical attendance. Your husband is all that is objectionable, but make the best of him while he lasts.

Mrs. N. (mildly). It is, I am sure, as much for your own sake as mine that I wish, if we are to visit the Continent, that we should not delay until the season becomes unhealthy.

Mr. N. But suppose we are not to visit the Continent. Who's the Continent, that we owe him so much attention?

Mrs. N. O, go to Southend, if you like, or stay at home, and shut the front shutters. I don't care.

Mr. N. Very well, my dear. As that is the case, I will consider those two excellent suggestions. At first blush I seem to prefer the shutters.

Mrs. N. Is this the way in which we ought to converse, HENRY? I am sure that I hear nothing like it between other couples. MR. WINKLETOP can be playful in answering his wife, but it is affectionate fun.

Mr. N. Playful darlings!

Mrs. N. And though MR. and MRS. GOUGH-HAWE are always laughing, they understand one another, and she has no wish ungratified. But you are always in an attitude of fighting and resistance.

Mr. N. Ajax defying the lightning; eh? Am I so ferocious? Well, look on me as another classical sculpture, the Dying Gladiator; and now, what can I do for you before I die?

Mrs. N. Ah! Those allusions remind me of what would indeed make me happy. But it is of no use talking.

Mr. N. Never mind that. Talk. What is it? Do you want to go to M. BRUCCIANI's new gallery, and see his casts?

Mrs. N. Shall I ever see Rome? Here is a letter from MRS. BOSSER, who is there, and who writes in perfect raptures of its treasures of art and of antiquity.

Mr. N. MRS. BOSSER? No, no, MARIA. Come.

Mrs. N. There is her letter. *(Throws it to him.)*

Mr. N. No, thank you. LORD PALMERSTON says he has had no time for twenty years to read anything but manuscript. I prefer print, not being eighty. But MRS. BOSSER. I think it was that eminent lover of art who told us LANDSEER's dogs were clever, but not equal to those of ANIMAL CARRACCI, and I am sure it was that eminent antiquarian who told us that Hereford Cathedral was being restored in the Renaissance style.

Mrs. N. Your spiteful memory supplies an argument against you. We go abroad to learn.

Mr. N. Some of us, like yourself, my dear MARIA, have nothing to learn, except how to stay at home.

Mrs. N. I am too painfully conscious of my own deficiencies to accept an insincere compliment dictated by a mean economy.

Mr. N. (enraged). Then I would avoid exposing those deficiencies to fellow-travellers, as you would do in a place like Rome.

Mrs. N. (gently). There was a time, HENRY, when you pretended to take pleasure in showing new objects to your wife, and making her enjoy them by your clever explanations, and the information that you have so curiously acquired.

Mr. N. (hit, but staggering up). There is nothing curious in it. I have endeavoured to read books, and I have tried to remember what was in them.

Mrs. N. Men's minds are so much better trained than ours, and you learn to apply your knowledge at a moment's notice. I know nothing

more delightful to a wife than to be able to turn to her husband for anything she wants to know, and I am sure that if you and I could see Rome together, it would be something to remember all our lives.

Mr. N. (moved). My dear, I am a humble but faithful adherent to the Church of England as by Law Established. What could I say to myself, if your Protestant principles should be sapped by the Scarlet Lady, and you should seek refuge in a convent?

Mrs. N. (playfully). I took the veil once, my love, and my courage has not been so very well rewarded that I am inclined to try again; so do not be afraid, or perhaps I should say, have no hopes.

Mr. N. Well, but look here now. Another year I would not object. But we are too late for Rome this year.

Mrs. N. We can never be too late for the Eternal City. *MRS. BOSSER* is enchanted with it.

Mr. N. The Eternal City and *WIDOW BOSSER*. "Powers eternal, such names mingled." Really, *MARIA*, the idea of a woman of your intellectual power being led by that idiot, at whom you used to be always laughing.

Mrs. N. I am not led by her, *HENRY*.

Mr. N. (artfully). Yes, you are; and I cannot understand the ascendancy she has acquired over you. Even *SNOTCHLEY*, the milk-and-honey boy, has remarked that you dress at her, repeat her foolish sayings, and surrender your own judgment to hers.

Mrs. N. If you permit another person to make disparaging remarks to you about your own wife, I say no more.

Mr. N. But I did not permit it. The words were hardly out of his mouth when I gave him my mind on his impertinence, and he will not repeat it; but, to do him justice, he apologised by urging that he only noticed what everybody else said, wondering at your humility.

Mrs. N. That settles the question.

Mr. N. And you will not give further cause for such tattle by following *MRS. BOSSER* to Rome at her bidding.

Mrs. N. I will go to Rome to show how utterly I despise tattlers and backbiters.

Mr. N. (hoist with his own petard). I do not quite see it in that light.

Mrs. N. If you have the spirit of a man, you will. And I will write to *MR. SNOTCHLEY* this very morning, and tell him among other things, that while *MRS. SNOTCHLEY* owes me for the very shawl in which she came to my party—

Mr. N. (mildly, seeing a door of deliverance). What shawl, my dear?

Mrs. N. (indignantly). What shawl? Have men no eyes? Did you not put it on her great shoulders yourself, and quote something ridiculous about not displaying her beauties to the moon.

Mr. N. (quietly). I understood you to say it was your shawl, my dear. The one I gave you on your—birthday? (*With meaning.*)

Mrs. N. (too angry to be discreet). I never liked it, as you know.

Mr. N. You told me it was sweet.

Mrs. N. I didn't—or I hadn't tried it on—or one changes one's mind. At least she said she liked it, and I let her have it at the price you said it cost, and she owes me the money.

Mr. N. (to himself). Not a bad bargain for us, if she pays that, and takes a year's credit. *MARIA*, I don't like this.

Mrs. N. Don't like what?

Mr. N. I say nothing about ladies selling things—I suppose you have your own code of high manners. But I made you a present on your birthday, and you pretend to be delighted with it, and then you sell it. I shall remember that.

Mrs. N. No doubt you will. It will be an admirable excuse for stinginess for the rest of your life.

Mr. N. I have never been stingy, and you have no right to say so.

Mrs. N. I shall say what I like.

Mr. N. Still, at your time of life, you should set your children an example of speaking the truth.

Mrs. N. So I do.

Mr. N. I deny it. And I repeat that you did not do a wife-like act in parting with a present of mine.

Mrs. N. A wonderful present, certainly, to make a fuss about. And I am not a child, or a slave, to have a thing given me on condition I always watch over it, and never lose it.

Mr. N. If your temper had been given you on those conditions, my dear, I fear you would be without one. I am glad to find that you are not.

Mrs. N. (suddenly changing from volcano to iceberg). Will you buy a Continental *Bradshaw* to-day, and ascertain about the route to Italy?

Mr. N. (solemnly). I will not. No, *MARIA*. Every walk we might take in Rome would remind me of this painful disclosure. As you have said, the Eternal City would be an eternal memory. The Tarpeian Rock would recal domestic treachery. The Via Sacra would show me *MRS. SNOTCHLEY* going to church in my shawl. Bitter thoughts would have a long Triumph in the Forum; and the inevitable ball at the banker's would make me think of the cheque *SNOTCHLEY* owes. South-end, or the Shutters, or even Paris; but no Rome.

[Exit under cover of his own fire; and then, outside, and with a disreputable grin,

But to quote a Roman poet, *Sic me servavit Apollo*.

Mrs. N. (within). I did not think I should get him even to Paris; but there's nothing like asking for more than you want. That is safe, and I love Paris. I wonder whether *MR. SNOTCHLEY* did say a word of all that. I will call and lunch there, and perhaps she will pay me. Lucky I did not tell him that I had sold the shawl to her at half-price.

FRANCE.

(From Somebody Else's Correspondent.)



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is at Vichy, and daily takes a Bath. The KING OF THE BELGIANS is reported to have called this "a very Vichy-vashy sort of proceeding."

Everything is peaceful in Kabylia, in consequence of the tribes having exterminated one another. The French have therefore very little trouble with the natives now.

The other day the EMPEROR, dressed as *BLONDIN*, took a walk on a rope stretched aloft more than a hundred feet above ground. Anything to heighten his popularity; though his Imperial Majesty, in a letter to a Private in the Foot Chasseurs, whom he has kindly been instructing in drill exercises, merely alludes to the

performance as a method for elevating the people's taste.

The most curious point in the *Napoleon Correspondence* is, considering the distance of time between the two, the marked correspondence between *NAPOLEON THE FIRST* and *NAPOLEON THE THIRD*.

The French troops are leaving Mexico; but as they have not discharged the bill for their lodgings, and have left several small accounts still unsettled, it is expected that they intend to pay—another visit.

The Three per Cents. closed at 60f. 30c., and a New Line of Railway opened at 6:30 P.M. on the same day.

The Right Men in the Right Places.

MR. ROEBUCK's airing-ground.—Wormwood Scrubs.

MR. HORSMAN's Parliamentary property.—Noman's land.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE's College.—Brasenose.

MR. WHALLEY's Fishery-preserve.—The Great Orange River.

DISRAELI's Country Retreat.—Cold Harbour.

MR. FERRAND's Town Residence.—Strutt-on's Ground.

The Favourite Walk of the Dignified Clergy.—Bishop's-gate.

"Gridirons is Looking up."

"The PRINCE OF WALES has made the formal application which is preliminary to any person becoming a member of the Masonic body."—*Court Journal*.

THIS may be true, in spite of its appearing in the *Court Journal*. But if so, the Prince has shown that he is qualified to be trusted with the Secret, for he has not mentioned his intentions to Brother PUNCH. We shall be present at his "making," and have no doubt that he will display the proverbial courage of his family. So mote it be.

MUSICAL.—Living for some time upon a "fiver" may be the definition of "Dwelling on a note."



THE BREECH-LOADERS.

German Agent for the "Mount-Storm" Rifle (Appropos of TOMKINS, who having Loaded Carelessly, has had his Right Whisker singed off). "BOT—IF DE FORLUNTEERS VILL PUT PURNING BABER IN DE PREECHES OF DE GONS, DEN SHALL DEY NOT VONDER IF IT VILL PLÖ UP IN DEIR VAZES!!"

TESTIMONIAL TO LORD PALMERSTON.

A Most flattering Testimonial has been rendered to LORD PALMERSTON by certain agents of a Power whose opinion of any British Government is a safe test of the strength or weakness, as well as of the merits of its foreign policy. MR. GASKELL, the Member for Wenlock, has addressed a letter to a local journal, in answer to an accusation which it had brought against him of cowardice in not having voted with the so-called Conservatives in the division on MR. DISRAELI'S Vote of Censure, for which the House of Commons substituted a Vote of Confidence. MR. GASKELL says:—

"I did not support the Government because I disapproved of the course which they pursued on the Danish question. I did not vote with the Opposition because I could not affirm, with them, that I thought England had been degraded. Moreover, it was not my wish to see LORD PALMERSTON displaced. Foreign ecclesiastics, then recently arrived in London, and other declared and determined enemies to constitutional freedom, were then endeavouring to effect his downfall. For that, if for no other reason, I should have declined to join in the vote of censure."

Hear, electors of Wenlock, hear your Member. Here is a real Conservative for you; free and independent electors of Wenlock, make much of him. MR. GASKELL is one of those true Conservatives who want to conserve constitutional liberty at home and encourage it abroad, and whose sole object is not simply that of conserving place when they can get it. He knows the value of a statesman whose downfall is eagerly desired by his Holiness the POPE, who sends over foreign ecclesiastics to endeavour to effect it, which they can only do by employing spiritual persuasion or intimidation to enlist Roman Catholics on the side of that party which includes MR. NEWDEGATE. In endeavouring to effect the downfall of LORD PALMERSTON, those foreign ecclesiastics do him not only the greatest honour that they can, but also the greatest service. They dispel the fancy or refute the pretence that England is losing influence in Europe. We may be sure that England has plenty of influence in Europe so long as we see the emissaries of the POPE hard at work endeavouring to effect the downfall of the Minister who wields it. We are, moreover, sure that he wields it aright. "Vote for

LORD PALMERSTON and Constitutional Freedom at home and abroad!" That will now be the Liberal and truly Conservative cry at every election. That of the party whom the Opposition leaders lead by the nose, will, to express what is really their only distinctive policy, be "DERBY, DISRAELI, and PIO NONO the POPE KING for Ever!" Much good may it do them!

RACES WITHOUT HORSES.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with a copy of the Rules and Regulations issued "by permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RIDLEY" for the guidance of the managers of the races at the Camp, Curragh, Ireland. Had the gallant Major-General been Old BOB RIDLEY, we should not have been surprised at any bit of fun like the penultimate rule, which is this:—

"The horses are to be at the post precisely at the advertised times, or the races will proceed without them."

Mind, this is not an Irish bull, but an emanation of the wisdom of a knot of English officers. Perhaps, however, they are acclimatised.

Fine and Final Moral Declaration.

(Wrung from our Used-up Contributor.)

THE Bank at 8, the Glass at 80,
Che Sara, Sara. I'm a Turk,
Bring weeds and ice, my dearest KATIE,
I'LL PAY NO BILLS, AND DO NO WORK.

The Election in the West.

EXETER CHANGE for a Liberal.—The Conservative LORD COURTENAY. COLERIDGE'S *Aids to Reflection*.—Broken promises of Exeter Electors. WHAT MADE A TORY SUCCEED DIVETT.—DIVITILE.



Federal Malingerer (in robust Health, to English Officer whom he meets at a New York Hotel). "WAL, SIR! YOU SEE MY LEAVE CAVED LAST WEEK, BUT I AIN'T GOIN BACK YET. I'VE GOT GASTRIC FEVER NOW, AND GUESS NEXT MONTH I'LL HAVE SMALL POX!"

English Officer (rather taken aback). "GASTRIC FEVER—AND SMALL POX! REALLY I DON'T UNDERSTAND!"

Federal Malingerer. "WHY! WAY'S THIS. I GO TO A CIVILIAN DOCTOR, AND TELL HIM I WANT A MONTH'S SICK LEAVE—AND I JUST GIVE HIM TWENTY DOLLARS, SO HE CERTIFIES I'M SICK, AND GOES TO AN ARMY DOCTOR WHO CERTIFIES IT-IS-SO. I GIT MY LEAVE, AND THE TWO DOCTORS TROUSER THE DOLLARS BETWEEN 'EM!"

[Spits, and cuts a fresh plug of Tobacco.]

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S HOUNDS.

(Song by HERR VON BISMARCK.)

KING WILLIAM supreme reigns by true right divine,
With a will that owns not any bounds.
His realm is a kennel, his people canine,
And I am his Master of Hounds.
Dogs, to drink and smoke none faster
Guzzle beer or blow canaster;
Dogs, led as sheep by pastor;
Led by me.
I am the Kennel Master;
Don't you see?

The Kennel was only a short time ago
Disturbed with a mutinous row;
The dogs howled and growled; made of teeth a slight
show,
And a terrible deal of bow-wow.
Dogs to drink, &c.

Brute natures by human, through craft, are compelled
With the strength of superior brains;
And so, when the Kennel had almost rebelled,
I hounded the pack on the Danes.
Dogs to drink, &c.

They flew, tooth and nail, at the throats of the foes
For my purpose at whom they were set,
And thus did I, leading these dogs by their nose,
Their grievances make them forget:
Dogs to drink, &c.

Now, gorged, they will go back to Kennel again,
There in quiet contentedly lie,
Submitting to have on the muzzle and chain,
If paws and tongue need be to tie:
Dogs to drink, &c.

How deeply, how slyly those dogs I have done!
Like a fox, how the pack I have sold!
If they find that out, I may be taken for one,
And get served like Actæon of old.
Dogs to drink, &c.

A Geographical Bad 'un.

IN what respect does the land on the banks of the Wye differ from that at Land's End, Cornwall?

In this, *viz.*, that the one is on a *Wye-stream*, and the other on an *Ex-treme*.

TO CONTINENTAL SPECULATORS.—*Poetical and Eligible Investment*.—"Buy the margin of fair Zurich's waters. Tulla-liety," &c.

THE NAGGLETONS ON VOLUNTEERING.

MR. NAGGLETON has dined in Town. MRS. NAGGLETON has dined with the Children. He has returned about Six o'clock. SCENE—The Drawing-Room.

Mr. Naggleton (cheerily). Anybody called?

Mrs. Naggleton (coldly). Who should call at this time of year, when every decent person is out of town?

Mr. N. (playfully). I asked an answer, not a question.

Mrs. N. (as before). No one has called on me.

Mr. N. rings the bell.

Mrs. N. What do you want?

Mr. N. I want the bell answered. That was one reason why I rang it.

Mrs. N. The servants are busy.

Mr. N. Now, how should you know? Surely such domestic details are beneath your notice. I doubt whether you know how many servants we have. Here is one, however.

Enter HOUSEMAID.

Has anyone called for me?

Housemaid. Only the taxes, Sir, and MR. WINDHAM WARING. He said he hadn't a card, but his love, and you was to be punctual at eight to be grilled.

Mr. N. I understand.

Housemaid. And there is a large parcel of clothes for you, Sir. I have put it in the dressing-room.

[Exit HOUSEMAID.]

Mr. N. What a blessing this rain has been. The country must look lovely.

Mrs. N. That concerns those who are allowed to see it, not me.

Mr. N. All in good time, my dear. The taxes. I thought I had paid them.

Mrs. N. O dear, don't apologise for leaving your wife exposed to duns. A man's home is the last thing he thinks of.

Mr. N. The first and the last, if he's a good man.

Mrs. N. But the insolence of officials must be borne—a woman cannot help herself when a husband is unwilling or unable to meet his debts,—but I will not bear vulgar people coming and leaving joking messages with my domestics.

Mr. N. No, I told you it was not the thing when we were walking out last night, and you left word with MRS. SNOTCHLEY'S MARTHA, to say that you supposed her Mistress had been washed away by the rain.

Mrs. N. Will you be good enough to tell MR. WARING that if he chooses to persist in calling here, he had better behave like a gentleman?

Mr. N. I shall tell him nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. Then I shall.

Mr. N. I can't prevent your making an unladylike speech to anybody, but that is scarcely the way to impress him with a sense of his error.

Mrs. N. We shall see. I am not afraid of him, though you are.

Mr. N. Am I? I didn't know it.

Mrs. N. Other people do.

Mr. N. Bless them.

Mrs. N. I wanted to call on the BALTIMORES this evening, but as you have MR. WARING's orders to be somewhere else, of course that is out of the question.

Mr. N. Not for that reason, but because I do not choose to call on any but decent people.

Mrs. N. And what have you got to say against the BALTIMORES, pray, except—I admit that that is bad enough—except that they are your wife's friends.

Mr. N. You just said that all decent people were out of town.

Mrs. N. The BALTIMORES go on Thursday, and that's why I want to see them, but it is so like you to shelter yourself behind a mean catch.

Mr. N. Your image is rather confused, my dear, and savoureth less of your favourite, DANTE, than of your favourite, *Dundreary*. Sheltering behind a catch would be difficult, even to an expert cricketer.

Mrs. N. Trash!

Mr. N. (*struggling to be civil, but not exactly succeeding*). True. But KING SOLOMON has told us to answer a—wise person according to his wisdom.

Mrs. N. I don't believe there's another man in London calling himself a gentleman who would allow people to leave ridiculous messages at his door to make a servant grin when she delivers them.

Mr. N. I have already given you my opinion on that kind of message, so we need not re-open the subject. If you like, I will leave you at BALTIMORE's and call for you in an hour and a half.

Mrs. N. I shall do no such thing.

Mr. N. I said what I would do, my dear, if you liked.

Mrs. N. Certainly, that you may go to some low haunt or other with MR. WARING, and come back to the BALTIMORES in a state of vulgar excitement.

Mr. N. Serene in good intent, MARIA, I defy that taunt. We are going to see a nobleman, a real nobleman, my dear, and to listen to his aristocratic and improving conversation for the time I have mentioned.

Mrs. N. As if any nobleman would receive MR. WARING and you!

Mr. N. I am going by the divine creature's express invitation, not to say command, MRS. NAGGLETON. Now!

Mrs. N. I will believe that when I see it.

Mr. N. Duly thanking you for your wifely confidence and respect, I will at once permit you to see it. There!

[*He gives her a note, in which he is informed by the Adjutant of the Westbourne Volunteers that they are to come to drill that evening at Eight, when the COLONEL, LORD SILVERTONGUE, will be present.*]

Mrs. N. (*having read it with that contemptuous haste so delightful in woman*). I did not think that you were such a Fool. You must excuse the word. I know no better one.

Mr. N. (*in a white rage*). Well, that's an excuse, I admit. And I deserve the word, for—several reasons, one being before my face. However, there are limits to everything. (*Rises.*) I will send up your cheque from wherever I may be to-morrow. Good evening.

Mrs. N. (*thinking of the Paris trip*). Now, HENRY, is not that cowardly, and just like a man? A wife does not exactly see the rationality of something he is doing, and instead of defending it, he runs away, at a time of year too when she is without a soul to speak to.

Mr. N. She had better speak to her own soul, at least to her conscience, and ask what she deserves.

Mrs. N. I was wrong. There! But I have been far from well all day, and you startled me so with the sudden paper that I did not know what I said. How can you be so cross?

Mr. N. Cross is not the word.

Mrs. N. Haven't I begged your pardon? But why could you not tell me that you were going to be a VOLUNTEER.

Mr. N. I had planned what I foolishly thought would be a pleasant little surprise for you and the children when I came down in the uniform. But I ought to have known how little I could calculate upon your abominable temper.

Mrs. N. And if my temper is not quite what it was, what has spoiled it but the trials of my married life? And you ought therefore to be the last person to revile me for it.

Mr. N. You say what is perfectly untrue, and no woman ever had less to complain of.

Mrs. N. Ah! You little know what people say.

Mr. N. And I care as little.

Mrs. N. (*has a capital rejoinder, and if she were only in Paris!—but as it is only says*). My dear HENRY, do not set the strength of your mind against mine. Allow me a woman's privilege to be unreasonable. And come, if I let you go to LORD SILVERTONGUE, will you promise not to be later than ten?

Mr. N. If I am, tell the servant to go round for you.

Mrs. N. Now that's unkind, after what I have said.

Mr. N. After what you have said, I don't think so.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is. Go and learn your drill,—I suppose that was what MR. WARING meant by grill—and make friends with LORD SILVERTONGUE, and ask him to come and see us.

Mr. N. Not very likely that he will.

Mrs. N. I don't know why. It is a fine noble family, certainly, but he is only the second peer, and his grandfather made his fortune by honourable commerce, just as you have done. Where is the wonderful difference between you?

Mr. N. (*utterly subdued*). You wicked radical, you; I wonder that fat Peerage there, which you study so hard, doesn't explode and blow you away.

Mrs. N. I respect the aristocracy, dear, but to depreciate the great middle class would ill become the wife of a mercantile man—

Mr. N. (*but not spitefully*). Or the niece of a celebrated acc—

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. Acclimatiser of infant aristocrats.

Mrs. N. (*thoughtfully*). Do you know that I think poor Uncle would have liked to be called that? He was fond of sonorous expressions.

Mr. N. (*laughing*). The taste is hereditary.

Mrs. N. (*sees the Tuileries*). Don't begin scolding me again. You might invite me to come and see you—grilled, O! I must tell that to the children.

Mr. N. (*uneasily*). Well, yes, certainly, but you had better wait until the Corps is a little more perfect in certain exercises.

Mrs. N. (*innocently*). Such as the goose-step, dear? I think I have heard of that manoeuvre.

Mr. N. That is—they call it the balance-step without gaining ground—that is an early accomplishment.

Mrs. N. Show me how you do it; do, dear?

Mr. N. (*rather red*). Never mind now. I will another time. Now do you wish me to go with you to the BALTIMORES?

Mrs. N. Of course I do. They are going to Brussels, which is only a little Paris, after all, I believe, and I want you to say to them, carelessly, in your humorous way, that a little Paris is not big enough for us, and that we are going to the great one.

Mr. N. But we are not.

Mrs. N. O yes, dear, we are. You know you promised that, and you never go back from your word to me. You promised me faithfully.

Mr. N. Bad English.

Mrs. N. Then we'll mend it with good French. Was not that clever, MR. HENRY? And mind you bring out what I tell you neatly to the BALTIMORES. I shall lead up to it, so look out. By the way, what was the large parcel SARAH spoke of?

Mr. N. (*slightly sheepishly*). My uniform.

Mrs. N. O, go and put it on—you must, and you shall. I should like to see it of all things. Couldn't you go to Paris in it?

Mr. N. Certainly not.

Mrs. N. I don't know why. The French are a military nation, and would take it as a compliment.

Mr. N. I have no desire to compliment the French nation.

Mrs. N. But you have a desire to compliment me. Go up and put the uniform on, and knock at the children's door and tell them to come down. Then we'll go to MRS. BALTIMORE's. Would you mind having a cab, as I am rather tired?

Mr. N. As you like. Be ready at half-past seven.

Mrs. N. All right. You are quite like the DUKE OF WELLINGTON already in your prompt orders.

Mr. N. (*half grumbling*). I wish I wasn't like him in having to invade France. [Exit.]

Mrs. N. Yes, I should think I would have a cab. Fancy walking in daylight with a mau who has on a uniform for the first time! But I have clenched Paris. Men are very weak. If he had called me a fool, I would have made it Rome before I spoke to him again. But we must put up with them. Come in, darlings.

Shakspearian.

WHAT proof exists that *Prince Arthur, King John's* nephew, possessed a large stock of linen?

Because SHAKSPEARE, who was thoroughly blank-versed in the history of that time, makes the unfortunate boy, when meditating a departure from England, say,

"I'll find a thousand shifts to get away."

It is improbable that these were his grandam's. They were subsequently sent by *Hubert* to his Uncle, who lost them in the Wash.

NOT A WORD ABOUT THE FIG.

A VERY Clever Book has just come out under the title of the *Competition Wallah*. It may be necessary to inform agricultural gentlemen that the subject matter of this publication is not what may be supposed to have taken place in a sty.

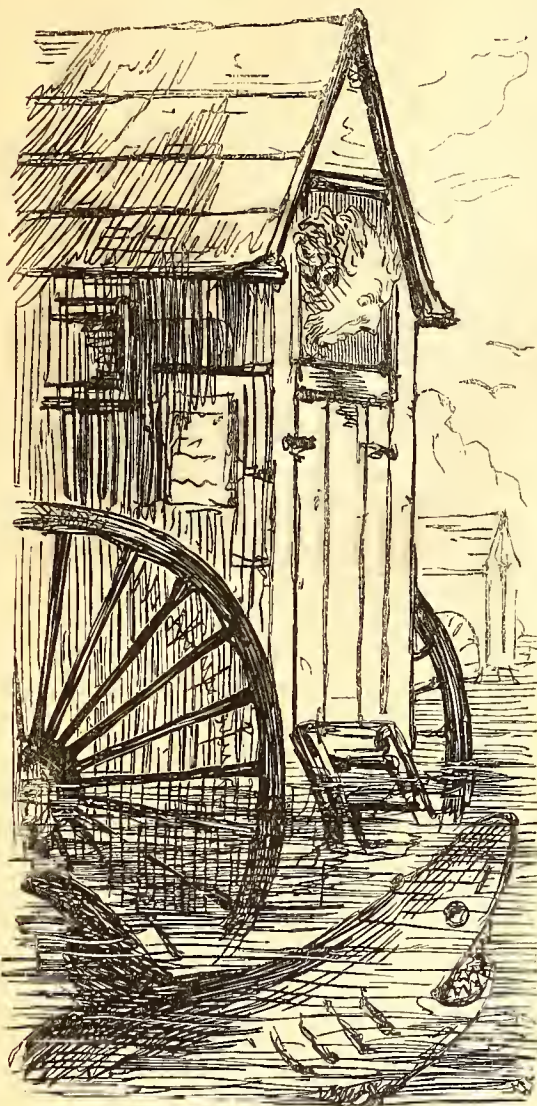
France.

THE Imperial Government of France is about to make some alterations in the laws regulating the well-known game of *Vingt-et-un*. Henceforth, to be consistent with a recent decision, it shall be the object of the players to obtain thirteen, but the game shall still retain its old name of *Vingt-et-un*.

NAUTICAL CONJURING.—To keep a *Sailor's Log-Book* properly, is considered to be the Art of *Ledger-de-Main*.

GRAND HOTELS,

AND THE MUCH-ADO-ABOUT-NOTHING SYSTEM.



VAST improvement has been lately introduced in the building of our Large Hotels. New systems of Management are being tried at some of the Grandest of the Grand Hotels. The following Rules appear to be in experimental working at the magnificent establishment recently erected, on one of the most commanding sites, opposite the fashionable parade of London-super-Mare:—

Rule 1.—For keeping the accounts clear, and preventing either confusion on the part of the waiters, or disappointment to the customer; and, further, for promoting civility in the servants of the House.

Probable Hypothesis; the customer gives an order to the waiter, in the Coffee Room. If this waiter be not the waiter officially authorised to receive such order, then this waiter must inform the said customer, that he ought to address himself to another waiter, at the same time expressing his deep regret that he is prevented, by exist-

ing regulations, from personally attending to the gentleman's wants. Hereupon, if there be time, he may apply his napkin to his eye, intimating thereby that he is affected even unto tears. He may then, unless otherwise engaged at his own special table, proceed in search of the required waiter.

*Rule 2.—*When the customer gives his order to the right waiter in the right place. The waiter so addressed shall say, "Yes, Sir," *slowly and distinctly*, shall *not* move any glasses from any table for no particular purpose, shall *not* dust a clean table-cloth with his napkin, nor shall he go to the side-board for the sake of touching the green glass containing toothpicks, whence ordinary waiters generally appear to derive fresh strength and energy, as did Some-one-æus from his native earth; but, eschewing such unnecessary trifling, shall at once proceed on his mission in the manner following:—

Given. The order for a glass of sherry and soda-water.

Observe. Here be two ingredients for the one drink, and several things required.

First, Sherry. Secondly, A glass wherein to put it. Thirdly, A decent silver salver whereon to hand it. Fourthly, A bottle of soda-water. Fifthly, A large tumbler. Sixthly, A knife. Seventhly, A corkscrew (perhaps). Eighthly, A tray whereon to carry these last.

Fully impressed with the magnitude of this commission, the waiter will walk thoughtfully to a corner of the room, where—

*Rule 3.—*Shall be seated one matronly personage, attended by a damsel, whose joint business it shall be to receive the orders from the waiter, enter them in a book, and take the waiter's number before he leaves the room. (This plan has been adapted from that in use at the Railway Stations applied to cab-drivers. The Committee of the New Grand Hotel are not above taking a hint.) It shall be the business of the damsel to prevent the matron from making wrong entries; and the matron shall keep a vigilant eye upon the movements of the damsel.

*Rule 4.—*Having seen that his surname, Christian name, number, and order, have been duly registered in the abovementioned book, the waiter shall then walk to a glass door, behind which shall be seated three clerks, to whom he shall communicate the wishes of the customer. One of these clerks shall enter the order in a large book, supervised by the two other clerks, who shall look over his shoulder; second clerk shall then enter it in a larger book, while the other two look over his

shoulder, and so on with the third. During this time, the waiter shall look over his own shoulder; the left shoulder. He shall then receive a cheque for the sherry to the amount required; *i.e.*, one glass.

*Rule 5.—*The waiter shall then proceed to another glass door, where, after a similar ceremony, he shall receive another cheque for soda-water. (This prevents all confusion.)

*Rule 6.—*He shall then get the order stamped by the maid at the bar; get the barmaid's stamp ratified by the head-waiter; get the head-waiter's ratification of the barmaid's stamp endorsed by the sub-manager; the sub-manager's endorsement warranted by the manager up one flight of stairs; the warranty of the manager up one flight of stairs, approved of by the assistant-under-secretary on the third landing; the assistant-under-secretary's approval of the manager's warranty signed by the under-secretary, third flight; such signature witnessed by the secretary; the secretary's signature countersigned by the resident-director top story, who shall telegraph particulars to the committee; then come down-stairs, with the copy of the telegram of particulars and the order-cheque, containing the resident-director's counter-signature to the secretary's signature to the under-secretary's third flight approval of the assistant-under-secretary's signature to the manager's up one flight of stairs warranty of the sub-manager's endorsement of the head-waiter's ratification to the barmaid's stamp to the cheque that the registered waiter had procured from one of the clerks behind the glass door in the Coffee Room.

He shall then proceed to fetch the sherry.

*Rule 7.—*The above will be carefully repeated for the Soda-water.

*Rule 8.—*The barmaid shall then apply to the under-cellarman, who shall inform the cellarman, who shall notify the same to the master-cellarman, who shall depute the sub-under-cellarman to give the barmaid the required sherry.

*Rule 9.—*So also for the soda-water; application to be made to the refrigerator-man, and so forth.

*Rule 10.—*The waiter shall procure another waiter to assist him in bringing in the sherry on *its* salver, the soda-water on its tray, and the under-porter to open the Coffee Room door.

Rule 11. (appended hereunto by the public). Having found the sherry and soda-water, the waiter will now proceed to find—the customer.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE SONG.

THE MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

I know I mind the Surgery bell, and roll the frequent pills,
I know I draw the paupers' teeth, and cure their coughs with squills;
While she—a banker's only child (J. P., D. L., ESQUIRE),
Is belle at all the County balls, and beauty of the shire.

The diagnosis of my case the sympathetic know,
That counter-irritant, the boy, has probed it long ago;
He sees the flush, the start, the stare, when she goes riding by,
And grins the while he idly spreads the lively Spanish fly.

Good bye to "WATSON" when the eye a sight of some one gets—
The merest glimpse of BELLA's nose nosology upsets;
Or if dispensing and I hear her piebalds from the Park—
The cooling lotions I neglect her lineaments to mark.

I'll go to Guy's, I'll carve my way to surgical renown,
I'll live on pulse till I'm the boast of my natal market-town;
And in this local print.—How now! some water, I'm unwell—
The palpitation at my heart no stethoscope can tell!

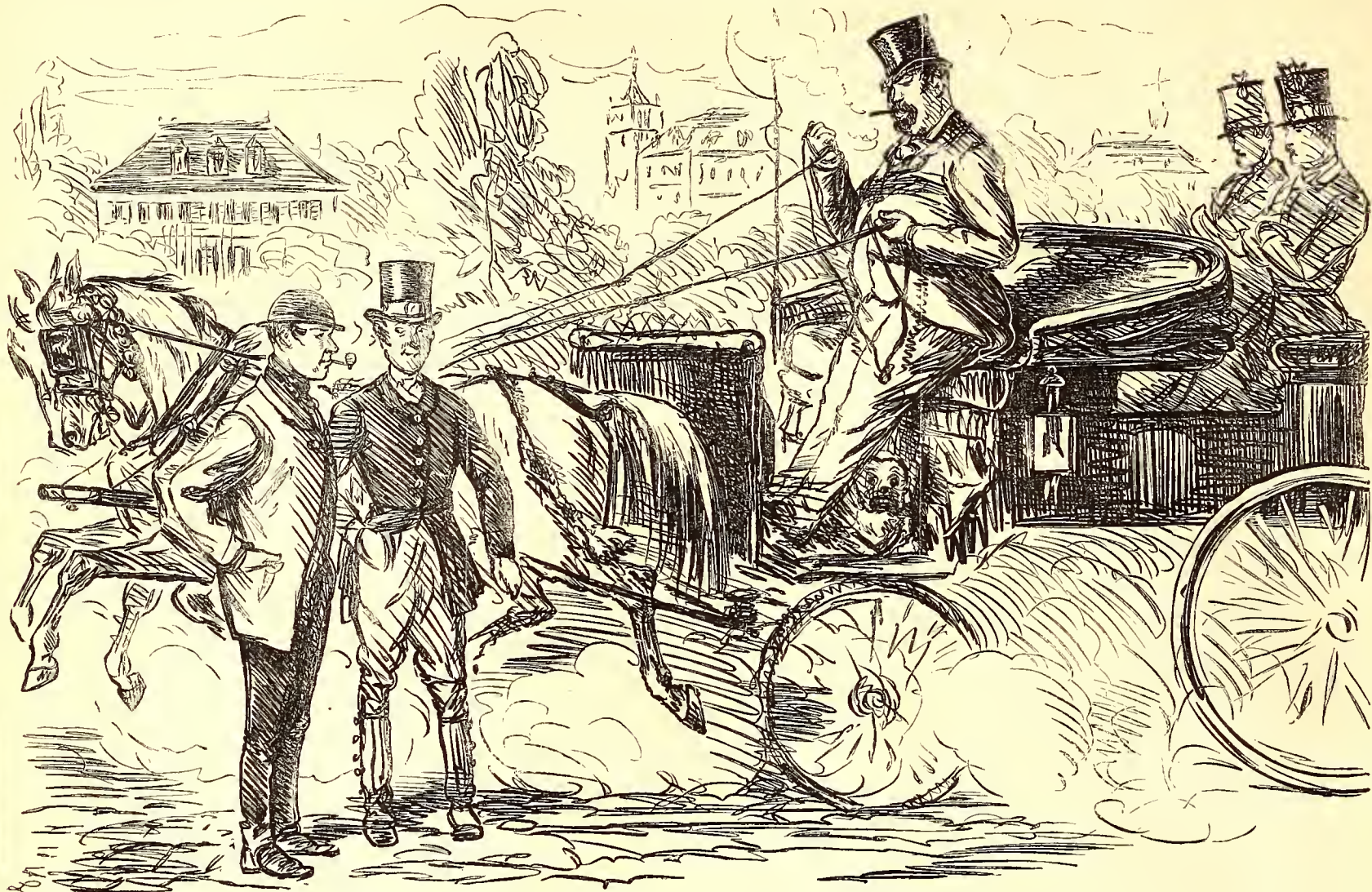
"Match in High Life—on the *tapis*—and to come off in May,
'Twixt the lovely and accomplished Miss B. BLANK and GENERAL J."
'Tis well that boy is in the town delivering pills and doses,
Just let him mind his eye! I'm mad. He might get ecchymosis!

Farewell the hope each Sunday brought that passing down the aisle,
She might vouchsafe to gladden me with one phlogistic smile;
Farewell the dream, that sitting by the Surgery fire was bliss,
Of one day giving her the sweet emulsion of a kiss.

There is no salve on all the shelves can mitigate my smart;
Not all the College can reduce a fracture of the heart!
As so my DONNA BELLA's going to become another's wife,
Come, Belladonna, berry dear, and ease me of my life.

Theatrical.

AN Energetic Provincial Manager advertises an Operatic, as well as a Dramatic and Ballet Company. He intends that this shall be, he says, a "TREBLE Company." Surely he will have some difficulty in getting Operas specially composed for a Treble Company. Where's the Bass?



RETURN FROM THE RACES—BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

English Stable-boy (to his Pal). "I SAY, JONES, ISN'T IT A PITY MOUNSEER HAS NOT GOT ANOTHER HAND FOR THE WHIP?"

PADDY BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE Irish boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of GRANT you'll find him!
By Yankee bayonets goaded on,
With a frequent prod behind him.
"Land of Crimps!" said the youth ill-starred,
"Let BRIGHT and COBDEN praise thee,
And ivery fool their words regard;
Och botheration saze thee!"

Poor PADDY fell on the Southern plain,
Ere he fire had well got under;
When he found himself on his legs again,
"I'm kilt," he cried, "by thunder!"
And said, "Ye dirty blackguards, ye
Base sons of bogus knavery,
It's fightin' you are that Trade mayn't be free,
And not to abolish Slavery!"

WOMEN AND WALKING-STICKS.

THE statement that EVE once presented ADAM with a little CAIN, may perhaps, by a bad punster be considered a good answer when one is asked if walking-sticks may be esteemed to be of ancient date. But whether their antiquity be provable or no, it seems that Canes are more and more now coming into modern use: for the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, has taken them in hand, and as Empress of the Fashions her influence is all-potent to make popular her taste. For the instruction of our lady readers, we copy what was lately said on this important point in a contemporary print:—

"As the little cane has been seen in the hand of the Sovereign, all other young women have adopted it. This cane is now made equal in value to a jewel, and is generally white—in pearl, ivory, or rhinoceros ivory, or in white wood, japanned and varnished, and all the art possessed by workers in ivory is lavished on this little object. The Chinese ivory cane is carved all over with pagodas, side by side with the inhabitants of Peking; whilst those from Dieppe represent the knotted bark of

a tree, and are ornamented with acorns in white silk or any bright colour. The head of the cane is engraved with the initials or crest, and often encrusted with turquoise or garnets."

Some ladies stick at nothing in making themselves fashionable, so we can hardly be surprised to find them take to wearing sticks. Nevertheless, a description of these ladies' canes, we think, is not superfluous, or cynics when they hear of a woman with a walking-stick, might imagine her resembling an old fairy in a pantomime, supported by a crutch. Now, if *we* were a young lady (and our figure is so slim and elegant that it were no great stretch of fancy to imagine that we were one), we should not like to be belikened to the *Mothers Bunch and Goose*, or to poor old *Goody Two Shoes*, and people of that sort. But a cane such as is above described, we should be sure that no old person would ever dream of carrying, excepting they were in a stage of second childhood, and could not take a walk without some plaything in their hand. A walking-stick of ivory "carved all over with pagodas and inhabitants of Peking," is a sort of thing that nobody would carry for convenience, and its only point of usefulness would be that it might help the fortunes of the glove-makers, for with a very little handling, it certainly would play sad havoc with one's gloves. On this ground, we assuredly as father of a family, shall forbid our girls from following this fashion of the Empress, however great a tyrant they may think us for so doing. But all Papas have not their daughters under such control as we have, and in some cases perhaps, a compromise may be found needful, to prevent a flat refusal to obey Papa's behest. Here we would advise him, if he can, to make the bargain that if JULIA and EMILY will persist in carrying canes, they will both abstain while doing so from buying parasols. More than half the ladies who carry parasols, do so when the sun has not the least idea of shining, and when therefore those articles are not of the least use to them. On such occasions, walking-canes would serve them just as well, and be cheaper in their wear and tear perhaps than parasols. An economic girl might, with a little ingenuity, convert her last year's parasol stick into a new walking one, and so save Papa the cost of the ivory pagodas to which allusion has been made. But we fear it is not fashionable to be economic, and a young lady who would condescend to manufacture her own walking-stick, would probably have sense enough to walk without a stick at all.



SOMETHING FOR PADDY.

O'CONNELL'S STATUE (LOQ.). "IT'S A *REPALER* YE CALL YOURSELF, YE SPALPEEN, AND YOU'RE GOIN' TO DIE FOR THE *UNION*."

SEVERITY OF THE SCOTCH SUNDAY.



Learn from the *Invergordon Times*, that the other Saturday evening, Her Majesty's Ship *Salamis*, carrying the Commissioners on Fisheries and their fortunes, having arrived at Invergordon:—

"Those in command applied here to get on board supplies of provisions, on Sunday; but our merchants, much as they value the orders to supply Her Majesty's ships, and painful as it would be for them to see our gallant defenders starve, respectfully declined to execute the orders sooner than two o'clock on the Monday morning."

HER MAJESTY might, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, confer a merited distinction on the Sabbatarians of In-

vergordon. She might command that the name of the port at which her ships were refused the supply of necessities on a Sunday should be changed to Inverscribe, or Inverpharisee. But then the Scribes and Pharisees did understand the difference between the seventh day and the first, and, whilst observing their Sabbath to excess, really observed the Sabbath. The obstinate perversity of the Scotch mind on this point may be regarded as typified in the national emblem, the thistle, taken to signify the mental food of Scotchmen. Invergordon, for the future, had better be called Inverdonkie.

CROQUÊT.

XIX.

Now, 'tis Miss EMMY's turn; she strikes the Blue,
The first Hoop gains, but misses number two.
Quoth timid Blue, "I am not playing well."
While Green defines her failure as "a sell."
"Ho!" from the farthest corner comes a shout
Whence Croquêt ROBINSON would fain get out;
Then as the stricken rock by Old Thor's sledge
Raced with the wind, so now from edge to edge
Flies the Red ball; too strong the stroke for good,
The Red stops just eight feet past where it should
By Green, to whom some time since it occurred
To be by Yellow Croquêt, Hoop the third
Must now be gained: yet stay, Green can't go through,
He can but "place himself," and *voilà tout*.
The fifth Hoop, unmolested, Yellow seeks
Through that, then through the sixth and last she sneaks,
The last, I mean, before the turning peg
At which she aims, when Red is heard to beg
That she'll be cautious; some folks who would serve one
With good advice, oft manage to unnerve one.
Brunette, "I know that I shan't do it," cried;
Then Yellow makes, in cricket phrase, "a Wide."
EMMY pretends, the cunning little soul,
With her dark foe's misfortune to condole,
While quietly the second Hoop she makes,
And on her backward road her partner takes,
Whom she, with much more certainty than haste,
Now Croquêts, through the third, from where he's placed;
Then following to the same propitious spot,
Makes the fourth Hoop for both, a wondrous shot!
In Blue-green breast see dying hope revive,
Her place Blue takes for gaining number five,
And first she'll, passive, serve her partner's need;
Miss EMMY's play's been very good, indeed.

XX.

Still the Third Hoop invites the fretting Red,
He nearly reaches it: his luck has fled.
Green runs to Blue, who Roquêt, Croquêt, flies
Through the fifth Hoop, then near it soon Green lies,

And passing through the sixth, his skill is such
That he the Turn-peg manages to touch.
To hit the post again, then help his mate,
His plan: the Yellow makes him hesitate:
He strikes the post, returning, then one look
At Yellow settles him; 'twill suit his book
To Croquêt her to Jericho, let's say;
And JONES was right, it was the game to play.
So first he Roquêts Yellow, and then whips
His foot atop of Green, and then—he slips!
His stroke is lost, and, such is fortune's whim,
She, whom he came to Croquêt, Croquêts him.

THE LAST STROKE.

Much as I have described goes on the game:
The play of course is never twice the same.
When you, forestalling victory, shall march
'Neath the last Hoop as your triumphal arch,
Think not the work for honest hands is over,
For till you hit the post you are "A Rover;"
Which means, that you, though bound in turn to strike,
May Croquêt anyone just when you like.
Your mission is your slow-coach friends to seek,
And like a true knight-errant help the weak.
When to the post the winning-ball you send
Where it began, your Croquêt-life will end:
With gentle blow thus terminates the game,
And goes the mortal player whence he came.
To'ards the marquee then let your steps be bent;
Let your Caprera be the Ladies' tent;
With laurel-wreath the victor must be crowned,
You're sure to find some laurels on the ground;
Though how to weave a wreath is not so plain,
I never yet could make a daisy-chain.

L'ENVOI.

A great deal more I might have said, indeed
Have written volumes that "who run may read;"
Volumes! if on this subject I'd penn'd one,
Whoe'er should read, would very quickly run.
Say, reader, have you ever tried to guess
The weekly problems of the Game of Chess,
Which, with a ground-plan of a board, my eye
Have oft attracted? Aren't they monstrous dry?
And so I found, (I thank Chess for the hint,)
That Croquêt's not a bit less dry—in print.
"Red Croquêts Blue, hits Yellow, moves to three,"
It puzzles you? 'Egad, it's puzzled me.
Lie there my Croquêt-pen. The mallet I
Henceforth will wield. A few words, then, good bye:
We're told that *Squeers*, the Schoolmaster of York,
Had a queer mode of setting boys to work;
Take the word "winder," when a boy had seen it,
And spelt it, *Squeers* then sent him off to clean it.
Reader, spell Croquêt. Good. In one word say it:
That's good again. Now then, you go and play it.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THE paragraphists say,

"It is gratifying to observe the unanimous testimony of the Judges during the present assizes, that crime was never so low in Ireland as it is now."

Crime is always low, in fact vulgar, whether committed in Ireland, or elsewhere, and I do not understand the Irish Judges. If they mean rare, why can't they say so? And if they do mean rare, I am rejoiced to hear of its rarity, and scorn to hint that the population of Ireland was never so scanty as it is now. Why do black sheep eat so much less than white ones? Because the black are much the fewer.

Yours, cynically,

A MALIGNANT SAXON.

Reciprocal Conscience-Money.

X.Y.Z. acknowledges the receipt of £200 from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for Legacy Duty, which had been paid twice over to the Inland Revenue Office.

WHEN THE COMET IS VISIBLE.

(Orally communicated by our own Astronomer with a severe Cold.)

ID BADAME TUSSAUD's Wagswork, there's a hoving figure of the Cobbett.



Enraged Cabby. "SIXPENCE BY HACT O' PARLI'MENT, THEN YOU DON'T KETCH ME A CARRYIN' OF YER AG'IN, 'CAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD IT. WHY IT WON'T PAY ME FOR HOILIN' AND SCREWIN' UP ARTER YER!!"

A CHAT ABOUT THE NETLEY MONUMENT.

SCENE—Inside a First Class Carriage. SWELL and SURGEON passengers.

Swell. Deuce! (*Winking and blinking violently; presses fingers to his eye.*) Ah!

Surgeon. Something in your eye?

Swell. Cinder from engine.

Surg. Let me take it out.

Swell. Thanks.

Surg. Where do you feel it?

Swell. Here—just here.

Surg. Under the upper eyelid. Wait a minute—must evert the lid. Don't be alarmed (*taking out pocket case*); only want this thing. (*Accomplishes the operation by the help of a small probe.*) There! Out?

Swell (winks and blinks). Out! Thanks. By Jove! (*Observing case returned to pocket.*) Lucky to have a Surgeon in the train.

Surg. That is lucky, sometimes.

Swell. Too often. Every train ought to carry a Surgeon.

Surg. Yes, and an Assistant-Surgeon, to operate if necessary on the other. A man can't cut off his own leg.

Swell. That is one of those things that no fellow can be expected to do. A Surgeon in a railway-train is as liable to be smashed as any other fellow. He is like a Surgeon under fire. Right and proper, that Netley Monument.

Surg. To the fifty-four medical officers who fell in the Crimea.

Swell. Monument will be a rather fine thing.

Surg. Yes; but it won't do.

Swell. Why?

Surg. It won't encourage fifty-four more, or any number of fellows, to fall in the Crimea or elsewhere on the present terms.

Swell. Ha! Yes. There's a regular Surgeon-Famine in the Army. It's a great bore.

Surg. The famine might be relieved easily enough.

Swell. What do the Surgeons want? Better pay?

Surg. Well, yes; but more than that; better treatment. Fraternity and equality.

THE IRREMOVABLE DEPOSIT JOINT STOCK BANKING COMPANY.

THIS Company has been established to meet a pressing want, which has been long severely felt by persons of genteel but somewhat slender means, as well as by the members of the poorer classes. It will afford a safe, and at the same time a permanent investment for all sums, however small, which are entrusted to its keeping, and on which a very liberal rate of interest will be guaranteed. In fact, the principal intention of this Deposit Company, is to retain whatever principal may chance to be confided to it, and out of this to pay as high a rate of interest as the managers may find it to their interest to allow.

The Government have taken great credit to themselves for the Act which they have passed for granting Government Annuities, and have also plumed themselves upon the notable success of the Post Office Savings Banks, established not long since. Both these measures were intended to induce the poor to save, and lay up money for old age, receiving or accumulating interest by their doing so. There is this defect, however, in all Government investments, that the money which is put in them, will be paid out at any moment when the owners may apply for it. Now in the Irremovable Deposit Company, this evil will be stopped, for nobody will be permitted to withdraw above a quarter of the money he may place in it. Depositors will thus be saved from the temptation of drawing out their savings on some frivolous pretence, such as sickness, emigration, or protracted want of work. Moreover, though they cannot spend their own money themselves, they will at any rate continue to possess the satisfaction of knowing it is standing to their credit at the Bank, until the Bank Directors may think proper to make use of it.

For further particulars and terms as to obtaining a place on the Directorship, which it is expected will yield a certain income of at least ten thousand a-year, apply to JEREMIAH DIDDLE, No. 1, Scamp Buildings, Shark Street, where the business of the Company is for the present carried on.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.—The Cat is let out of the bag at last, and is now used for flogging Garrotters in Durham Gaol. We heartily join with the worthy Chaplain in saying, "Sarve 'em right!"

Swell. Ah yes! I understand. To stand on the footing of brother officers and gentlemen.

Surg. That's all. It isn't much.

Swell. Well, you see, a Queen's warrant was issued to give them that. But the combatant officers wouldn't stand it.

Surg. So when the doctors had been hooked in, the warrant was coolly rescinded.

Swell. It certainly was an awful swindle.

Surg. Talk of combatant officers! Isn't a fellow who may have to take up an artery in a shower of bullets as much a combatant officer as a General who as often as not directs strategic operations at a safe distance from them; if not exactly, as the showman says, "him taking good care to keep out of 'arm's way?"

Swell. That was "BONAPARTY," I think.

Surg. "NAPOLEON BONAPARTY." Wasn't THOMSON, who was left on the field in charge of the wounded all night, which killed him, a combatant officer?

Swell. As much so as any fellow who ever won the Victoria Cross.

Surg. There was a time, to be sure, when Army-Surgeons were a rough lot.

Swell. In short, when Surgeons were Snobs. It's odd how long prejudice survives. The tradition of the Army is, that they are Snobs still.

Surg. Yes; and good care is taken to keep them Snobs by refusing to treat them as gentlemen. Able Surgeons won't accept the position of Snobs. So the authorities have absolutely been reduced to advertise for Acting-Assistant-Surgeons.

Swell. Certainly the cleverest way to get the compound of Surgeon and Snob which they appear to want. Only I'm afraid it doesn't answer. Have an idea! As they are resolved that the medical officers in the Army shall be Snobs, they should head their advertisements:—"Wanted, Snobs for Surgeons."

Surg. They will most assuredly get no Surgeons but Snobs, unless they give in. Decent fellows, men of education, steadily refuse to compete for the service. Doctors do agree on this point; and their unanimity is wonderful.

Swell. It is very plucky of them, and does them the greatest credit. I admire their spirit, by Jove. The medical profession hanging together

in this way—though you'll say the legal ought rather to do that—is just what proves that they are not Snobs ready to underbid one another, like bagmen.

Surg. I think we've shown the Horse Guards that we are independent gentlemen, anyhow. Surgeons in the Army must have their claims conceded, or the Army will have to do without Surgeons.

Swell. The thing is to remove the absurd prejudice against Surgeons. Ha! Have an idea! The way would be to place the medical profession on a level with the military, and with the legal. Make a distinguished Surgeon a Peer.

Surg. When you have found your distinguished Surgeon.

Swell. Ha! By Jove! Well, I think I have. Fine idea. Will mention it to PALMERSTON. (*Train stops.*) Got a card? Thanks! Here's mine. Deuced glad to have met you. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*]

Surg. (*reading card*). The EARL OF PLINLIMMON. Well, to be sure! I thought that young fellow was a gentleman.

THE NEW WHIST-RULES.



O oblige the PORTLAND, AR-LINGTON, GARRICK, and other clubs where the finest Whist is played, a Committee has been appointed to frame a few additional rules not to be found in CŒLEBS, CAVENDISH, BALDWIN, or any of the standard authorities. As everybody now plays whist, and as it is a solemn truth that "the young man who does not learn it is preparing for himself a miserable old age," *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in giving the New Rules a world-wide circulation.

Call. You must never call for anything, when at whist, except for seltzer and sherry,

and you may call for this once only during a rubber.

Slam. A very rude habit. When you enter or leave the card-room, close the door gently.

Tenace. Nothing is more unbecoming than to be vulgarly tenacious, but it is well to have your rights recognised.

See-Saw. You ought not to leave the table during a rubber, for a game at this, no matter how much you may desire to stretch your limbs. In all good clubs, however, a plank and barrel are kept in the strangers' room for the recreation of whist-players, between the games.

Cutting. Cut everybody during the game, except when you are obliged to speak. Whist requires absolute silence.

Bumper. If the waiter hands you this, beware of slopping and wetting the cards, as old players do not like it.

Love. If you are in this, you had better not play whist until cured.

Lurch. This applies to games on board a yacht, or other vessel. It is ungentlemanly to look over an adversary's hand when he falls into your lap.

Treble. If your voice is of this character, there is additional reason for your silence, for nothing is more detestable than a squeaker.

Renounce. Old-fashioned gentlemen, who dislike vulgar swearing, use this active verb as part of an oath. The late MR. DOWTON was always saying "renounce me." But it is better avoided.

Tierce major, or minor must never be mentioned when you are playing with a brewer.

Longest Players. These withdraw by rotation after the second rubber, so you see the advantage of being a little man.

Abandoned Hands. Never play with people of this kind.

Bald Lead. When this is led, the adversary must say "dash my wig."

Ragged Cards. If these are dealt to you, call the card-room waiter, and silently kick him.

Ruffs. They are the same birds as Reeves, but you should not talk of them at play. "When you shoot, shoot, when you play whist, play whist." (CHARLES DANCE.)

King-Card in Petto.—If you keep it there too long, your partner is justified in being also in a pet.

Cutting Out. Nothing can be more annoying to the other players than your doing this during a game. If a messenger has come and wants you, let him wait.

Cutting into a Table.—Cut your initials, if you have a knife, but do no more. It wastes time and spoils the cloth.

Asking for Trumps. You can ask, if you like, but the dealer ought not to attend to you, but to give out the cards impartially.

Odds. Are always in favour of even tempers.

NOSTRUM AND VESTRUM, OR MUTUAL ATTESTATION.

To MESSRS. DU BARRY AND Co.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I perform a duty that I owe to Society by attesting the efficacy of your DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which restores perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity and energy to the most disordered or enfeebled, removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation on the one hand and diarrhoea on the other, all gastric derangements as well as mental insanity, fevers, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and even in the ears, rheumatism and gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, and lethargy also; acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea, and sickness, swimming, sinking, by which so many have found watery graves, fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, incipient confirmed and galloping consumption, scrofula, tightness of the pulmonary organs and money-market, pains at the pit of the stomach, between the shoulders, at the fingers' ends and the tip of the nose, frambœsia, plica Polonica, carbuncle, hydrophobia, delirium tremens, and all other diseases. Subjoined are two cases whose authenticity I can vouch for.

The first is that of the late lamented EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, on whom I tried your Revalenta Arabica, and it cured him of rheumatic gout in the nape of the neck, with repeated and formidable attacks of the blues.

The next case is one of a peculiar congestion of the chest, accompanied by an itching palm, seriously affecting,

Yours truly,

PROF. HOLLOWAY.

P.S. Persons wise enough to have recourse to your delicious and health-restoring Revalenta Arabica Food, will henceforth need to be troubled with No More Pills nor Any other Medicine. H.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

SIR,

WE should decline the fulfilment of a moral obligation were we to withhold our testimony to the certain cure invariably resulting from the use of those invaluable medicines, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Bilious and stomach complaints; all diseases springing from foul blood, malarious districts, overheated atmospheres, hot or cold climates, unhealthy employments, over-exertion, indolence, intemperance or total abstinence, can be cured by these noble remedies. Fever, ague, influenza, bronchitis, diphtheria, whooping-cough, measles, small-pox, thrush, stomach complaints, bilious disorders, affections of the eye and the mind, and the great toe, are easily met and readily conquered by your unrivalled medicaments. They are an effectual and instantaneous remedy for the mulligrubs. Both act harmoniously in preserving the pure and best materials of the body, and in expelling all that is redundant, effete, or corrupt, restoring the British constitution by a process precluding any occasion for the ballot and extension of the suffrage. Thus the Cure is not slight and ephemeral, (as it is with the credulous, who swallow quantities of stuff which is unwholesome if not inert), but complete and permanent, as thousands who have been cured of dropsy, cancer, fatty degeneration of the heart, noli-me-tangere, and glanders in the human subject, have gratefully testified. Invalids and sufferers in every quarter of the globe, including hunters in the prairies of America, who have been bitten by the rattle-snake and the marsh-moccasin, have been thoroughly renovated by your remedies. Having administered your Ointment and applied your Pills to numerous persons, we are enabled to subjoin a few out of 60,000 cures.

Cure, No. 49,832. Of 50 years' indescribable agony from organ-grinders, dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach, toads and frogs in the inside, vomiting, alloverishness and fidgets.—MARIA JOLY, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No. 49,832. Of fever, fungus hæmatodes, and St. Vitus's dance.—SIR HUMPHREY DUMGUDGEON, of Jericho, Baronet.

Cures, Nos. 49,833, 49,834, and upwards. Of all the diseases above enumerated, with a windy swelling, and general puffiness of system,

Your humble Servants,

BARRY DU BARRY & Co.

P.S. The number of our Co. accounts for the multitude of the complaints we have been troubled with till cured by your Pills and Ointment.

EXETER ELECTION.—Any Member of the HENLEY family should have been asked to stand for this place. *Hen-ley* ought to be the best representative of *Eggsitter*. (Oh!)



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FORCE OF HABIT.

WHAT IS THIS? WHY, THIS IS YOUNG SUBBLETON, OF THE —TH, JUST HOME FROM INDIA, AND WHO, IN THE COURSE OF A TEDIOUS VOYAGE, HAS GOT SO ACCUSTOMED TO BEING "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP," THAT HE CAN'T GO TO SLEEP WITHOUT THE ABOVE LITTLE ILLUSION BEING PRACTISED OUTSIDE HIS DOOR FOR AN HOUR OR SO EVERY NIGHT.

[N.B. BUTTONS is up-stairs overhead, dragging the Fire-Irons about the floor, and blowing a Dog-whistle at intervals.]

THE BUTTERCUP AND DAISY LEAGUE.

THERE is in the music-shop windows on sale a vulgar song, entitled "*I'd choose to be a Daisy*." Its title, however, is suggestive, and has, in fact, helped to suggest a proposal which may happily find favour. For the rest, this suggestion is derived from a paragraph in the *Times*, stating the threatened destruction, and the attempt in progress at the rescue, of a beautiful meadow, forming part of the view from Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight. "Gently sweeping from the carriage road below, down to the placid mill-stream, is a flowery meadow, 'ever blooming fresh and fair,' and studded with luxuriant elms; beyond the stream are the smiling gardens and verdant lawns of the west end of the village of Carisbrooke." Such is the reporter's account of this piece of "charming rural scenery," which goes by the name of the "Volunteer Field," having been bought, half-a-century ago, by the Volunteer officers of the Isle of Wight, out of their pay, applied by them "to Volunteer and charitable purposes." For these purposes, the money and the land were vested in trustees; but the money all went smash in a local bank some time ago, and it turned out, the other day, that "arrangements" had "been made for letting the land on ground-rents for building purposes." No wonder that "at Newport and everywhere throughout the island, the project for carrying out this work of destruction has called forth strong feelings of disapprobation." The only wonder is that a project for spoiling a part of the Isle of Wight was ever listened to by the Trustee of the land, who is no Snob, but SIR HENRY OGLANDER, whose ancestors came in with the CONQUEROR. It is as hard to conceive an old English baronet acceding to such a scheme as to fancy Fauns and Dryads consenting to the felling of timber. And yet we have to fight for Hampstead Heath against SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

However, SIR HENRY OGLANDER is not SIR THOMAS WILSON, nor is a Trustee who acts in the interest of others, like a proprietor who simply consults his own. SIR HENRY OGLANDER is a gentleman; and if the fine old blood had stagnated, and induced a lethargy of soul, it

was stirred up by a deputation from the Newport Town Council, that waited on him "with the view of setting before him the destruction of rural scenery which the inroad of bricks and mortar would involve, and inducing him to abandon the project." He promised to do all he could to meet the wishes of the Newport people. But "a portion of the land has been already let." May the larger part be saved from the defacing clutches of the speculative builder!

The song, "*I'd choose to be a Daisy*," associated with the foregoing particulars, has suggested the foundation of a Society for the defence of Woods, Forests, Commons, Moors, and all other wild and beautiful places, from enclosure, agriculture, and bricks and mortar. This league for the preservation of English scenery will call itself "The Buttercups and Daisies."

It is not good even for grocers, cheesemongers, butchers, bakers, linendrapers, tailors, and shoemakers, that the beauty of the country adjacent to their shops should be ruined; spiritually it is bad for them, and financially also. The Isle of Wight has been called the Garden of England. What sort of customers will its shopkeepers get when the parterres and flower beds of this garden are covered with bricks and mortar? Even the haberdasher and huckster may, with an enlightened eye to business, if the association above proposed should be organised, be disposed to become a Buttercup and choose to be a Daisy.

Military.

THERE are (*on dit*) to be *Vivandières* appointed to the Scotch regiments. So delighted were the men at the intelligence, that the Band and Bagpipes immediately struck up, "*The Camp-belles are coming!*"

FOR CONVALESCENTS.—*Riding and Walking Combined*.—Equestrian exercise soon sets a man on his legs.

SPORTSMAN'S BOOK OF MELODIES FOR AUGUST.—Moor's.



DANGER OF CRINOLINE.

Emily. "OH, LAURA, DEAR! DO TURN ROUND AND LOOK AT AUNT!"

THE WAY TO MEET THE TIMES.

(To an Old Croaker.)

MY POOR-SPIRITED FRIEND,

WHAT fun it is to hear a small man like you, grumble, as you do, at being forced to contribute to that general prosperity which you are invited to share! You are out of keeping with the time—behind your age. Since you are forced to contribute to the general prosperity, why do you not accept the invitation to share it?

You complain, forsooth, that the Income-Tax deprives you of the savings which, against old age and loss of employment, you ought to hoard out of your slender and precarious income. Poor petty miser! How much would sixpence in the pound be to save out of an income which is slender and precarious? You ought not to have a precarious and slender income. You should make a fortune. Why don't you speculate and be rich? Invest in several of those numerous joint-stock companies that will yield you twenty per cent. for your money. If you have no money to invest, borrow it at five per cent. Who will lend it to you? Nobody, while you live in such a hole and so shabbily as you do. Take a large house in a good district, give parties, and live up to the means which you should determine to get.

The very basis of the country's present prosperity, which you call inflated, is our fiscal system. There is something pitifully laughable in your objection to direct taxation! You say that the State confiscates a large part of your little income, and offers you compensation by encouraging you to spend the remainder. Well, why don't you take the compensation? You don't want it, you say; don't want the cheapened luxuries which the facility of purchasing is the boon conferred on you by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in return for taking away your money. But you ought to want them. And you ought to make money to enable yourself to enjoy them. Make money, and make others make money. The price of butcher's meat, and of many other things, is ruinously high? Pooh! Make the more money, and enrich your butcher, and others. Produce and consume more. You are not half either of a producer or a consumer. Raise your consumption to the social standard, and increase your production, that is to say acquisition, with

all your might. Don't talk of frugality, husbandry, thrift. Those very words are obsolete. Be as covetous as you please; but no parsimony! Don't be a narrow niggard; be a lavish screw. Sumptuous avarice is the fashion of the day, instead of cheeseparing economy.

Probably, if you were living in a district where turnpike tolls have been abolished, you would complain of having to contribute, as a ratepayer, to the maintenance of the roads in more than a just proportion to your use of them, whereas what would be your proper course in such a case would be to indemnify yourself by using them more, and keeping horses and a carriage. I dare say, now, if any one were to leave you £1000, you would go and invest it in the Three-per-cents, as an old woman or a country curate would have done formerly. What would be the use of £30 of yearly dividend to you? You would be better without it, inside the workhouse. Risk a £1000 for £200 a-year, and then risk that at the same rate, and so on. Nothing venture nothing have. What if you fail? You fail. You must fail somewhen. Anyhow death is a sure smash for everybody. Failure need not come first. If it come, and is intolerable, why—there is chloroform.

Are you subjected to cruel grinding, little sufferer? Don't groan under it, like a weak idle fool. Endure the grinding, and reimburse yourself by grasping with redoubled energy. The harder you are ground, grasp the wider. Never think of the end. It may be opulence, may be pauperism, may be penal servitude. At the worst there is always—chloroform. The life to come? Oh, bother! you must jump that, and not stand in the way of this world with your galoches and old umbrella. Who are you that you should have a way of your own which is not the world's? Go with the majority, sacrifice, or you will be sacrificed to Mammon, as some dyslogistically call the Spirit of the Age. I prefer the name of

PLUTUS.

An Old Story Spoiled.

A CONTEMPORARY relates a wonderful anecdote about a hen, that flew at a cow in defence of her chickens, and killed the cow with one blow of her bill. This statement is not quite correct. To make the story perfectly genuine the hen should be a cock, and the cow a bull.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. I.—WINKLEBEACH.



HAVING been deputed to fill the Office of Chief Travelling Explorer and Paid Official Adviser to the Committee of the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited), which initials mean, as you are by this time probably aware, the Discovery-of-Unquestionably-Quiet - Watering - Places - in - England Company (Limited), I, on their behalf in particular, and in the interests of Society in general, have recently commenced my tour. The following is my report:

Winklebeach, Sussex Coast.—Winklebeach, so called from the splendid specimens of the 'Winkle

tribe found on its rocks, was recommended to me, as an out-of-the-way spot, by my young friend SHRYMPER, whose father, it appears, is the owner of some considerable property in the neighbourhood.

The Railway has not yet reached Winklebeach. The nearest station is four miles distant. A message by telegraph is unknown. The *Times* is a luxury; an enterprising general shopkeeper procures an occasional copy of *Punch*, which he permits to be read in his shop at a halfpenny a head, finally presenting it, munificently, to the Mayor and Corporation of the Town. The Mayor is the monopolising baker, the Corporation is represented by the aforesaid enterprising general shopman. The Civil Executive Force consists of one un-intelligent policeman, who is under no sort of control, having refused to take any oaths on conscientious principles; he is on and off duty all day and night, taking turn and turn about with himself. The inhabitants chiefly get a livelihood either by lying on their backs on the beach, or walking out to the Downs, and then walking back again. The Elders of the people disappear usually at the early age of One hundred. There is a church, and an Independent chapel. The latter is remarkably Independent, and seldom opens its doors. There are only six houses in any way worthy of the name; numerous thatched cottages; and an ancient hostelry called The Old Inn. These particulars having been obtained from SHRYMPER, I decided that this, of all others, must be the shop for Quiet. Through my humble instrumentality, I foresaw the future Quiet Greatness of Winklebeach.

Of the means of Conveyance to Winklebeach.

Monday, July. Extract from Note Book.—The only traveller alighting at the New Station of Swashborough. Nobody cared about taking my ticket. At length, after some trouble, a deaf old lady was summoned from her tea, by a small boy, who was digging potatoes. "Grandmother," cried the lad, "here's 'un wants to give tickutt." His aged relative received the pasteboard, and was returning to her placid meal, when I stopped her by asking, "if I could get a conveyance to Winklebeach."

"Sure," said she, and straightway gave directions to her grandson, who ran off somewhere or other, and in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour returned with Something or other, which we will term a vehicle. Such a vehicle! it wasn't a hackney-coach, because it was a bathing-machine, and it wasn't a bathing machine, because it was a hackney-coach. In I got with my portmanteau, and an uneasy time I had of it over the rough half-made roads; for the hackney-bathing-coach-machine had not been fitted with patent springs, and was unprovided with a cushion. I cheered myself with the inspiring thought, that, at all events, the nuisances and annoyances of cockney civilisation had not reached Winklebeach, and, despite the fact of my being unable to remain on the seat for more than two consecutive minutes at a time, I was happy, idealising.

FIRST DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

4:30 P.M.—Arrived at the Old Inn, Winklebeach, facing a beautiful green leading on to the beach. Clear view of the sea. Everything charming. Not a soul about. Boy wants six shillings for driving me. I appeal to landlady. It appears that he is entitled to ask what he likes, there being a monopoly of fancy bathing coaches in these parts, I pay him. Will I have a room? I will. Facing the sea? By all means. Dinner? Certainly. When? Now, or as quickly as possible. What will I have? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Good. Then, let's say lamb. Oh! can't have lamb. No matter: a small leg of mutton. No mutton! No, not to-day, because it's Monday! What, not a chop? Oh yes, in twenty

minutes. Chops be it. "Prawns and 'Winkles to follow, of course?" Of course. Platefuls of these are brought in after dinner. Like Prawns, doat on 'Winkles.

5:30.—I have unpacked, made myself comfortable, and sat down to my chop. The sea-breeze fans me through the open window, and a peppering of sand sprinkles my plate. "The Sea! the Sea! the o-o-pen Sea!" and so forth. Here is quiet: real quiet. How very odd: I heard something like a cheer. Another. I am informed by the waiting-maid that a Cricket-match, *Trade v. Gentry*, is just being finished. Ah! a gala day, probably. Oh no, there's Cricket every day about this time of year, and a match once a week. Ahem! Well that's scarcely a drawback. I hear no more cheers. I will light a cigar and stroll.

7:30.—Not a soul on the beach, save a few fishermen mending their nets. So picturesque! they smoke while thus employed. *Pax vobiscum*, ye fishermen: go on mending your nets by all means. *Pax vo*—I can't help fancying that I heard an oath. Another. Another. Their conversation is limited; but seems to consist chiefly of oaths, and objectionable terms of endearment. I shall quit the beach.

8 o'Clock.—In my room! Will have tea? What should I like? Oh, as usual. They bring two plates full of enormous prawns and 'winkles. Shall commence my report of this quiet place for my employers. "Winklebeach is the quietest place in—" Very strange, there must be a quarrel going on outside. In front of my window are assembled I should say, *all* the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, fisherboys, fisherwomen, of various ages and sizes; some sitting on the low sea-wall, some squatting, some standing,—but all, as far as I can gather, talking simultaneously. I ring for the handmaid. I am informed that "there is nothing the matter, they are only talking over the Cricket-match. They always do that." Oh, do they! Then I will slightly modify my report and say, "Winklebeach is, except in one trifling particular, the quietest—" By the way, the Cricket-match was between the Trade and Gentry. By this light I cannot distinguish the Trade from the Gentry; nor does their language materially assist me to discriminate.

8:30.—A great clattering, a shuffling of feet, and a confusion of voices in the room under mine. I ring my bell. Not fire, I hope. Oh dear no, the Cricketers are sitting down to supper. Do they sit down in this manner *every* night? Oh no, not every night. Thank you. "Winklebeach is, except in one or two trifling particulars, the quietest—"

9:15.—The tinkling of a banjo! It is, there is no doubt about it, *it is* in the room below. Ha! the burden of a well-known song arises! Can I believe my ears! "Is the Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green." Chorus, everybody trying to mark time with their thick-soled clumsy feet, each man according to his own idea. "She's as beautiful," &c. I ring my bell. Does this go on every night? No, this does *not*; man with banjo is a visitor. That's lucky; dropped in by accident, eh? Oh no, he generally comes on a Cricket-match evening. Oh! thank you. "Winklebeach is, except on Cricket-match evenings, when the man with the banjo comes, the quietest—"

10.—Somebody has taken to sing sentimental songs, with much chorus. As the night advances, the songs seem to be all chorus. Some rustic is trying *his* hand on the banjo. I shall go to bed. The wind has begun to howl.

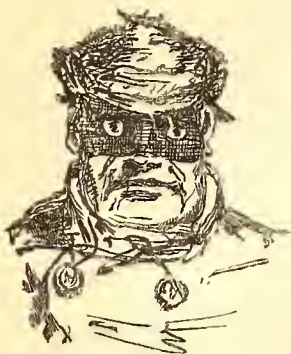
10:30.—Cricketing Party breaking up. Rain. Cricketing party very noisy. Hail, I should say, judging from the pattering at my window. Stones, as I live! Small stones. Crash! I look out; and am jeered at, perhaps by the miscreant with banjo. Feet scuttling away in all directions. An Englishman's room is his castle. What a cold I shall have to-morrow. I light a candle to write this, and go to bed. How the wind has got up; that reminds me, so have I. To bed. One line more. "Winklebeach is, with the exception of cricketing, supper-parties, and banjos, the quietest—" Puff! Candle out. Bed.

(End of First Day at Winklebeach.)

MR. TREVOR'S MOTTO.—Where there's a Will there's a way to worry.

PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GREAT Classic has told us (and as we knew it without him we are noways obliged), that there is nothing like appealing to the Eye, if you wish to secure attention. The remark has not the least bearing on what we are going to say, inasmuch as printing appeals to the eye, as well as engraving; but the man who neglects to show that he has been classically educated, is unworthy the name of a scholar and a gentleman. With this *exordium* (another scholastic expression), we beg to call attention to the following specimen of a new style of advertising. In these days of hurry and seramble no appeal can be too emphatic, and we consider this new means of attracting attention decidedly worthy of notice.



WANTS Evening Employment after 6 o'clock.—Active, Energetic, and Obliging. For Testimonials, apply to Scotland Yard.



THE ADVERTISER will receive into the bosom of his family, a few young Gentlemen to Educate.—No Holidays.—No Pocket Money.—The finer feelings of the Pupils always considered and acted on.—A great number of the pupils have passed their examination at Hanwell and Colney Hatch, thereby securing Government Appointments for life.



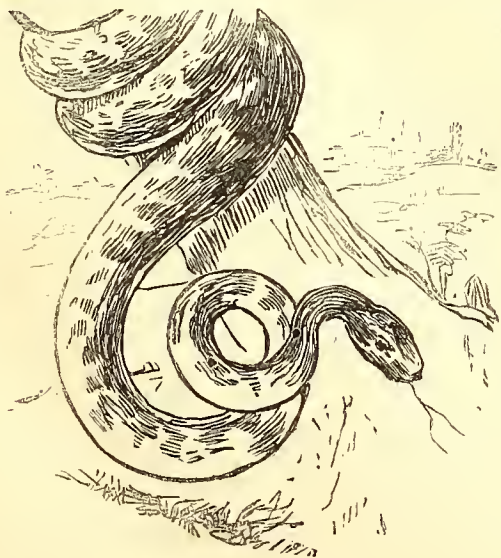
WANTED the Next-of-Kin to the Above.



MR. LIFTER begs to inform his friends, that his present Address is Portland, Hampshire, Care of the Governor.



THE ABOVE REWARD will be given to the Two Gents (who insulted the lady in the Railway Carriage), if they will kindly send their address.—Distance not the least object.



ANY one finding the above is earnestly requested to Keep it.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN PARLIAMENT IS UP.

Report of an Accident during the Session.

ON Tuesday night, at half-past Eight, one of the engines on the new portion of the Great Southern and Northern Railway ran away, and dashing through the wall of the bridge over Squitterton Street, Clerkenwell, fell into the street. Happily no one was passing at the time, so no harm was done beyond the destruction of the engine, and of a costermonger's barrow.

Report of an Accident after the Session.

It would be late in the day to dilate upon the great advantages which Society has derived from the invention of our Railway System, and we confess that we hail every extension of that system with what we hope is not an unreasonable pleasure. At the same time the most fervent admirers of the Railway must admit that there are some drawbacks which, though they cannot be regarded as blemishes upon a noble invention, are not unfrequently productive of serious mischief. Fortunately in the incident which we are about to describe there are no features of a painful character, but it is impossible not to feel that under other circumstances we might have had a far more lamentable tale to tell than that which we have now to narrate. The opening of the auxiliary branch of the Great Southern and Northern Railway has been a decided boon to the inhabitants of the densely populated neighbourhood through which the extension has taken place, and until Tuesday in the current week, the extreme care of the intelligent officials has prevented the slightest casualty from marrying the gratification with which this Metropolitan Improvement has been welcomed. But there is no rule without an exception, and the evening to which we have referred was destined to create such an exception in the case of the line to which our preliminary remarks refer. There is some little discrepancy in the accounts of the exact period at which the accident occurred, some witnesses stating that it took place at half-past eight, P.M., and others insisting that it was nearer a quarter to nine, but this may be in some measure accounted for by the fact that the population of Squitterton Street is not of that class which deems it essential to carry an unimpeachable chronometer, like one by Mr. BENNETT, and is content to depend for a general knowledge of the hour upon the clocks which form part of the furniture of the leading shops, and which not uncommonly vary to an appreciable extent. But about the time in question, the neighbourhood was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement by the news that a Railway Accident had occurred. At first it was rumoured that the Birmingham express train, with all its travellers, had been precipitated into the street, but on recollection that the Birmingham trains do not travel by the new line, this idea was dismissed, and the population hastened to discover for itself what was the nature of the calamity. It was at once seen that a magnificent engine, the name of which we were unable to detect, owing to the peculiar way in which it had fallen, had been eliminated from its proper sphere, and had plunged into the street below. Beneath it, and happily its only victims, were a large number of herrings and apples, the property of one JAMES SNOGGIN, a costermonger (and a native we believe of Battersea or Chelsea) who had retired for a few moments of refreshment to the nearest public house, the Carp and Tinder-box, kept by a respected landlord, Mr. DOBBS, who is a subscriber to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and the other charities of that admirable body. The distress of the poor man at the destruction of his stock in trade excited much sympathy, and a subscription, headed by a few choice spirits who are in the habit of using the Carp and Tinder-box, was commenced for him at the instance of the worthy host. We have at present no further particulars of public interest, for the station-master declined to furnish us with any opinion of his own as to the proximate cause of the accident, and the porters and workmen may be excused by the excitement of the hour, and the necessities of exertion, for the apparent incivility which referred us to the most objectionable sources for information. We may add, however, that several of the inhabitants had been heard to say that the bridge did not look strong enough to bear the weight that constantly passed over it, and though this remark did not apply to the wall, which alone gave way, it will no doubt have due consideration when the searching investigation, which will of course be demanded, shall take place. Should we obtain any further particulars, they shall be published.

Latest Particulars.

We have still failed to obtain the name of the engine, owing to the extreme reluctance of the Railway officials to afford any information; but a person named STOGGER, who is engaged in the occupation of a crossing-sweeper near the spot, believes that it was something at all events beginning with an "F," probably the Fly or the Phantom.

Yankee Overture to the South.

BULL sold me arms and ammunition, and he sold you ships; he helped you some and me some, but neither as much as we wanted; he has mortally offended us both, and now let us unite and pitch into him.



A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNED!"

T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"

PREMATURE SMOKING.

LIKE many other profound thinkers, *Mr. Punch* is fond of smoking, and he naturally entertains a sympathy for smokers. To have his sympathy, however, smokers must smoke sensibly, and not commit excesses. *Mr. Punch* likes moderate drinking, but he hates to see men drunk; and he regards immoderate smokers as only a shade less to be despised by him than drunkards.

Smoking prematurely is, to *Mr. Punch's* thinking, the worst form of excess, and the one which moves in him most hatred and disgust. Smoking prematurely is a selfish snobbish practice, and it is matter for regret that there are not more means to stop it. Clearly it is nonsense to pretend that boys can really have a need or liking for tobacco, or be a whit the better or the happier for using it. Boys who prematurely smoke do so not because they like it, but because they think it manly to be seen able to smoke. Such smokers are, in fact, mean silly little snobs, and all right-minded people justly hold them in contempt. Nature does her best to act as their tobacco-stopper; but by practice they acquire the power to smoke without being made sick by it, and, this done, they delude themselves by fancying that tobacco has become a vital need to them, and when they smoke they try to think they really relish it. This however is sheer nonsense, for the true taste for tobacco comes along with age, like the appetite for turtle, and is not to be acquired by those who prematurely seek it.

Moreover, boys who take to smoking have not the sense to put due bounds on their indulgence, and they are apt to smoke at times when it does them the most injury, and is to others the worst nuisance. Unable to control themselves, they smoke in business hours and in going to their business; and when going out to dinner they take a furtive pipe, and even come into a drawing-room with coats that stink of stale tobacco. Now, tobacco is a good thing, and good things ought not to be wasted. Smoking prematurely is a worse than waste, for it annoys people about him and only harms the smoker. One cannot well doubt this, if one but sees the pimply cheeks and tallowy complexions

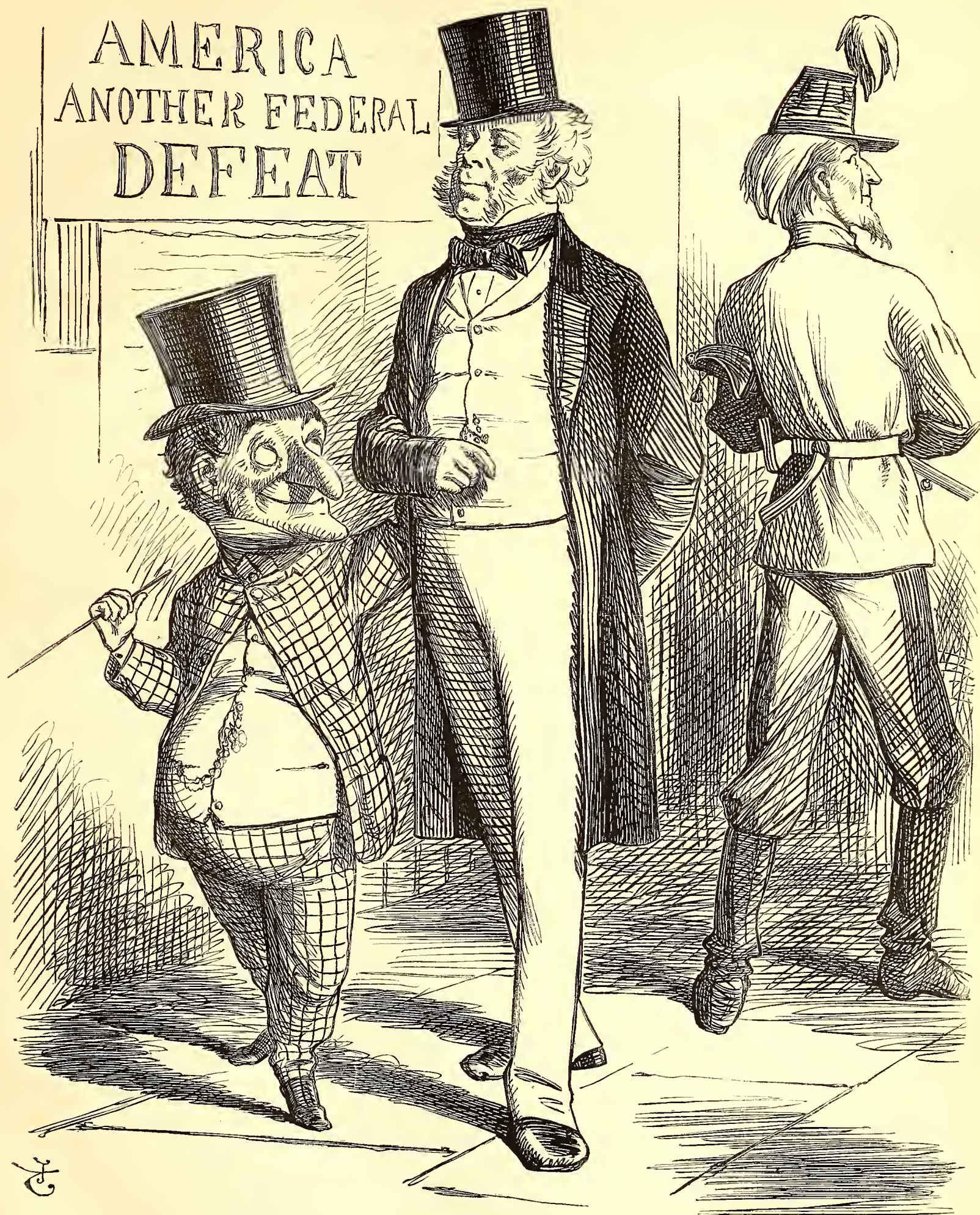
of the young short-pipe-sucking fools who meet us everywhere. Every whiff they take but helps to blow their brains out, and puts out of tune their organs of digestion. Few men can smoke early in the day without its hurting them, and any boy who does so must assuredly be weakened both in body and in mind by it. A boy (which word applies to all youths under twenty) who goes to business daily with a pipe between his teeth has put an enemy into his mouth that will steal away his brains, and it is well that his employer should be warned against the robbery. Smoking prematurely is a habit as injurious as taking early morning drams, or drinking port wine before dinner; and as the evil has increased to really serious dimensions, *Mr. Punch* may be excused for making serious remarks, and not making a joke of it.

CHEMIN DE FER ET DE L'ENFER.

THE Northern Spanish Railway has been opened, and inaugurated by the personage who is denominated KING OF SPAIN. No end of priests attended, to bless the engines. The boilers are to contain nothing but holy water. A first-class carriage has been fitted up as a confessional, in case of accidents. The line is to be managed only by Spiritual Directors. The time-table is headed *Hora pro nobis*. The first bushel of coals was doubly consecrated, being some that remained over from the last *auto da fê*. Nothing can be more orthodox than the whole affair. And yet—and yet. One end of the line is in devout Madrid, but where is the other? Alas, in Voltairean Paris. Which way will flow the stronger current of thought? We fear that the Priests should have kept up the Pyrenees. There are none now, but revolutions are repeated, and we may live to see the Mountain in Madrid.

AMERICAN MINING NEWS.—GRANT's new Mine has been opened. Nevertheless, gold is still at 259 $\frac{3}{4}$.

AMERICA ANOTHER FEDERAL DEFEAT



VERY PROBABLE.

LORD PUNCH. "THAT WAS JEFF DAVIS, PAM! DON'T YOU RECOGNISE HIM?"

LORD PAM. "HM! WELL, NOT EXACTLY—MAY HAVE TO DO SO SOME OF THESE DAYS."

EXAMINATIONS FOR LADIES.



THE great success of the Examinations which have lately been instituted, under University authority, for the Queen's male subjects, has induced the adoption of a system of Examinations for Ladies. Particulars will shortly be announced, and in the meantime the first portion of the Questions has been issued, that ladies may direct their attention to the necessary studies.

The following are the first four instalments:—

LAW.

1. Give a general idea of the Laws and Courts of Justice, from the knowledge of them which you have acquired by reading the books of lady-novelists.
2. Why are baronets who are criminals tried before the Lord Chancellor and a jury?
3. State the reason why an entailed estate goes to the daughters if the marriage settlement is burned or mislaid.
4. Give an account of the law of wills, and why the courts hold that a regularly witnessed and solemn will must be set aside by an unwitnessed eodcil, if on pink paper.
5. Why is a marriage void if the name of any one of the witnesses is spelt wrong in the copy of the certificate?
6. When you petition the Queen to set aside a marriage, why must you have a personal interview with Her Majesty, and who pays the fee to the Lord Chamberlain?
7. What Sovereign began the practice of signing death-warrants in red ink?
8. If a witness of a murder cannot attend the trial, will it do for him to send word by anybody that he saw the crime, or must he write a letter, witnessed by a clergyman?
9. When the Chief Justice makes a decree in Chancery for committing a virtuous poacher to gaol, on the request of a tyrannical country magistrate, and a chivalrous young attorney pleads the ease of the victim before Convocation, can the coroner refuse to take bail?
10. If a wicked man declares in his will that none of his debts shall be paid out of his property, and his creditors are thereby reduced to beggary, why are his daughters legally bound to pay the amount when they marry rich husbands?
11. Why cannot a murderer be touched by the law if the victim charges every one to forgive the assassin?

FICTION.

1. Who was Ivanhoe, and what were his chances of matrimonial happiness with the Lady Rowena?
2. Compare the characters of Front de Bœuf and Simon Legree.
3. Give an account of Blanche Amory. What were *Mes Larmes*?
4. Name the intimate friends of Mr. Lovelace, and the relations of Clarissa Harlowe.
5. Explain the escape of Monte Christo from the Château d'If.
6. What is the advantage of having such ears as those of the real hero of "Transformation?"
7. Give particulars of the educational system pursued by Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers.
8. Whom do you consider Lily Dale ought to marry?
9. How do you pronounce the Christian name of Pisistratus Caxton, and what is an Anachronism?
10. In what way did Lady Audley's husband get out of the well, and was that lady justified in putting him in?
11. Explain the phrase in Nicholas Nickleby, "his owls was horgans."
12. Should you have liked Jane Eyre for a sister?
13. State the history of the rise and progress of the love of Julia Dodd for the hero of Hard Cash.
14. Describe generally the contents of the pages you skipped in *Les Misérables*, and give an account of the various changes in the French Government since the first revolution.
15. Analyse, from photographs, the characters of the best-looking novelists of the day.

POETRY.

1. Write out Mr. Tennyson's *Shipping-Rope*, and say whether the gentleman ought to have taken the final advice of the young lady.
2. What proof have we that had the Corsair reformed and settled in England with Medora, she would have made good Cup in hot weather?

3. Explain Pope's meaning in saying that most women have no characters at all, and from what nobleman did he quote?
4. Find the incongruities, if any, in the following lines from a theatrical prologue:—

"So may our bard, whose phosphorescent hopes
Exfoliate to-night these classic tropes,
At your command the blushing honours share
That Drake and Wickliffe both were proud to wear,
And take the chaplet loud from British hands,
As Cato died—and Trajan's column stands."

5. Explain the mystery of Christabel.
6. What were the chief defects in the moral character of Mokanna, and how would you have endeavoured to cure them had you been one of his wives?
7. Who was Wordsworth, when did he or she live; and write, if you can, a line from his or her poems?
8. Who wrote the line—

"There is no woman, where there's no Reserve."

9. Sketch the history of Evangeline, and say whether you do not consider it a shame that the author made the boats pass without a recognition of each other by the lovers.
10. What final fate did Lord Byron intend for Don Juan, and would it not have been shocking to see him at the National Window? Explain this last phrase.
11. How much have you really read of *Paradise Lost*, and did you not make a face when the book was given you as a present?

POLITICS.

1. Show, by argument, why we are right in giving the House of Lords the sole right of laying on taxes.
2. When the Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer "opens his budget," is the bag a black or a red one?
3. How does the Queen make laws for the nation when the Parliament is not sitting?
4. Explain why the bishops attend the House of Commons, and whether it is their duty to confirm Acts of Parliament.
5. Are petitions the same thing as laws, or when petitions are granted do they become laws directly?
6. Describe the system of voting in Parliament, and say whether vulgar men who do not sound their aitches ought to have the same right to be heard as refined gentlemen from College, or noblemen.
7. On what principle of justice is a Member of Parliament obliged to hold his tongue while another is speaking impertinently, and is not the loss of English *prestige* on the Continent owing to this want of spirit?
8. What is your opinion of the system that allows a great nobleman, like Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby, to be questioned by any snobbish creature that may have bribed a mob to let him be a Member?
9. Do you see any reason why all the taxes should not be done away, and the money paid out of the income of the nation?
10. Is it your opinion that all the laws should be made short and plain, and hung up in churches, like the Commandments, as then there never could be any mistakes?
11. Why should not the QUEEN, who is the head of all things, abolish all bad laws, and let SIR CHARLES PHIPPS publish any new ones in letters to the *Times*? Would not this prevent all Parliament nonsense?

RECIPROCITY ON ONE SIDE.

WE had not noticed the heading of the following advertisement in the *Telegraph* when giving way to our first burst of admiration at the kindness and benevolence of the advertisers:—

A Lady and Gentleman having no family of their own would take a MALE CHILD from its BIRTH, or from that to three months old, and bring it up entirely as their own.—Address, &c.

We had begun a mental survey of the households of our friends, and were considering to what over-stocked establishment we should enelope the invitation, when our eye darted up to the first line, and we beheld a word, and something else. We saw this:—

FOR £100.

Well, this would be cheap if the transaction could be made secure. A precious boy costs a precious deal more than £100 before you have done with him. But as the sale of an infant (except in the way of a high-life marriage) is not recognised by the law of England, and as, when the money had been spent, and the baby-buyers got tired of their bargain, they might scud it back by the Parcels Delivery Company, we resolved, on second thoughts, to keep the advertisement as a curiosity for the readers of *Punch*.



TOMKINS LOOKING TOO LONG AT THE CARTES DE VISITE OF THE LAWYERS IN CHANCERY LANE, IS SEIZED WITH A SUDDEN INVOLUNTARY PANIC. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY BOY," SAID HIS FRIEND WIGSBY, WHO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING AT THE TIME, "YOUR COAT POCKETS ARE QUITE SAFE; WE DON'T DO IT THAT WAY!"

DANNLE! GRANGE ON THE DROUGHT.

COME, how about
This here long drought?
The larned can't explaain;
Knows no more why,
Nor you and I,
Why we doan't ha' no raain.

If this here hate
Wun't hurt the whate,
The turmuts 'twool destroy.
Caust thee vorecast
How long 'twool last,
Hey, ADMIRAL VITZROY?

Yaa, ZADKIEL!
Dost thee voretell
Plags, earthquaaks, vamuns, wars,
And coosn't thee,
Old chap, vorezee
This weather by the stars?

I shan't rely
On thee, not I,
In futur as avoor;
Nor gie no heed,
Nor vaith, nor creed,
To that are VRANSUS MOORE.

Though none can zay
How many a day
This drought is to extend,
I be a go'n
To cause my own
Immadiately to end.

Earth cracks wi' thirst,
I'll quench mine vurst.
The fields be parched and zere;
Whilst this here flesh
Keeps miste and vresh:
Gie us a quart o' beer!

INTERESTING FOR THE FACULTY.—A Lady, who has lately suffered from pins and needles in her feet, has been obliged to leave England in a packet.

A VERY STRONG PRINCE.

We always regarded the Napoleon family as mentally if not physically strong, but information which we have just received from Glasgow, and which is published in the *North British Daily Mail* of the 17th of August (we give the date for the benefit of M. THIERS, or any other historian of the Napolconic dynasty), shows that one member at least of the distinguished Corsican family is possessed of personal strength which would make him very formidable in battle, did his tendencies lead him into such a scene. The *Mail* says, in its account of PRINCE NAPOLEON's visit to the Scottish capital (yes, MRS. EDINA, the Scottish capital, and how do you like that?)

"The utmost privacy has been observed in all the movements of his Royal Highness, insomuch so that he preferred lifting a cab on the stand, in preference to sending out for it."

Achilles, we believe, was too much for a rival who had three tremendous horses harnessed to his car. WALTER SCOTT tells us of a Scottish knight, who at a blow divided an English knight, horse and all, into two instalments. In *Morgante Maggiore* we read how the friendly giant carried his dead horse to *Orlando*. But none of these feats equal the deed of the Samsonic PRINCE NAPOLEON, and his cousin may be congratulated on the vast strength of the Atlas who aids in upholding the Imperial throne.

JARS.

NAGGLETONIAN Couples should immediately provide themselves with COVERS for FAMILY JARS, or Jars and Covers complete, for Preserves, Pickles, &c. Sample cap sent free for four stamps.

Those Naggletons, whom this advertisement offends, had better send for the Sample Cap: it is sure to fit.

LIGHT REFRESHING WINE FOR PEDESTRIANS.—*La-fitte*.

A PUZZLE BY A PARSON.

HERE is an announcement which is constantly perplexing us:—

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to 20 years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of 30 years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and disposition (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education, including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life, and every gentlemanly comfort, on moderate terms. Address, for interview, &c.

By starvation and severity a boy may be made "tractable," doubtless, in a twelvemonth; but how can it be predicted with anything like certainty that he will be made "gentlemanly" in that restricted time. Of course, religious training may do much good to a boy, but if his disposition is to be a snob, or sneak, or scoundrel, we scarcely think a twelvemonth would suffice to make him gentlemanly, in the right sense of that word. Gentlemen unluckily do not spring up like mushrooms: and, in minds quite unprepared for them, truly gentlemanly qualities are not of rapid growth. We are told there are born gentlemen, and there doubtless are born blackguards, and to make one of these latter a gentleman in a twelvemonth, is more than forty parson power would be able to effect.

Quite Pat.

UNDER the heading of *The Belfast Riots*, the other day, there was a letter in the *Standard* signed "O MORES," animadverting on one which had before appeared in that journal with the subscription of "O TEMPORA." From the temper displayed in these communications, as well as from the subject to which they relate, it may be surmised that their respective authors might, consulting aptitude, have penned their signatures with the least taste of a modification. They should have written themselves down O'TEMPORA, and O'MORES.

FOR TOURISTS.—There is one shore which most travellers seek at this time of year. And that shore? is—"Bradshaw."

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATION.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH, THE interest excited by the late swimming matches suggests a seasonable question for zoologists. Let me revive the controversy about Man's place in Nature, which has flagged for some little time, by asking that question; which perhaps PROFESSOR OWEN or PROFESSOR HUXLEY will answer.

You know, Sir, that animals are distinguished from man not only by deficiencies but also endowments; as well by the possession of instinct as by the want of reason.

I think all quadrupeds swim naturally, whereas no men do. Now I

want to know whether the quadrumana swim naturally. The question I wish to ask anybody who can answer it is, "Do monkeys swim?"

This point, if there is any doubt about it, might easily be settled in the Zoological Gardens, by tossing the orang-outang into the hippopotamus's tank. Or an Italian organ-grinder's monkey might be put to the proof, and his master, too; for if an orang-outang is what you call an anthropoid ape, an Italian organ-grinder is what you may call a pithecoïd man, and he is a body such as the proverb recommends for experimental purposes, and a ducking would clean him. Jocko and Giacomo, or whatever the grinning alien may call himself, are, to be sure, disgustingly like; yet I hope there is an essential difference between Simia and

HOMO.

P.S. I have, perhaps, too hastily assumed that mankind does not swim naturally. Do babies swim? I am not a papa, and few mothers are philosophical; but no doubt you could get many a wet nurse, having the care of a lady's infant, to determine this inquiry for you in a tub.—H.

BLACK LETTER LITERATURE.

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, say the French, has made a marriage offer to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Confound his Abyssinian impudence! We wonder he has not sent Ethiopian Serenaders to declare his regard under Windsor windows, but perhaps he has heard of Bass's Act. We feel loyally frantic at his black cheekiness, and can only say that whether an Ethiopian can change his skin or not, His Majesty would certainly want a new one very shortly after *Punch* had got behind him with a hippopotamus whip. Black King moving towards White Queen! A dangerous game for him, though not a Mate. We demand a copy of EARL RUSSELL's answer, and hope that he has not, to show his geographical knowledge, put in a joke about *Che Sahara, Sahara*. "Juno but an Ethiop were," but, by Jupiter, VICTORIA shall be none. The Earl is gone, we see, to Woburn Beds, but must neither rest therein nor be thankful until we have seen his letter.

Bravo, Grouse!

THE latest intelligence concerning the Shooting Season in Cornwall is that "The birds are very strong on the wing." Strong? are they! Then they decidedly should not be kept any longer. Hampers of game may safely be directed to our own Private Inquiry Office, 85, Fleet Street. The strictest secrecy may be relied on.

MOTTO FOR "THE CRICKETER'S GUIDE."—A "DARK" Saying.—"Blind as a Bat."

THE ANTI-RAILWAY ASSAULT AND ROBBERY GUARANTEE COMPANY.

Chairman.

THE CHEVALIER CLAUDE DUVAL,
Knight of the most noble order of the Fleece.

Vice-Chairman.

RICHARD TURPIN, Esq., Rookwood Hall.

Directors.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH, Portland Bill, Dorsetshire (late Chairman of the Beggar's Opera Company Limited).

JOB PEACHUM, Esq., Oakham House, Milbank.

SOLOMON LOCKIT, Esq., The Retreat, Brixton.

PETER FILCH, Esq., Grindwind Lodge, Coldbath Fields.

JEREMIAH ABERSHAW, Esq., Cracksman's Hotel, Old Bailey.

With power to add to their number.

Standing Counsel.

JONATHAN WILD, Esq., * Q.C., Stonejog Chambers, Caledonian Road.

Secretary.

MR. JOHN SHEPPARD, The Jollypals, Fakeaway.

Bankers.

MESSRS. BLACK LEG & Co.

TEMPORARY OFFICES:—FAGIN'S CULINARY STORES, Baldwin's Gardens.

IN an age pre-eminently distinguished by commercial enterprise, it is somewhat remarkable that an organisation similar to that embraced by the "Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company," should never have met with any vigilant promoter. It is now proposed to combine in one grand Joint-Stock undertaking the experts who on British Banks or Hounslow Heath have hitherto found exercise for their predatory powers. The papal administration has never hesitated to recognise and reward talent in any guise—even when assuming the scarlet cloak of a brigand. Our non-paternal Government firmly declines to employ for its own advantage, the faculties of felony, even when they have successfully passed a penal examination, and secured those much-coveted diplomas, popularly known as tickets-of-leave. Under these circumstances the formation of a Company has become with the nobleman and gentlemen whose names are attached to this Prospectus, a matter of paramount necessity, while it supplies a desideratum which has long been secretly felt by all who love their specie.

Respect for those conservative feelings which shrink instinctively from innovation, impels us to make one simple but important remark. The honourable custom of black-mail to which in feudal times the border barons occasionally lent a helping hand, affords a precedent for this institution, and denotes the principle on which it is based.

The Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company will grant, according to a graduated scale regulated by the nervousness of the insurer, a *safe conduct* to all parts of the United Kingdom—Ireland excepted.

An ornamental card, embodying the Policy of Insurance, worn on the hat or mantle, will entitle the bearer, whether lady or gentleman, to the respectful forbearance and chivalrous protection of the company's agents on any specified Railway, and at all hours of the night.

Luggage properly belonging to Insurers, and taken by the Company's Agents through inadvertence, will be restored within forty-eight hours after written application to the Secretary.

Ladies publicly exposing their watches will vacate their policies, unless at the time of granting the same, such extraordinary risk shall be duly paid for and provided.

No loss occasioned by skirt-pockets will be recognised, except on payment of a premium proportioned to the facilities offered.

Convivial gentlemen returning from City Dinners, can insure for a single journey at very moderate premiums.

Members of Parliament, Fellows from the Universities and the Stock Exchange, desirous of witnessing the noble art of self-defence, as illustrated in a contest for the championship, may insure in this office to a limited extent against insult and spoliation. The Company will, however, under no circumstances insure the retention by its owner of any ring valued at more than five shillings sterling.

Special Policies granted to muscular Divines, securing immunity from ecchymosis of the eye, or a broken nose.

Clubs liberally treated with. Twenty per cent. discount allowed to Members of the Carlton, in token of their warlike spirit and recent zeal for the National honour.

N.B. The Shareholders in this Company will be gratified to learn that the Directors of all the Great Lines have unanimously resolved not to open any communication between Passenger and Guard, or to sanction any other precaution which might be detrimental to the interests of the Anti-Railway Assault and Robbery Guarantee Company.

* Quarrelsome Convict.



JOLLY ANGLERS.

OLD FLOAT AND TOM GENTLE DON'T GET ANY BITES, SO THEY LAND ON AN ISLAND TO HAVE A QUIET SMOKE.—THEY SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT THE ROPE HAS SLIPPED, AND THE BOAT IS DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER! (No one near for miles.)

VARIETY!

A HARD time of it must be the lot of the Fashionable Reporter to the *London-super-Mare Gazette*. To make the Arrival List pleasing to the eye and the ear requires such a delicacy in discrimination, and so great a refinement of expression as to present a task of no ordinary difficulty, even to the talented and practised hand engaged upon the column of interesting and exciting news.

The urn is hissing, the prawns are blushing on a blue crockery ground, and the Lady of the House wonders whether the So-and-sos have arrived yet. No sooner is the wish expressed than a member of the family takes up from its resting-place by his plate, the neatly folded Gazette, and plunges into the Chronicle of Fashion.

"PRINCE SULKOFF has arrived at the Grand Hotel."

No particular interest is exhibited, but all feel more or less satisfied at being in the same town, it may be under the same roof, with his Russian Royalty. Now, please keep your eye on the italicised variety.

"COUNT BADASANY has arrived at the Bedford Hotel."

"LORD NEWIGS is among the arrivals at the Albion."

Mind you, this seems rather derogatory to the NEWIG's dignity. He's only *among* the arrivals; one who might have come with a lot of anybodies and nobodies in a large omnibus, and have been left to wander about the Coffee-room, patronised by the waiters, unrecognised by all.

"The DOWAGER LADY CODDLETON is sojourning at the Oldfolk Hotel."

There's something very patriarchal about this word "sojourning." It conveys to my mind the idea of Her Dowagership going about grandly somehow or other, in a tent, like ABRAHAM. That the Oldfolk Hotel wouldn't allow Tents as a rule, I am scarcely in a position to affirm, not having "sojourned" there myself; but of course the ancient Lady is entitled to her whim when she pays for it.

Here is a startler:—

"SIR THOMAS STAVINGTON COKEWOOD BURNINGTON GAGE is daily expected at PEGG's, Royal York."

Poor PEGG! Fancy the excitement. PEGG's upper chambermaids, like anxious Sister Annes taking turn and turn about on the loftiest pinnacle of the Royal York (if there be pinnacles, if not, say on the roof), craning towards the four points of the Compass alternately, in daily, hourly, expectation of the coming of SIR THOMAS STAVINGTON, &c., &c., &c. And when he *does* come, there will be a stirring of PEGG's. But will PEGG be happier?

"COLONEL and MRS. BAWLDERO are staying at Artillery Lodge."

Bang! Bang! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums, while COLONEL and MRS. BAWLDERO give each other a morning salute in the presence of the prawns.

"MRS. HAMMOND has returned to her residence. MR. H." (Who's he? CHARLES LAMB'S MR. H? Mysterious this!) "and MISS CRAWLEY are at German Place. COUNT GOAVISKY is still at Victoria Lodge."

Poor Count! he can't be well.

Now the writer forgets, repeats himself, and fails:—

"LADY JOHNSON is prolonging her stay at Marine Parade.

"MRS. THOMPSON is prolonging her stay at the Bedford Hotel."

Oh dear! Two ladies prolonging their stays! Consult the book in the Hall, oh Fashionable Reporter, but respect the privacy of the Toilette.

One for Him.

READING the paper LAURA sat:

"Greenwich *mean* time, Mamma, what's that?"

"My love, it's when your stingy Par

Won't take us to the Trafalgar."

MARITIME LAW.

To be "Mast-headed," is, according to the rules of the Service observed on board a Man-of-War, to be treated with the utmost rigger.

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

The Temple.



IR,—I consider myself an ill-used man. I am aware that ill-used men are awfully unpopular, but I do not care about popularity. You have sentenced me to Penal Servitude in London, at a time when I ought to be far away, like all the rest of your young men, and as good conduct is no longer to be reckoned in regard to the remission of a sentence, I trust I am too faithful a Protestant to attempt any works of supererogation. I shall stay in town, and I shall write, "since better may not be," but you need not look for any of that loyal and

gushing zeal which I display at other times in your interest.

You instruct me "to remain in London, and to take a general view of what is going on." *Dolus latet in generalibus*, as the old lawyers say, but for the first word you may read *dolor*, as more descriptive of my present state of mind. Besides, there is nothing going on, except the Thames Embankment.

You have frequently remarked, and I have not dissented from the propositions, that my style combines the easy flow of ADDISON with the vigour of MACAULAY, that it is studded with the wit of SYDNEY SMITH, and with the pregnant epithets of CARLYLE, while its undercurrent of philosophy is redolent of TUPPER, and its poetic proclivities remind you of LONGFELLOW and TENNYSON. Or if you have not exactly said that, critics say it everyday of any author they are told to puff, and I deserve such recognition quite as much as anybody. But, Sir, charming as my style may be, it will be ruined by such work as that to which you have so inconsiderately doomed me.

London would be a howling wilderness, if there were anybody left in it to howl. Forty-eight hours have elapsed since I have spoken to any human being except my cook (the housemaid is visiting at Ramsgate) and the waiter at the Club, who is sulky because other waiters are having their holiday in fine weather, and he believes—and I hope—that he will have wet days. I am losing the gift of speech. I misapply words. I spoke civilly to a cabman on Tuesday, though the brute put me down two doors further than the house I wanted. I said to that sulky waiter, "Oblige me with some bread," and he had the impudence to think that I was going to be facetious with him. I promptly cured him of that idea when he proceeded to forget the French mustard, but you see the state to which solitude has reduced me. I am getting nervous, too, and when my cabman was lashing his horse and tearing up a street covered all over with heedless children, I was weak enough to shut my eyes, and very nearly told him to drive more slowly. You are responsible for debilitating the finest intellect in your service.

Where am I to go? Nearly every theatre is shut. I have seen the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* until I could prompt without book. I went so often to that witty and enchanting entertainment, *The Pyramid*, that MR. REED believed I wanted to steal his lovely bull-dog. ALFRED MELLON has given me nine boxes for his Concerts, which are the best things in the world, but I am horribly afraid he thinks that I sell them, knowing the demand for them—this is a good puff, but it is deserved. I know *Masks and Faces* by heart; besides, that heart is on the waters with *Leah*, and the theatre without her makes me pensive. MR. VINING's house on fire excites me too much to leave me a tranquil enjoyment of my Welsh rabbit at PADDY GREEN's, and MR. GREEN himself, though he addresses me in the words of some song, "*I have always a Welcome for Thee*," evidently imagines that I am in town, at such a time, for no good purpose. Besides, you do not pay me a large (if inadequate) salary to write about theatres and mutton chops.

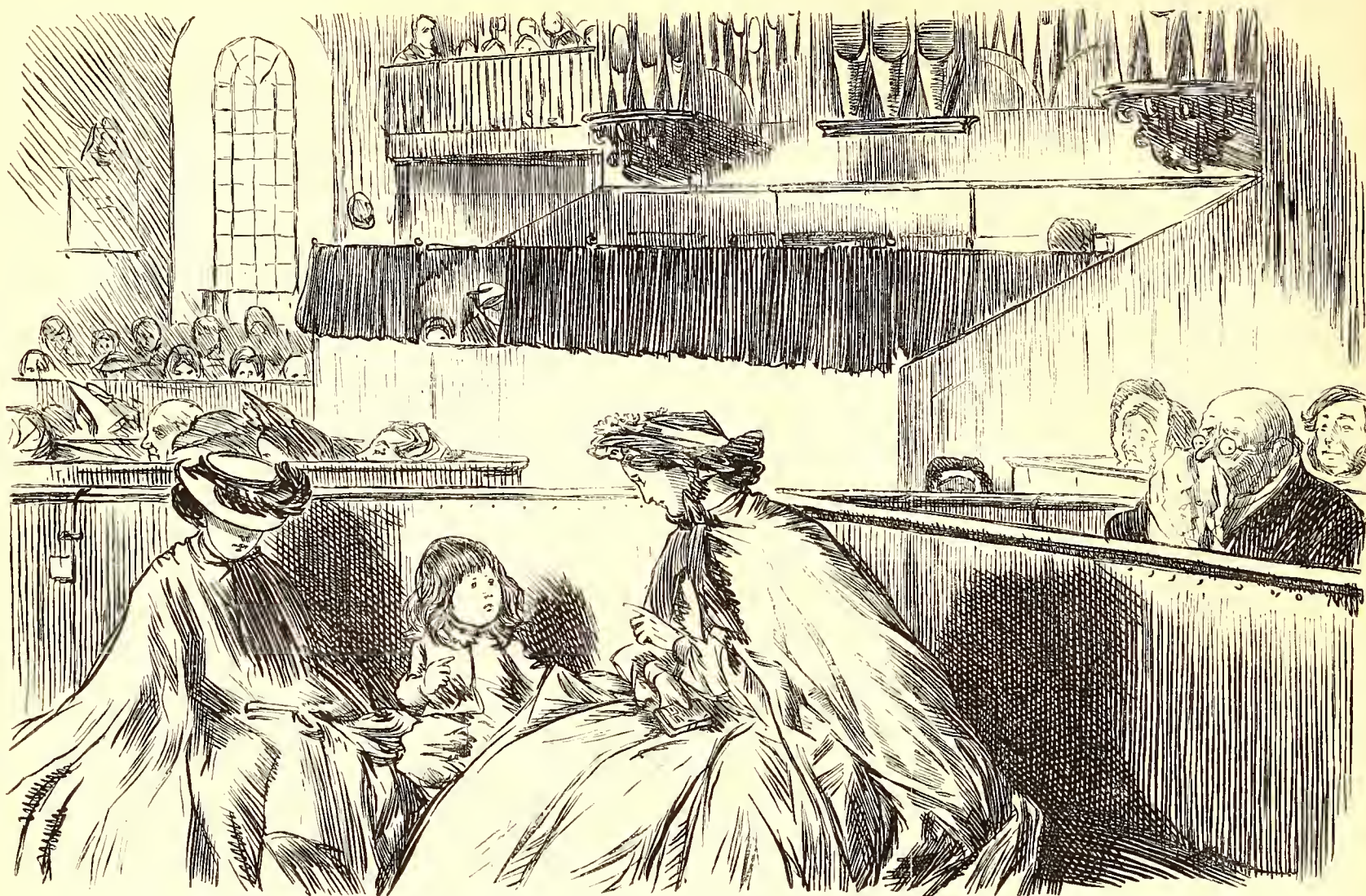
Certainly, a few nights ago the Club was crowded, that is for the time of year. There were four men in it, including your Ill-used Contributor. There was BERTIE WALPOLE (O, I shall print names or anything else, I am in no humour to be making anagrams, though by the way I might have called him DIRTY REDPOLE, as some of his intimate friends do) and he told me that he had come to town to consult an oculist. My playful retort you will have quickness enough to imagine,

but he declared that it was *not* all my Eye, but his, and he was savage at a second epigram which I launched in reference to a certain greenness which I suggested that the operator had better remove. Oculist! I know why he came up. My lawyers are his lawyers, and though solicitors never betray professional confidence, one can't help seeing papers when they lie under your very proboscis or nose. MR. JEHOSEPHAT, of the Hebrew persuasion, has a knack of recalling some of his friends to town, just when they least want to come. As BERTIE chose to try to mystify me, perhaps I didn't lead the conversation into Jewry, and make him fidget in his chair, in spite of his tenpenny cigar, the extravagant beast. Then the next quarter of the party was TED CLEVELAND. He was perfectly miserable. He cannot get away at all, his partners being off, but he did not care about that much while he knew that MISS MARIA (*née*—never mind) was safe at her uncle the parson's, in the country village, with about nine she-cousins and a hobbadehoy. But MARIA and the eldest Miss CONCORDANCE have been invited to the Larches, and MRS. FIRCON has always three or four Guards, or Treasury men, or some such awful swells pervading the house. TED somehow managed to let his misery out, and BERTIE and I ran the bag-fox like men. We looked at our watches, and told him that CHARLEY STRATTON, the handsomest chap in the 119th, must just then be taking MARIA in to dinner; and later we pointed out that CHARLEY, who has a wonderful mumble just above a whisper, which he has artistically cultivated, must be having good innings by that time. And we pictured a pic-nic among the rocks by the cascade, and MARIA, with abbreviated crinoline, helping CHARLEY to boil the kettle, which nearly made poor TEDDY boil over with jealousy and rage. The best of it was, too, that I knew CHARLEY had left the Larches for Scotland last week. So we had some little pleasure that evening, but what is one Oasis in a desert? And talking of that, what is an Oasis?

The other man will not stand chaff. This was HENRY VAMPIRE. I found him in the Library, scribbling his hardest, with a lot of books beside him. He apprised me, with much objectionable but forcible language, that his editor (there are other tyrants beside yourself) had sent him four or five theological works to be elaborately reviewed, and he was knocking them off as fast as he could, for he had promised himself a fortnight's good gambling at Baden-Baden. To my demand why he did not work in his own well-stocked study, he replied that the painters were in it, and he referred to those apathetic mechanics with a strength of adjective and participle which showed how earnest his theological reading had made him. I invited him to join me and BERTIE at our humble repast, but he replied savagely that he would neither eat nor drink until he had polished off the everlasting humbug who had written the volumes to which VAMPY was doing as much justice as he knew. I have seen the review since, and I am bound to say that the REV. CARNEY, D.D., owes small thanks to those paint-pots of Egypt.

But BERTIE WALPOLE has, I suppose, squared it with JEHOSEPHAT, and TED sulks at home, and VAMPIRE has ventilated his theology, and is off to the play-tables of Baden-Baden. At all events, there is nobody in the Club, except the impersonation of discomfort who has the honour to address you. I have nothing to do, nothing to read, nobody to speak to. I work away at the newspapers doggedly, but newspapers, at this period, are sad and solemn things. One gives me a leader to-day on the Education of the Orphans of Criminals, another on the Drainage of the Outhouses on Farms, and a third on the Law of Patents. Still I read them, as a prisoner counts the nails in the door of his cell. Then I look out at a window, and see a railway van, and hope it will break down, and a costermonger's cart, and wish there was a law against his bellowing, and seven empty cabs, crawling, and they remind me of the railway station to which you have forbidden me to drive. Then I look out at another window, but the prospect is not materially varied. Then I go to the desk, and see what is for dinner, and behold very few things, and none that I like, except grouse, which is four shillings, and you know whether I am paid highly enough to afford grouse. Then I go and smoke, and that destroys the little appetite I had, and I take sherry and American bitters to bring it back, which it doesn't. Then I read the evening papers, and they are stupider than the morning ones, and badly dried by that detestable and sulky waiter. Finally, I sit down gloomily to dinner, and take much more wine than I want in order to help on the evening. Lastly, I smoke again, many cigars, but I do not enjoy them, and my mouth is hot, and gin-sling I think makes you thirstier, nevertheless I take it. Ultimately, I go home in a Hansom, and the driver asks me an extra sixpence because he has been doing nothing all day. I give it him because I have been doing nothing all day: in other times I should have told him he ought to be ashamed of his idleness, and left him with the repartee instead of the sixpence. But I am demoralised. Then I go into my house, and find two letters from duns who know I am in town, and one from my wife, stating that she and the family are delighted with Scarborough, and that she wants money. Then I go up-stairs to bed, and find all the carpets taken away to be cleaned or done some other nonsense with. And I can't sleep, having had no mental or bodily work, and when I do I dream that I am in a drain and bellowing up the grating to be taken out, and none of the passers-by can hear me. And all this is your doing.

Nevertheless I remain, with affection and respect, your dutiful Contributor,
EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.



Little Innocent (in an audible little voice in the middle of the Sermon). "Ma! WAS THAT THE ORGAN?"

[We hope Old Dubbleby will take the hint, and not make such an awful noise Blowing his Nose in Church for the future.]

CREATORS OF RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

TIME was when the Government of the day found themselves called upon to administer "a heavy blow and a great discouragement to Protestantism." There has again arisen a necessity for the same stroke of policy. Just because the Roman Catholics of Dublin, in the exercise of that freedom to which they are entitled, get up an O'CONNELL demonstration, the Protestants of Belfast, imagining themselves entitled to a corresponding freedom, must needs get up an anti-O'CONNELL demonstration! They well knew that their Roman-Catholic fellow-citizens cannot stand contradiction, and are sure to return chaff with stones. They know how dangerous it is to vex them; then why do they do it? They go and make a Guy of O'CONNELL, and, of course, provoke those religious people to assault them with intent to kill them or do them grievous bodily harm. Hence the Belfast riots.

Then see what has happened in Jersey. A MR. T. G. OWENS, of London, who probably may be heard of at Exeter Hall, comes down from the capital of the larger island to that of the smaller, and undertakes to deliver in the Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms, three lectures on "Bible Truths and Romish Errors." As if he were not aware that it makes the generality of Roman Catholics very angry to call any of their doctrines erroneous? What was the consequence of MR. OWEN'S impudent imprudence? Of these lectures, as we learn from a report in a contemporary:—

"The first was delivered on Tuesday evening, and efforts were then made by a number of Catholics to seize the lecturer, whose life they threatened."

Their object, of course, was to silence the assailant of their opinions in the shortest and most effectual way. The attempts of the Faithful to destroy the Heretic were, however, unsuccessful. The bigoted incendiary escaped from them and their pious indignation by a side-entrance to the hall. He was silenced without having been killed. This partial success was sufficient to quiet the champions of Roman doctrine, for the time during which MR. OWENS was obliged to hold his irritating tongue:—

"On Wednesday night, however, the part which was played by the mob proved of a most serious character. Soon after seven o'clock a large number of Roman Catholics, many of them armed with bludgeons, collected at the door of the Lecture

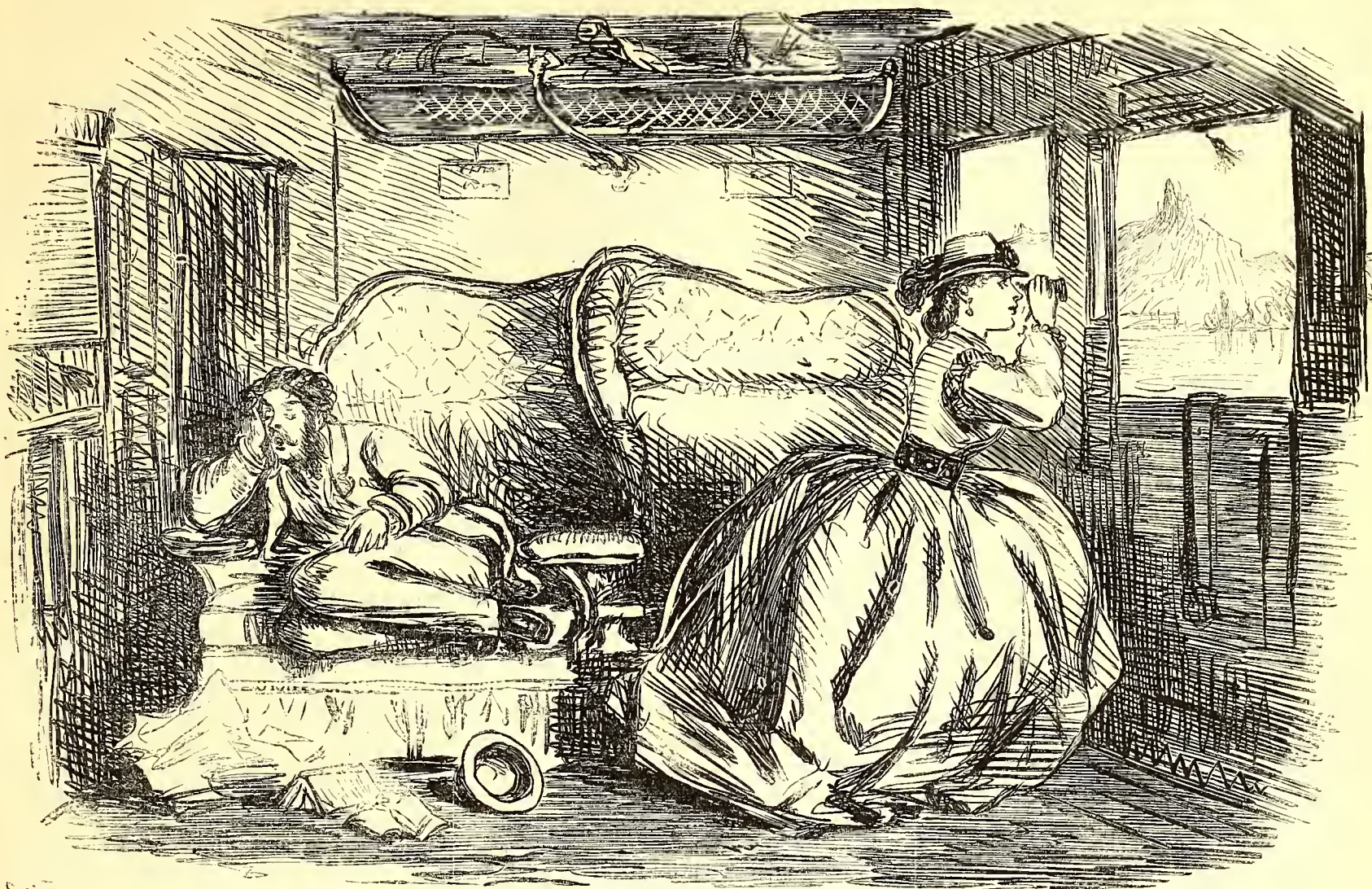
Hall, and commenced yelling and hooting. They were aided and urged on by between twenty and thirty women of the low Irish class. After creating immense uproar outside, they smashed the windows of the Hall by throwing stones through them, while some of the women yelled 'Fire! Fire!'

This gentle violence was emblematical. The windows were smashed, to symbolise heretical darkness. The stones thrown through them were arguments, calculated to beat conviction into Protestant heads; arguments truly suitable to the vindication of the see of PETER, as that name is synonymous with stone, if not exactly with pebble. The hint which the ladies meant to convey in the words which the reporter pleases to say they "yelled," is obvious. Will it be believed that, not only were the Roman-Catholic controvertists put down by the police under the direction of the Bailiff (MR. G. HAMMOND) and the Constable of the Town (MR. JOHN GILBERT), but, on Thursday evening, the parish constable, instructed, no doubt, by his fanatical superiors, took measures to secure the impious Protestant, in his offensive endeavour to impugn the dogmas of Infallibility in a public lecture-hall, from interruption on the part of their zealous believers? So OWENS, in a lecture on "Transubstantiation and the Mass," was actually enabled to state his impertinent objections to those mysteries as freely and openly as a Roman-Catholic, priest or layman, would be allowed to argue that the Church of England is a humbug!

If a law, prohibiting, under sufficiently heavy penalties, all attempt at the disproof of Roman Catholic tenets, existed, it is probable that the Roman-Catholic lower orders would seldom take the law into their own hands. The re-enactment of the statute *De Heretico Comburendo*, would be tolerably certain to prevent all such disturbances as those which have taken place in Jersey and Belfast. But though that is not to be hoped for by an oppressed minority, they may perhaps reasonably expect that the Legislature will interpose, to prevent them from being provoked to outrage and violence, by the secondary punishment of penal servitude, adjudged, without mercy, to those who exasperate them by gainsaying them.

A Ceremony with a Sanguine View.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the other day, held a Confirmation of prisoners in the County Gaol at Maidstone. Let us hope that none of them will turn out confirmed rogues.



INFLUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ON THE RHINE.

Emily. "OH, DO LOOK HERE, ARTHUR DEAR—SUCH A LOVELY VIEW, AND SOME MORE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CASTLES!"

[Arthur gives a prolonged grunt and snore.]

IN RE PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMISSION.

"APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA."

NOT BY DR. NEWMAN.

MR. PUNCH,

I TURN to you, Sir, as the friend of the oppressed—the ever generous apologist for youth's short-comings—above all, I turn to you, Sir, in your omniscience as knowing more, or certainly more knowing than all those Commissioners to whose wise conclusions, as exhibited in their Report on Public Schools, I refuse to defer. I am one of that class, *Mr. Punch*, who having passed the days, all the days of my boyhood, at a first Public School, turn out at the end a know-nothing—*Anglicè*, Sir, a fool!—and yet, Sir, being all this (I need not repeat the graphic description given by the Commissioners), I venture to appeal to you in apology for my class. I hope to show you that the devil is not so black as those worthies have painted him. I hope to show you, Sir—and through you, the whole world beside—that I am not so wholly useless in my generation. The Commissioners tell you what I am *not* worth, hear me while I strive to show you what I am.

Now, Sir, these gentlemen parade against me, that after all these years of education I cannot put a common-place English sentence into decent Latin. Now, *Mr. Punch*, I beg you to take any one of your own telling, terse paragraphs, and request of those gentlemen on either side of the House, or Sir, in either House, to do that passage Ciceronically, and give me the result! Get up, MR. BRIGHT; MR. COX of Finsbury, up! and apart from whisperings with MESSRS. GLADSTONE, CARDWELL, LOWE, or a pocket Ainsworth, give us *Mr. Punch's* last *more Ciceroniano*, or if it like you better, "*Liviano*," or more like *Punch* still, "*Terentiano*," and I bet you twopence to a farthing that you are nowhere. Or, setting aside the Cambridge quidnuncs, just put it to the Hon. Members aforesaid to explain 00000'—+ — 0000, XXX = ????, and what will you get out of 'em? Or, ask them to give in detail as recorded by POLYBIUS, the dialogue of HANNIBAL and NAPOLEON on the best way of crossing the Alps, with the dates and particulars of the Marengo and Cannæ fights, and which com-

manded at which, and which was First Consul, BONAPARTE, or FABIVS or GREGORY of Nazianzen, and where Nazianzen *was*, and if it *is*, and see how blank their faces and their papers will be! Well, Sir, you will say, this is nothing to the point; but pardon me, when I say, that it is all to the point; for though these gentlemen don't know these things, they make (many of them) very decent M.P.'s; and so I, though I don't know them any more than they do, make in my proportions very often a very useful member of Society. Nay, *more*, *Mr. Punch* and a very important *more* too, which these wisecracks ignore *in toto*. After all, I do not come away such a fool as they would make me, for though I may not know who did what in which chapter, or who dragged who round the walls of what—whether it was BRASIDAS, or CLEON, or POMPEY or, GUSTAVUS VASA, who crossed the Rubicon and took Calais; yet for all this I have read and learned to admire deeds of derring-do, and to imitate acts of courage and heroism, and to despise those which savour of meanness, and cowardice, and blackguardism; and so when I see my old governor at home, educated as I have been, and no more able to come the scholar than I am, yet honoured by the old poor who don't go away from his gate unrelieved, and doing his duty by his people, like a trump that he is, I hope one day to be like him, and live as he lives, and die as he will die, with Hope in his eye, and many a tear-drop on the eyes of those who stand by his grave-side.

What, good Sir, I should like to ask you, has all his philosophy and Greek done this or that Professor, but to unsettle, may be his own mind, as it has done that of many of his followers? What good has his history done that man which causes him to mis-believe the highest of all history? or what good has his arithmetic done that Prelate from over the sea, who has become a subject for Nursery Rhymes, and whose books, as they tell me, are the laughing-stocks of scholars? Or, again—(but I must shut up, or you'll reject me) to come nearer home; are our little female cousins and sisters, or those we hope one day to be nearer and dearer still, are they not to be thought of? May we not know how to take care of them—on the saddle, or the drag, or the boat—or when by their side, is it only in science that we may venture to open our lips? Apropos of these melting moments, is this to be the character of our converse, "Fair lady, I see you feel this weather, but is it not

interesting to know that the evolution of heat depends on a slow combustion going on in the organism?" And she replies, "Ah, yes, profound disciple of a learned master, and to know further, that as the temperature of bodies is increased, so does a proportionate increase in bulk accrue." "Ah, Fairest, I had forgotten that! Then should this weather last, what a whopper will MRS. GRAMPUS be!"

But I forbear, *Mr. Punch*, you have wisdom, you see what I mean, and will not throw back the cause of the

SNUBBED ONE.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

SECOND DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.



CONTINUE — *Tuesday Morning.* — Not slept well. Complain to chambermaid of being bitten. She asks, "did I go on the beach yesterday?" I did. "Ah well, great many fl**s on the beach. I must have brought 'em in." Glorious weather. Fresh sea-breeze coming in at my bedroom window. My watch has stopped. The old clock on the stairs strikes five. One gets up early by instinct here. Few nursemaids and children

about, and somebody in the distance bathing. "Early to bed and early to rise," &c. Bah! what a smell of stale tobacco and rum in the passage: bother the Cricketers and man with banjo. Order breakfast. "Up betimes," say I, affably to the maid. Not earlier than usual. Oh! I mustn't mind the clock on the stairs; the works are out of order. To-day it's five hours behind. "What will I have for breakfast?" Oh, anything. Very good. Prawns and 'winkles.

11 A.M.—Walk out towards the beach. A few fishermen sauntering about. After all, this is a quiet place. I lie down and try to count the large waves. Little child wants to know what time it is. How can I tell? Dear me! here's quite a crowd of gentlemen coming on the beach. Excursionists, I'm afraid. No, not gay enough for excursionists. Surveyors, perhaps: inspectors of breakwaters or fortresses, only there are no breakwaters or fortresses. I've got it, they are the Gentry who played Cricket against the Trade. Five of the party, most respectable elderly gentlemen, suddenly take off their shoes and stockings, and dance barefooted in the waves.

Three others commence leapfrog on the beach. Healthy, but eccentric. I ask a lounging boatman if the Cricketing gentry do this every day? Lounging boatman informs me, "Them ain't Cricketers, them's a party brought down, once a week, for a holiday, from the 'sylum.' The Asylum?" "Ay; them's lunatics."

I quit the shingle and enter a note. "Winklebeach, with the exception of the Cricketers, the Banjo and the Lunatics, is the quietest—"

12.30.—What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Well, say lamb. It appears that I may *say* lamb, but can't get it. Why not? Because it's Tuesday. As this is a perfectly satisfactory reason to the landlady, I content myself with saying, "Oh yes, of course," not liking to appear ignorant. Well then, mutton. Not mutton to-day, Sir, I'm afraid, because to-morrow's Wednesday. Well, a duck or a fowl. A fowl be it.

Note.—The provisions at Winklebeach must be chosen according to the day. The butcher, it appears, kills something or other on Wednesday: it is therefore well to watch the butcher's proceedings closely."

One o'Clock.—Bring me luncheon. More prawns, more winkles, larger than ever. There is a broad green in front, specially adapted for loungers, who do not care about the beach. Dear me! what is that up there on a wall. An advertisement, as I'm alive! "FLICKSTER'S Mammoth Circus with an Elephant. Tumbling Clowns, and the Greatest Wonder of the World, Little Boolu! The Grand Spectacle of Blue Beard!!!" Have I avoided London and the Gaslight Theatre to fall into the clutches of Little Boolu? It cannot be. Yes, it is, though. Coming events cast their shadows, and already the little children, freed

from school, are frisking over the green—the lounge's quiet green—playing at the elephant, the horses, the tumbling clowns, Blue Beard, the Mammoth, Little Boolu and the Circus in general, by anticipation. Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of," &c. &c. &c.

2 P.M.—I will seek a quiet spot under the cliff, where the circling seagull builds its nest, and all is chalk and cheerless. Solitude, I woo thee. What are those two boys doing with that gun? Climbing about with the deadly weapon at full cock. Hallo! Hi! don't point it this way. The ruffians laugh. They pretend that they mistook my white wide-awake for a seagull. Here's twopence not to let off that gun near me. They take the twopence and promise. Good boys. Pop! bang! I knew it. They saw a gull and fired. Saw a gull! Yes, I should think they did.

2.30.—Back to luncheon. From my window I see somebody in a uniform. "We shall be quite lively this afternoon," says the landlady. Lively! Horrid idea. What does the good woman mean? "Why, there's to be artillery practice and volunteer firing on the ramparts." The ramparts? "Yes, I can see the ramparts from my window." So I can, there's one cannon on them, and a flagstaff. Do they often fire the cannon? No, not often; but they will to-day.

3.30.—Volunteers take possession of Lounging Green. Every one comes out to see them. There are six volunteers and a corporal. There is a grand review. They charge the corporal, and storm the ramparts. The cannon is then fired at the sea; and Winklebeach trembles to its very foundations. This sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed. I have not read a line all day, and am so nervous from the firing, that I can't open a book.

4.30.—All over. Every one gone to dinner or tea. Perfect calm. Shall write and read. After all, Winklebeach is a very quiet—ah—what—An Organ!—An Organ!!! playing *La mia Letizia* very slowly. Can't he be sent away? Sent away, indeed. Residents pay him to come and amuse them periodically. There is a crowd already round the grinning Italian; all the Winklebeach windows are open, and trade generally is suspended. Away! Away! Over the Downs into the Weald of Sussex! Away! Away!

6.—I have been caught in the rain on the Downs, and have returned for dinner. Good duck. Organ-grinder gone. The wind has changed, and I fancy I smell drains. On inquiry I find I am right.

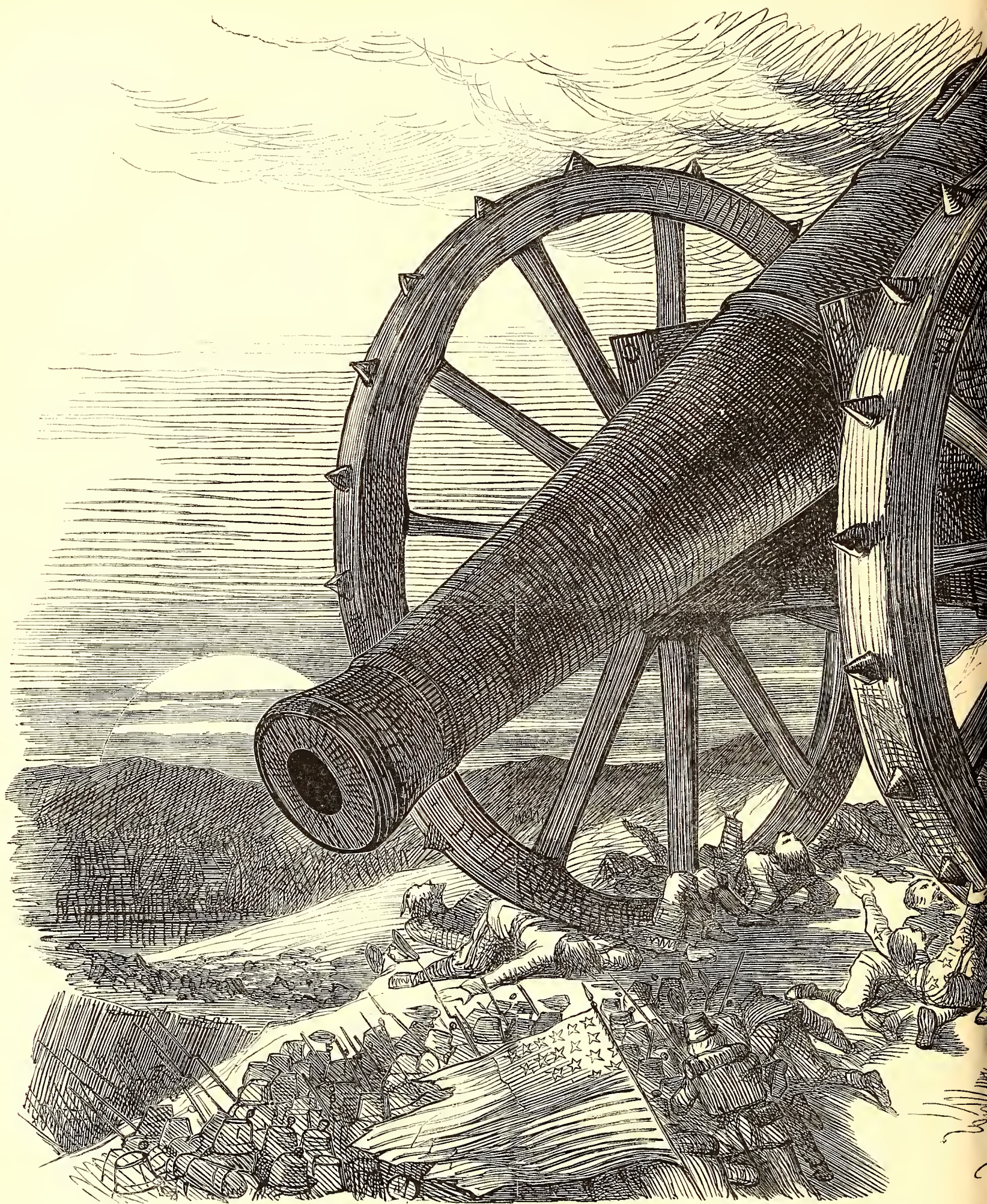
8.—After dinner, the Winklebeach Volunteer brass band play on the Green. The organ was better than this. The landlady thinks "they don't play so bad, considerin'." Send for the bathing-hackney-machine-coach. I'm off. There ain't no more trains to-night. *Houp-là, tchik!* Here's the Circus coming in; five caravans and another brass band. Everyone comes to the old Inn. The Organ-man has not gone away! the Man with Banjo returns, the Artillery-men come in to drink, the Volunteer band fraternise with the Circus band, and all assemble, in the tap-room under my sitting-room, for an orgie.

9.30.—I will avoid them and lie on the beach in the stilly night. It is no use, out of doors they are setting up Circus tents, and the hammering is unbearable. Their camp-fires smoke and their lamps smell.

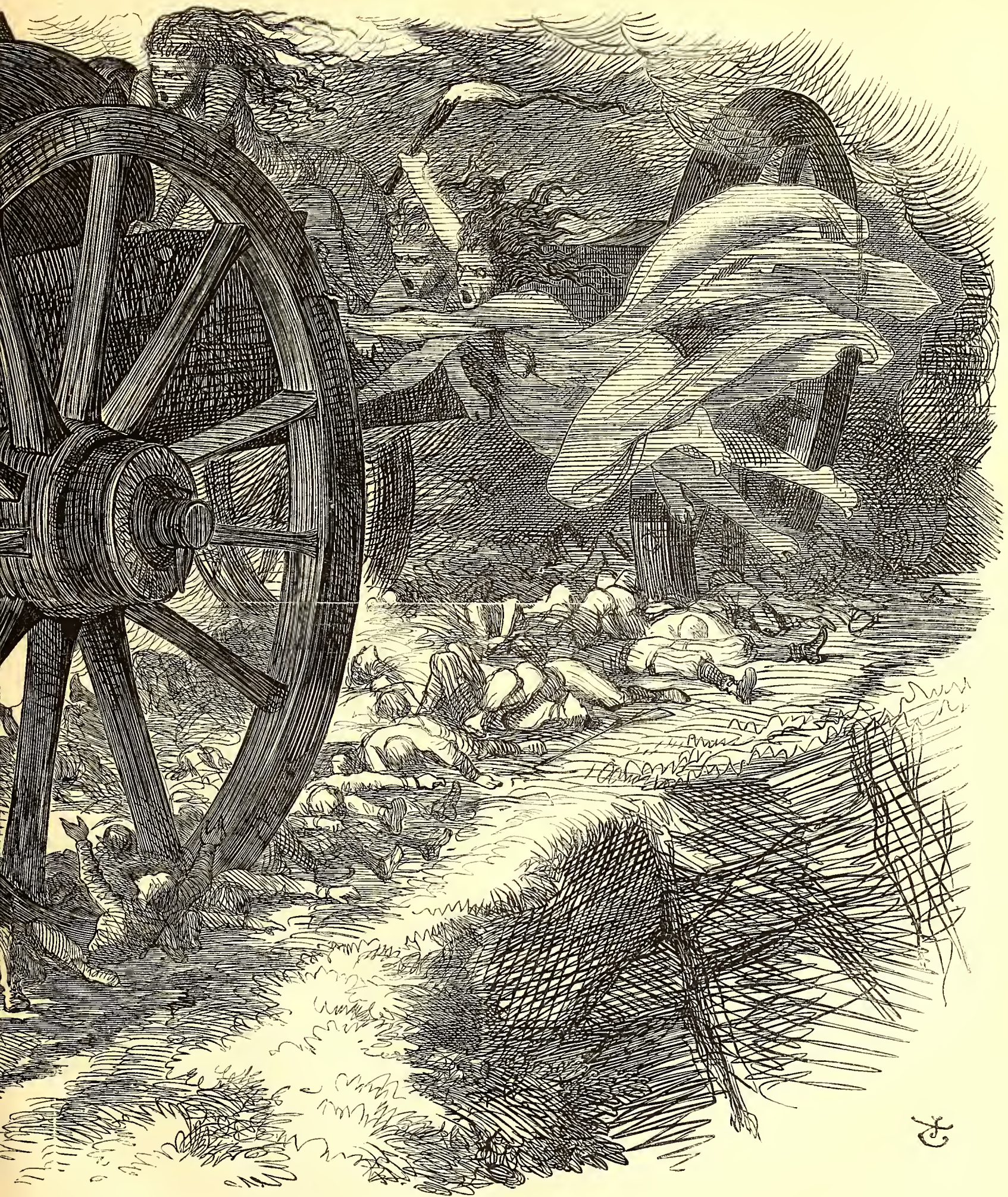
10.11.—In my room. Tea. Hang the prawns! take away the 'winkles! The bands playing in the room below, talking, singing, shouting, jingling of glasses and shuffling of feet. I ring my bell five times, and am not attended to. Will this noise last long? No, not long, most of the gentlemen (save the mark!) are going to bed. So it appears! Bang bang bang, stamp stamp, scuffle scuffle, up the stairs about twenty of them apparently. "Good night, BILL! Good night, JIM!" Bang bang bed-room doors. Row up-stairs, some one got into somebody's room by mistake. Bang bang, scuffle scuffle. "Which is my room?"—"Where's the candle?"—"Don't make that noise!" (This request is shouted at the top of somebody's voice.)—"Hallo! Hi!"—"You're disturbing the house, JIM."—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Here's my room," bang bang—"Here's mine!" bang bang—"Here are our rooms," bang bang bang bang bang, *ad lib.* Thank heavens! While all sleep I can read ZIMMERMANN *On Solitude*, and calm my agitation. They've begun throwing the boots out into the passage. More jumping and kicking and stamping overhead. The Circus Acrobats have got the room above, and are practising for to-morrow. To bed.

Note.—"Winklebeach, with the exception of a Banjo, a Circus, its own native Volunteer band, its own Cannon, its weekly Cricket matches, its evening convivialities, is naturally one of the quietest—" Out, out, brief candle.

One o'Clock.—I relight my candle, in order to try and catch a con-founded moth that won't let me go to sleep. Over the bed; on to the drawers; I've got him, with a towel, on the wall: no, I haven't. Hang the brute, I've fallen over the hip-bath. Somebody stamping above; knocking at wall. "Will I be good enough to make less noise, as no one can get to sleep." Pon my word, that's cool. The moth is now secured under a tumbler. Such a specimen for naturalists, as big as a mouse; a marine moth; something between a large prawn and a bat: peculiar to Winklebeach, I hope.



THE AMERICA



JUGGERNAUT.

HEAVY CHARGE.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S monster gun
At Shoeburyness resounds,
To try what damage can be done,
And bang! goes forty pounds,
Good forty pounds at every shot;
Consider of it well;
And also full as much, if not
Much more, for every shell.

What's there to show for this expense
Of powder and of ball?
Hole in a shield, the model fence
Of Ironsides; that's all,
Save proof that if, with skilful aim,
The gun were levelled true,
And Ironsides invading came,
'Twould riddle her sides too.

In peace, for practice, we must fight
Imaginary foes,
Since war is ever in our sight;
That's how the money goes.
But how, against invading fleet,
Much faster it would go
Had we an enemy to beat
At forty pounds a blow!

Suppose your gunner's aim to fail,
As oft the case may be;
Your forty pounds, of no avail,
Go plump into the sea.
To such a tune if war require
Our giant guns to play,
Some hundred millions we shall fire
In little time away.

But will the bolt, so pitched aright,
(Which sometimes may betide,)
As foreign Ironsides to smite,
And penetrate her side,
Do damage in a measure such
As due proportion bounds?
For oh! it should do very much
Indeed for forty pounds.

Bomb, certain Ironsides to smash,
For dog-cheap we should hold,
Though more its charge were worth, in cash,
Than fulminating gold.
Therewith, come whoso'er might come,
Prepared we could remain,
Nor need keep firing off the sum
Of forty pounds in vain.

ISN'T HE IN A RAGE?

"ANGER," says quaint old FULLER, "is one of the sinews of the soul, and he that hath it not hath a maimed mind." This Irish advertiser must be a sinewy party:—

DOG LOST.—Stolen on Sunday last, about two o'clock, from Compton House, Rialto-bridge, Grand Canal, a very small red Terrier, with cropped ears and tail; very strong made. Whoever restores him will be rewarded, but God help any one he is found with after this notice.

The advertisement was in the *Dublin Daily Express*, and contrary to our wont, we give the address as per original, being perfectly scared at the thundering denunciation, and anxious to prevent any fellow creature from encountering the advertiser's fiery wrath. Send the dog back, whoever you are that has got it, if you think that the owner is as "strong made" as the beast. Send him back, if he were twice as small. Hurry, now!

First Warning.

THE Bankers of London have made an arrangement by which their unfortunate clerks will be prevented from leaving work on Saturdays until four o'clock. This won't do. We know a bank on which the wild thyme grows, but we decline to know any bank in which time is dealt with in this wild manner. The new Order must be cleared out of the Clearing House, or *Mr. Punch* will make such an awful run upon the bankers as will astonish their weak minds. What can they be dreaming of, to think that he will stand such tyranny? They must rescind their order, or set their houses in ditto. PUNCH.

THE GREEK AND DANISH QUESTIONS.

THAT pious, but liberal and enlightened journal, the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the celebrated organ of constitutional government in Germany, ascribes the misfortunes which, in the dismemberment of Denmark, have befallen CHRISTIAN IX., to a judgment wherewith that monarch has been visited by Heaven, because he allowed his son GEORGE to accept the throne of Greece, *vice* OTHO, expelled. The journal of the Cross demands to know what right GEORGE had to it? and asks:—

"Have not the victories of Düppel and Alsen given the answer of the living God to the Cavourist policy of KING CHRISTIAN at Athens?"

Because, argues the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, CHRISTIAN let GEORGE become the sovereign of the Greek people, who had deposed OTHO, and whom OTHO had abandoned, therefore CHRISTIAN robbed OTHO of Greece; and for having robbed OTHO of Greece, Divine Justice suffered him to be robbed, in his turn, of Schleswig and Holstein. This argument shows how cleverly a journal of high principle can combine the respect due to crowned heads with the rebuke of rascality. If KING CHRISTIAN was robbed of Schleswig and Holstein, who were the thieves? And if the peaceful acceptance of the Greek crown was a robbery, were not the victories by which Düppel and Alsen were taken, robbery aggravated by murder? and who are they that were both thieves and murderers? An answer to these questions may be returned at the convenience of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA.

A FEDERAL HERCULES.

ONE set-off against the evils and horrors of war is the development which it gives to moral and physical qualities. The following wonderful instance of heroism and bodily prowess, engendered by the great struggle in which the contending States of America are engaged, is related by the *New York Times*:—

"SUPERHUMAN FEAT.—MAJOR SHAY, of the 22nd Indiana, was severely wounded, but subsequently took prisoner the Colonel of the 33rd Arkansas, and swam with him across Peachtree Creek."

When we consider that, in order to swim with his prisoner across Peachtree Creek, the Major must have taken the Colonel in his mouth, we are enabled to form some idea of the effort which the performance of that prodigy must have cost him. On the other hand, we are called upon to admire the Colonel's chivalry, in submitting, under the obligation of his parole of honour, to be carried quietly over the water by his captor like a duck by a Newfoundland dog.

GALLANTRY OF BRITISH JURYMEN.

COMMENTING on a recent action of breach of promise of marriage, brought by a man of fifty-five against a woman of sixty-nine, and conducted in a Court of Justice at Leeds exactly as it might have been, less cigars and brandy-and-water, by a Judge and Jury Club in a pot-house, the *Morning Post* very pertinently asks, what is the reason why, whilst female plaintiffs, in such cases, receive handsome damages, male plaintiffs get laughed at, and nothing besides but an amount of damages represented, according to the customary suggestion of counsel, by "the smallest denomination of coin known in the country?"

The reason is, that petty jurymen are mostly fathers and brothers, who want to get their own daughters and sisters off their hands, but wish their male relations not to marry.

A Laughable Image.

To protect the so-called Achilles Statue in Hyde Park, from whose plinth some letters have been removed, from further damage, a correspondent of the *Builder* suggests that it should be surrounded with "a sunk ha-ha fence." The statue in question, being supposed by connoisseurs of sculpture to be not that of the son of PELEUS, but to represent a common gladiator, and having also, as it stands, a highly ludicrous appearance, has always, when encompassed by a circle of spectators, a sufficient ha-ha around it.

A Representative Man.

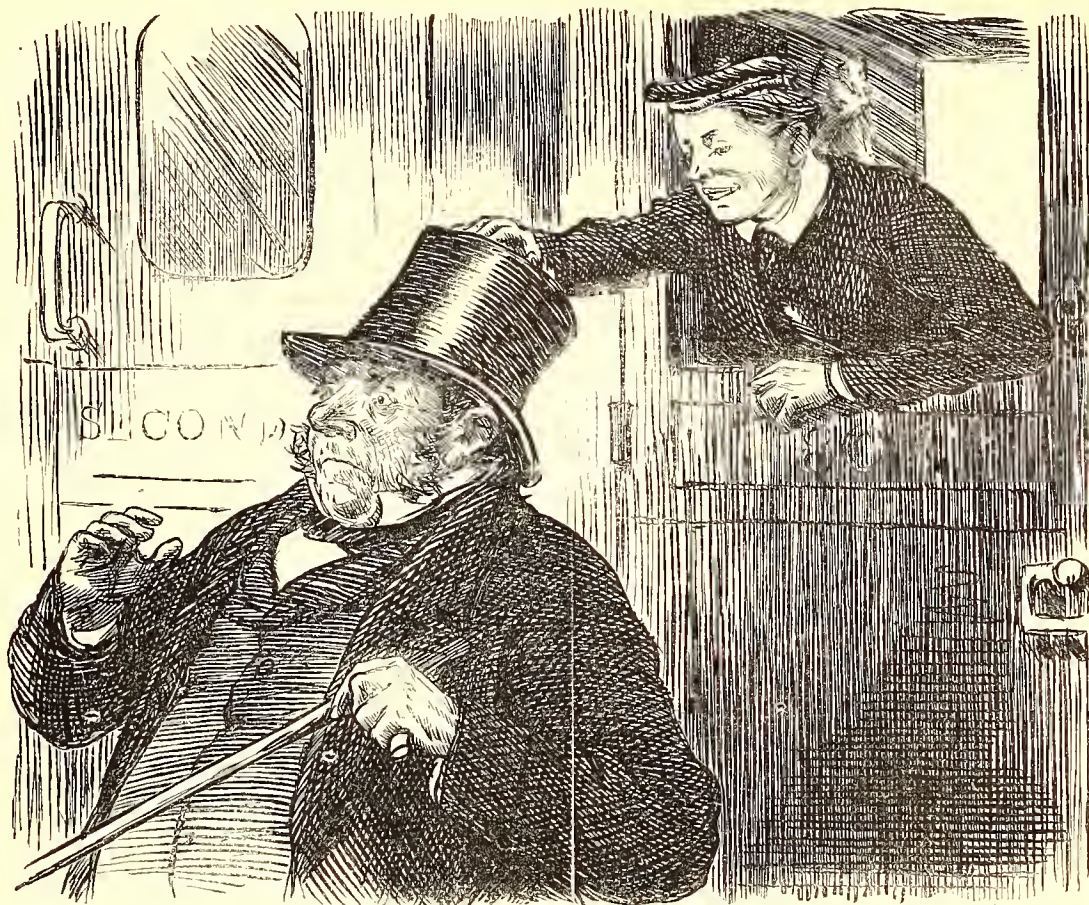
SAID PAM, at, and of, Tiverton:—

"We all know that those who are past their childhood (especially those of the fair sex) retain their good looks to a later period of life than is often their lot in other parts of the world." (*Laughter and cheers.*)

It is not announcing a truism to say that LORD PALMERSTON is the Representative of Tiverton.

PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is writing a book called *Essence of Religion*. What a subject for a Frenchman, and a French novelist! He must have made some strange mistake, and fancied that religion is some kind of perfume, sold on the Boulevards. Tell him, somebody.



Affectionate Nephew (going back to School after the Holidays, and Bonneting the Old Gentleman as a parting salute). "TOUCH YER LAST, UNCLE!!"

RESPONSIBILITY AND NUMBER ONE.

SOME time ago, certain officers in Ireland, having, in the discharge of their duty, to quell a mob, ordered the men to fire on it, and so killed some of it. A Coroner's jury charged them with wilful murder. On this charge they were allowed to be brought to trial. They were acquitted of it, indeed, but they had had to endure the horror of a trial for their lives, and to incur the cost of their defence. This was calculated to make all officers, civil as well as military, take care how they quelled a mob for the future. The results of the salutary lesson thus impressed on authorities we have just seen at Belfast. Enforcement of responsibility can have no other effect on sane people than that of making them resolve to do nothing for which they can possibly become responsible. Responsibility is surely intended to make folks take care to be safe. How can a strictly logical Public complain that it answers its purpose?

Exact strict responsibility for all blunders, mistakes, and errors of judgment. But then, if you want anybody but a fool to run the least risk in serving you—don't you wish you may get him? How nice to enjoy both the satisfaction of exacting responsibility, and also the advantage derived from daring! How equally nice would be the cake which you could eat and keep too!

A WORD TO A WESTRY.

A NEW Medical Officer is wanted in Marylebone. Upwards of two hundred doctors have designated their distinguished brother, DR. HASSALL, as the mau for the place. That these educated gentlemen, who have the best means of forming a judgment on the subject, should have made the suggestion, has enraged that awful body the Marylebone Vestry. This splutters and swaggers, and taking advantage, in the pettiest manner, of a word the doctors have used—the word everybody else uses in regard to the Vestry in question—"delegates," the terrible Vestrymen denounce the Medical Profession for its interference. Now, if Marylebone were Houndsditch, or the New Cut, or any place where adulteration and fraud in trade were the rule and not the exception, we could understand the hatred of tradesmen for a man like DR. HASSALL, who has shown up very mercilessly the merciless tricks of shopkeepers. But the tradesmen who form the majority of the Marylebone Vestry are of a high class, and cannot be suspected of ill-will towards an exposé of disgraceful practices. Still, it looks fishy to see Trade banded against HASSALL, and for the sake of the "good taste" of which these swell parochials are so justly proud, *Punch* thinks that they should listen to the Profession on a subject which it must understand better than they can.

The Noble Army of Yankees.

It is said that a German worthy, named KARL VON ESSENGHEN, at New York, has devised a plan for intercepting the *Victoria*, communicating with MÜLLER, and enabling him to escape in a fishing-boat and enlist in the Army of the United States, for a bounty to be pocketed by MR. VON ESSENGHEN. If MR. MÜLLER did really murder MR. BRIGGS, he will be just the sort of recruit for the Federal Army.

A VISIT TO THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

(AIR.—"The Low-backed Car.")

To MR. MELLON's Concerts,
I went the other day;
(I should say night), 'twas that I might,
Hear his musicians play;
But the Programme told me what I had
Before that time not known,
That among the men was ALI BEN,
Who would play on his Turkophone.
Now what was his Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I owu;
I asked all around, but no one could be found,
Who was up to the Turkophone.

I'd heard CARLOTTA PATTI,
Miss HUDDART well I kued,
And a German maid, who sweetly played
On the grand pianuy, too;
And MR. LEVY who had
Charmed LOUIS on his throne;
But somehow very few had
Ever heard of a Turkophone.
Now what was a Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I own;
I asked all around, but no one could be found,
Who was up to the Turkophone.

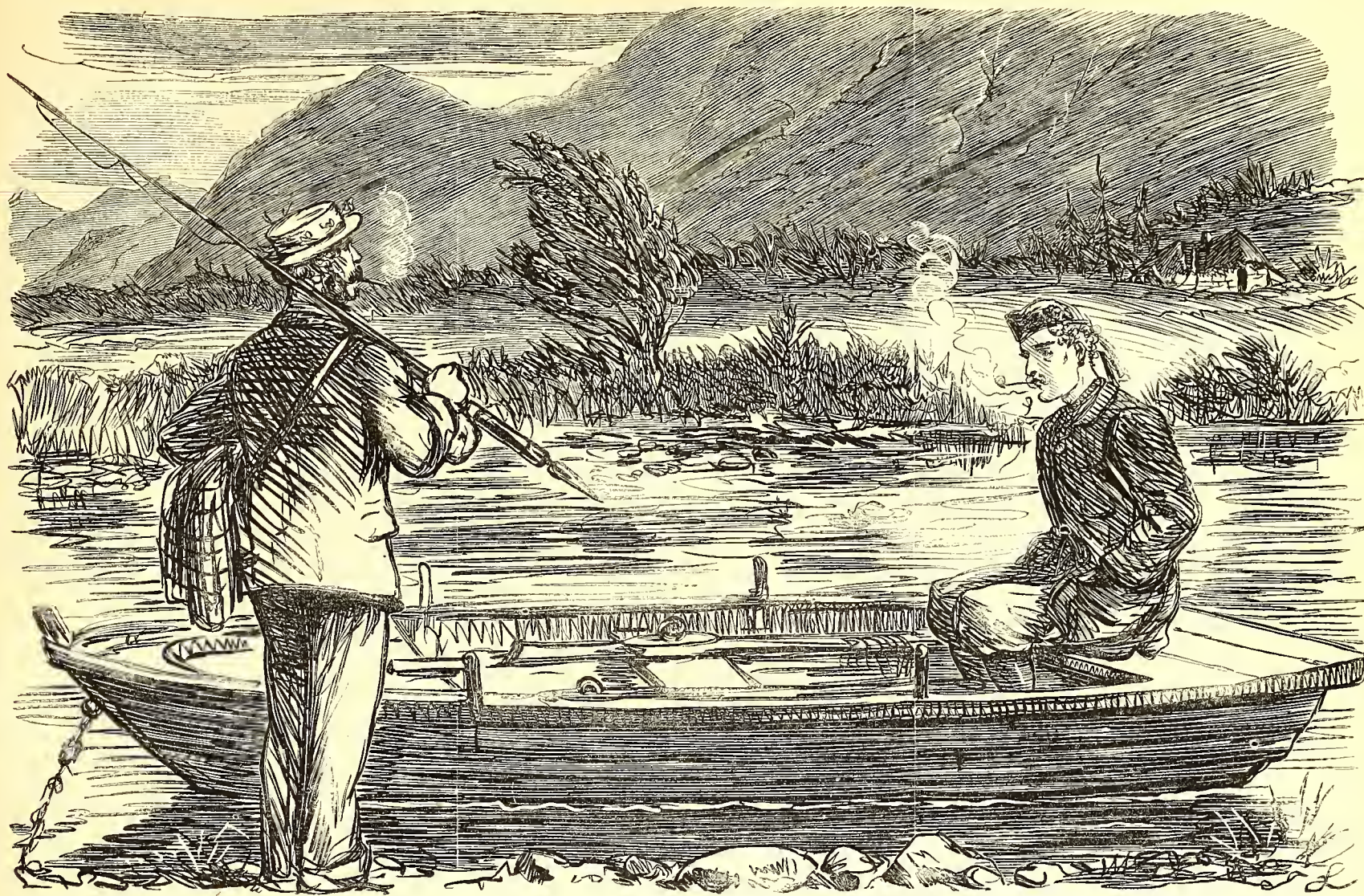
I didn't mind ROSSINI,
I wearied of MOZART;
And the worst of bores I considered the pause,
'Twixt the first and second part.
I grew so agitated that,
I scarce could stand alone;
And I cried out, "When will ALI BEN
"Come and play on his Turkophone?"
Oh, what is a Turkophone?
I cannot make out, I own.
Is it wind, is it string, oh what sort of a thing,
Is this wouderful Turkophone?

'Twas very near eleven,
MR. MELLON gives a rap;
And a man in a fez cries out, "Oh, yez,"
Like a foreign sort of chap.
And then was the great ALI BEN,
To the English public shown;
He was dressed in his best, in a Turkish vest,
And he carried the Turkophone.
But was it the Turkophone?
I couldn't make out, I owu.
'Twas a lute, or a flute, or a hautboy; but no boy
Could swear 'twas the Turkophone.

He handled it so neatly
Before the list'ning crowd,
And he piped and wiped, and he wiped and
piped,
Then looked around and bowed.
And the people all applauded,
For he brought out such a tone,
And the mau at the harp had to look very sharp
To keep up with the Turkophone.
As he tootled the Turkophone,
The player on the trombone
Put his hand to his ear, and then let fall a tear
As he grinned at the Turkophone...

'Twas the Last of Summer Roses
He played, and then I smiled,
When very soon we lost the tune
In his variations wild.
So away we went to supper,
For hungry had we grown,
And ordered some "Fizz," which the right
thing is
With a devilled Turkeybone.
That wonderful Turkophone!
But a grilled peppered Turkeybone.
And Champagne at the Raleigh would make e'en
BEN ALI,
Cry, "Bother the Turkophone!"

Low-backed Car, to make a fellow American out of



SALMON-FISHING!

Friend (on the bank). "WELL, JACK! HAVE YOU HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Jack. "SPORT! IF YOU CALL IT SPORT TO HAVE NO WATER AND NO FISH, AND TO PAY NINETY POUNDS FOR THREE WEEKS OF IT, I'VE HAD PLENTY!"

AN IRISH MARE'S NEST.

THE Mayor of Belfast, a grocer named LYTLE, has been awfully wiggled by the MARQUIS OF DONEGALL, Provincial Grand Master of Masons, for absence from Belfast during the recent scenes of savagery. The grocer says he wasn't well, but did not leave his duty until the night of the day on which the riots began, besides which, in anticipation of a fray, he had called in 150 extra policemen. Then he went to Harrogate. Now we do not expect grocers to be logicians, and we are quite content when they sell us good currants and coffee at a fair price. But when they turn Mayors, and begin to "hargyfy," we must apply the test usual in dealing with the utterances of great men. If MR. LYTLE thought that there was any chance of a row, he ought to have stayed; if he did not think so, why did he send for extra peelers? However, what he lacks in logic he makes up Irish fashion, declaring himself to be a very grand kind of man, and taunting LORD DONEGALL with not having done his, the Mayor's, own business. Clearly he ought to have been a valiant Mayor—like our own SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH—snatched up his mace (not that which he keeps in the drawer with the ginger), beaten a drum (not a drum of his excellent figs), and caused the rioters on both sides to "nap pepper." The Marquis has put the saddle on the right horse, but Belfast has put the gown on the wrong mayor.

Amends to Leicester.

THE Balloonatics of Leicester are incensed with *Mr. Punch* for having hinted that people who elect a certain kind of orator should have been kinder to a Wind-bag. They inform him, haughtily, first, that MR. COXWELL's balloon was not destroyed by Leicester men, but by excursionists, and secondly that Leicester wants no dictation as to its choice of a representative. If the former statement be true, we will pardon the little escape of electoral gas manifested in the second, the rather that the Leicester men are subscribing pennies to buy the gallant aëronaut a new balloon—a most graceful way of skying their coppers.

OUR OWN REVIEW.

A NEW Poem with an old title has just come under our notice. It is called *The "Lay" of the Last Minstrel*, and is very properly dedicated to MR. BASS, M.P. The introduction is very fine, and the allusion, in the third line, to—

"His withered cheek,"

no less poetical than true. The organman's cheek is, we trust, rapidly diminishing:—

"The last of all the grinders, he,
Who sang of BABBAGE chivalry.
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, by just police suppressed,
Moved on and gave poor inmates rest.
No more by patient donkey borne,
The Monster Organ roused the moan,
No longer courted and caressed,
By heartless neighbours, dreadful pest!
For BASS, M.P., in Session time,
Had made his grinder's art a crime."

So the organman driven from the Metropolis, wandered forth into the country, and there

"He played, to please a peasant's ear,
The tunes, that none in town would hear."

This poem should be in everybody's hands. If, in consequence of the great demand, it is not already out of print, we wish that our readers may get it.

The New Bream Down Harbour.

WE see paragraphs thus headed. What sort of a fish is the new bream, and why does it swim down harbour, and down what harbour does it swim? When MR. F. BUCKLAND goes out of mourning for the lamented sturgeon, we should like the above ichthyological information.

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.



DEAR PUNCH,—As a man of very varied and extensive information, you doubtless are aware that Her Majesty QUEEN ANNE is dead, and that our once allies the Dutch have taken Holland. But there are certain other facts relating to that country which may very likely not have come within your notice; and I should not be surprised if, in common with most Englishmen, you still labour under numerous delusions as to Dutchland. I dare say now you fancy that, excepting cheese, perhaps, there is nothing

there worth looking at. A few pictures there may be, in the tea-board style of art, and here and there a quaint costume, not as yet extinguished by the milliners of Paris. Your notion of a Dutchman is taken very probably from *Knickerbocker's History*, and formed upon the model of the famous *Rip Van Winkle*. You imagine him a man about as broad as he is long, whose habit is to sit at home all day smoking a huge meerschaum, and never opening his fat lips, excepting when his pipe or his stomach may want filling. The sage Dutchmen, you have read, when their city was attacked, sat smoking in mute council till the fragrant cloud they blew enveloped all their city, and thus hid it from the enemy. Well, Dutchmen certainly do smoke, but they don't smoke meerschaums now, and but few clay pipes are visible. The modern *Rip Van Winkle* would most likely go to sleep with a cigar between his lips, for cigars are now in vogue with all smokers in Holland. Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary,* small boy, thief, every one you see there is smoking a cigar. Weeds in Holland are as plentiful as weeds now in the Thames, and if you have pulled from Oxford lately, you can estimate their number without much fear of adding to it. A row from Oxford down to Windsor is like rowing through a salad; and if the drought should last much longer, I expect to hear that Croquet has been played upon the river, and the regatta reach at Henley has been chosen for a cricket-match.

Put aside, then, if you please, your old Knickerbocker notions, and learn that Dutchmen now, excepting that they mostly shave, are vastly like to Englishmen. *Tollite barbarum!* "Away with the barber!" has been our cry of late, but is not echoed yet by Dutchmen. A moustache is here the rule, in Holland the exception; and, so far as I could see, a beard is very seldom reared there. The Dutch are not more silent than ourselves, and are scarcely greater smokers; and in many of their ways—their love of home comforts, for instance, and their industry in business—they show a strongly-marked resemblance to the English. They eat roast beef, and they drink beer, and go to clubs to read the newspaper, in a manner not much different from that of most Great Britons. Their country is in fact a sort of foreign England, and any English visitor soon finds himself at home there. On the whole, I think their churches and their other public buildings quite as ugly as our own; and though they pay a little more regard to picturesqueness in their houses, these do not look a whit less likely than our own to yield a comfortable dwelling-place. As a rule, their rooms seem far more lofty than our own; and their front doors are so gigantic that they all seem made for Brobdingnags. Not being a business man, I could not value, as it merited, the vastness of their warehouses; but I delighted to observe how beauty in their architecture blended with utility, and how the decorated gable ends, on which such pains and paint had been carefully bestowed, were all furnished with a hook to haul up—if not merchandise—chairs, chests of drawers, and dinner tables.

Not for the world would I throw doubt upon the *dicta* of our Bishops. But the BISHOP who informed us, in the jolliest of glees, that our friend

* When you write to your Dutch friends, you should spell this "apothek," and you may ask why the apothekes always have a ghastly-carved head stuck outside their shops, with the mouth gaping its widest, as though taking a big pill?

MYNHEER VAN DUNK "drank brandy-and-water gaily," and daily quenched his thirst with half a gallon of that spirit, I fear can hardly be relied on for correctness in his statement. If, however, it be true, MYNHEER VAN DUNK must have been quite an exception to the rule which Dutchmen practise in their drinking. Beer is their chief tipple, and the few who call for spirits, take Schiedam, not brandy. If you go into a Koffijhuis, you find that eight in ten, at least, are drinking beer, while the other two most probably are sipping lemonade, or some mild drink of that sort. I never saw a drunken man in my week's visit; and, indeed, the beer which is commonly consumed seems hardly to be capable of producing drunkenness. Poor, thin, wishywashy stuff it is, not better than our "swipes," and has but very little flavour excepting what is nasty. I pity Dutchmen for their living so remote from BASS and ALSOPP, and for their distance from the nectar brewed by CHARINGTON or TRUMAN. I think a British Beer Exporting Company should in charity be started for the benefit of Dutchmen, to enlighten their poor minds by showing what good stuff from malt and hops can be extracted. Care, however, must be taken that the barrels and the bottles be not tampered with in transit, and then refilled with German wishwash. Of all the tricks in trade I think this the most odious. What torture can be greater than to get a bottle marked with the red pyramid of BASS, and to find that it contains some continental nastiness? I experienced this agony myself at Amster-hem! (as the genteel lady called it), and was charged a guilder for the disappointment. Of course, big brewers cannot stoop to bottle their own beer; but they might appoint their bottlers, and make them use stamped corks, and then Englishmen abroad would not be duped as I was. Marked bottles may, of course, be emptied and refilled with any vat-rinsings and cask-dregs; but marked corks, when once drawn, could not be used again, and I would make it penal to imitate the stamp on them.

I have said that Holland often reminded me of England, but the beer I tried to drink there certainly did little to refresh my recollection. At the same hotel, however, where I was duped so Bass-ly, my native land was strongly brought into my memory. I arrived on Sunday evening, as weary and as hungry as a long Dutch sermon, followed by a short journey, could make me. "Waiter! garçon! Jan!" said I, in my best Dutch, "I want some dinner, sharp now! Vat haben you to giben me?" I thought he looked a Dutchman, so I gave myself the trouble to speak in his own language. But, beshrew me! the knave answered, "Dinnersir? yessir. Whatwouldyoupleaseto'avesir?" just as though I had arrived at any swell hotel in England. "Oh, well," I replied, a little disappointed at not having to talk Dutch, "I want something nice and foreign, *un dîner du pays, voyez-vous*," said I; for when travelling abroad I never lose a chance of trotting out my French, albeit that plain English may be vastly more intelligible. "Furrin-dinner? Yessir. Bringyouabledfowlsir, howouldy'pleaseto'averast-beef?" Boiled fowl or roast beef! Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before an Englishman, whose main desire in travelling was to expel all thoughts of England, and live a foreign life! But I was much too hungry to move any amendment of this wretched bill of fare, and so I sat and vainly tried to think myself abroad the while I ate roast beef off a dinner-plate marked "Wedgwood," served on an Irish table-cloth, and carved with a Sheffield knife and fork.

I have another word or two to say about the Dutch, so I beg leave to subscribe myself, yours, dear *Punch*, eternally (until the middle of next week, say),

VAGABUNDUS.

"BEES ARE HUMMING, I AM COMING."

WE think that a line has accidentally slipped out of the last letter from the Bee-Master. He says that critics of the wasp kind are delighted when they can discover a trumpery bluish in the works of TENNYSON or LONGFELLOW. Has not the printer managed to omit the words that should follow—something of this kind, "or detect a careless lapsus in a Lecture on Prophecy." Eh, DR. BEE-MASTER? Nevertheless your letters are very good ones, and you may write as many more as the *Times* likes to insert, though as COWPER says:—

"We who make no honey, though we sting,
Critics, are sometimes apt to maul a thing."

A Contribution to the next Burlesque.

(It may be introduced à propos of nothing, of course.)

EAST-INDIAN Foundlings have no safe retreat,
Like CAPTAIN CORAM's near Lamb's Conduit Street;
CORAM in India never watches o'er 'em,
For then he would be called an *Indy Coram*.

A BRUTAL DEMOCRACY.

HITHERTO we have known of an Animal Kingdom only, but now that the belligerent Yaukees have sunk to the level of savage beasts, we are forced to recognise also an Animal Republic.

We have not come up to your Animal Kingdom yet, we first seignify rebels and cannons



Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME?"
Crusty Old Gent. "YES, SIR,—BED-TIME!"

CLUB CONVERSATION

(FOR THE TIME OF YEAR.)

SCENE—Reading Room of the Club. SOLITARY MEMBER, who has read all the papers, serials, and magazines, is discovered sitting at writing-table, trying to remember some one to whom he owes a letter; as writing to anybody is more sociable than speaking to nobody. Door opens, and enter, cautiously, DE FEBLE.

Sol. Member (laying down his pen and elevating his eyebrows). Hallo!

De Feble (as if intensely surprised). What, you here!

Sol. Mem. (rising, with outstretched hand, and in his heartiest manner): How are you?

De Feble (making the usual satisfactory reply). How are you?

During the Season, DE FEBLE nods, and just manages to recognise the existence of SOLITARY MEMBER, and the latter speaks of the former as "that conceited puppy DE FEBLE, whom he should like to kick," or words to that effect. But now, in the desolation of a St. James's Street Club, it is a hand to grasp, a human voice with a word of sympathetic welcome, even though that hand be nothing but a paw, and the voice a yelp, which by a logical development of the canine simile they both very well might be.

Sol. Mem. (returning to his seat, making as though his letter was of great consequence in order to give DE FEBLE the idea that business detains him in Town). Well—and so—you—(after the first glow of heartiness there comes over them both, but more especially over the one who has made the first advance, an indefinable chill)—you—(hits on a bright idea)—you're in Town, are you?

De Feble (rather ashamed of himself, and not liking to admit the fact all at once, says dubiously). Well—yes. But—um—(clears his fashionable reputation at the expense of his veracity), I'm going down into the country to-night.

Sol. Mem. Ah! (Wishes he could say so, too; thinks he will say so.) I'm a—(becomes nervous, and thinks he won't), at least I'm not going away yet awhile.

De Feble (feeling that he has got the advantage over his acquaintance now). Ah! I shall be away for some time.

Sol. Mem. (fidgeting with his pen). Ah! (vaguely), going to Hertfordshire?

De Feble (with some uncertainty). No, no, (as much as to say that he could go to Hertfordshire if he pleased). I shall get some shooting at my Uncle's, and so forth, as usual.

[Shrugging his shoulders as if the arrangements bored him.]

IN THIS OLD HAT.

IN this old hat Policeman X
Has guarded London well;
In this beguiled the female sex,
And wooed each area-belle;
To fight and fray, by night and day,
From Kew to Camden Town,
That shiny top has put a stop,
Obedient to the Crown.

At parting from the friend of years
Deep sighs disturbed his belt;
His dark blue eyes brimful with tears
Attested what he felt;
The helmet now upon his brow,
He paces slowly by,
In doubt how Cook and JANE will look,
When it arrests their eye.

Policeman X, SIR RICHARD bless
With all your might—and main,
He apprehends the style of dress
That pleases Cook and JANE:
For over tea they both agree—
You captivating dear—
With such a casque you need but ask,
To have incessant beer.

"Non Talibus Horsepitiis."

FROM Cornwall comes a story of a horse who, weary of an idle life on a common, deliberately went and drowned himself in the sea. We don't believe a horse would be such an ass. Does not this sea-horse much resemble the *Cetus* pointed out to Privy Councillor *Polonius*, calf, by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF DENMARK, K.E.?

Sol. Mem. (Smiling thoughtfully). Yes. (Looks serious and wonders what the deuce he was smiling at.) Yes.

[Begins to watch the few people in the street.]

De Feble (tracking back). Yes. I shall be off to-night, (knocking his cane on the floor) or to-morrow morning, early.

[Watches people in the street.]

Sol. Mem. Ah—yes—er—.

[Bites pen.]

De Feble. Well—or (looks at his watch), let me see, I must—

[Mumbles something to himself.]

Sol. Mem. Um—um—

[Tears up a piece of paper, and makes a show of commencing a letter.]

De Feble. Well—er—(as if about to say something of great importance which he had left for the last moment)—Good bye.

Sol. Mem. Good bye. (Nods pleasantly, but omits the ceremony of shaking hands.)

Exit DE FEBLE, making a mental memorandum to the effect that he must not, for his own credit's sake, enter the Club again for some days.

DE FEBLE partly regrets within himself that he did not ask the Solitary One if he was going to "dine at the Club—and go anywhere;" but he cannot do that now, so he feeds at some remote restaurant, or in his own chambers with himself and his Familiar Humbug.

SOLITARY MEMBER entertains a better feeling towards DE FEBLE after this interview, than he ever did before. For DE FEBLE's blooming companions being all out of Town, the natural man is peeping out through the artificial man; the buckram Court dress of the season has been taken off, and DE FEBLE goes easily in his smoking coat. And so it comes to pass, that, in the letter which SOLITARY MEMBER does pen to a friend out of Town, this sentence stands recorded—"I met DE FEBLE in Town to-day. He's not such a bad fellow, after all." So these two men are, both of them, the better for being chucked against one another, by an unfashionable Fate, in this *entr'acte* time of the year.

The Weather.

THE storm which was in London on a Sunday, visited several parts of the Country during the week. It was heartily welcomed wherever it dropped in. This sounds all very well, and is of course at this season, the fashionably correct movement; but what, we may ask, will the poor bound-down-to-London Londoners do, when even the Wettest Weather leaves Town?

ADVICE.

How to make a Watch keep time.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

The Temple.



IR,—The Starry GALILEO (and his woes) may have preceded me in remarking that the world still moves. He was born in 1564, and died in 1642. I have nothing to add to his Coperuican observation. I am obeying your tyrannic orders, and am remaining in town. But you are throwing away my salary, though that may not be much to talk about. I could do you much better service by sending you sparkling essays, prompted by the pleasures of the sea-shore, or the excitements of foreign travel, as I promised to do if you would let me go away, and you know that such promises are always redeemed by an errant Contributor. *Mais tu l'as voulu.*

That Irish agriculturist who fed his pig one day and starved him the next, and so on, in order that the bacon might show alternate slices

of fat and lean, has relieved ADMIRAL FITZROY at the weather office, for everybody is relieved except myself. Yesterday it rained steadily, and I was wet through with rain. To-day the sun scorches and—antithesis demands what delicacy denies—let me merely say that I am unpleasantly hot. The tradesman who supplies ice to my refrigerator here is of course at Hastings or Dieppe, at all events he has sent me no ice. Yet I paid his bill, at his request, a fortnight ago. The next time he wants to leave town, he need not depend upon my aid to put him in funds. I will pay his ice-bill at Christmas, and console him for the delay with a jest touching the fittingness of things. I drink your health in lukewarm soda-water, and you may imagine the attendant good wishes.

Last week I gently complained, or rather I faintly murmured, because of many hardships. I hinted that by enforcing my sojourn in town at such a time you were debilitating the finest intellect in your service. I regret to say that you are answerable for a still worse state of things. I have become addicted to play. Among the fluctuating population of five who now pervade the Club, three play whist, or imagine that they do so. They conspired on Thursday to induce me to join them, and I was, as our humbler fellow-creatures say, “that helpless,” that I tore myself from the *Annual Register* for 1789, and dragged myself into the card-room. I play well, but it is upon a theory of my own, which is based upon the principle of paying no attention to the play of the others at the table. This play is not understood by ordinary minds, and though my promptitude at Athenasian repartee prevents persons from frequently remonstrating with me, I perceive that my play is disagreeable to my companions. This is some compensation, I allow, for my misfortunes, but it is only a sentimental compensation, and is not much in account against the loss of six, eight, and nine pounds, odd shillings, lost by me on three afternoons respectively. I believe, at least, that such will be the opinion of MRS. EPICURUS, to whom, on the remote chance of a wife’s troubling herself to read her husband’s rubbish, I hereby break the pleasing news. The fault, if there be any, of course is entirely your own, for had you allowed me to be at Scarborough with my family, as would beseech a husband and a father, I should not have been playing whist with the heartless at the Opossum Club. I do not know whether I shall play again to-morrow, but very likely there will be an addition to the load on your editorial conscience, and to the demand which I shall have to make upon you as the Chancellor of Mr. Punch’s Exchequer. And I will add, though that obstinate idiot, SNOOZER, couldn’t or wouldn’t see it, and wickedly provoked me into using bad language by his persistency, I was right at the end of the game, as second hand, remaining with tenace in trumps and king of another suit guarded, eldest hand holding minor tenace and the corresponding ace, and leading the ace, I was right, I say (and SNOOZER be hanged) to sacrifice my king, because then I brought it to an equal chance whether I won three or two tricks; whereas, if I had held back king, three couldn’t have been made: and if you don’t see this, you are as numb a hand as SNOOZER, and I don’t care a red cent what CELEBS says, or anybody else.

I meant to go and see the balloon start from the Crystal Palace one day last week, and to have described the ascent, in order to give you something novel and exciting, but I forgot the affair on the very day.

You may have remarked, or you may not, and you may accept the profound observation in lieu of the graphic detail that would otherwise have filled this paragraph, that when one is exceedingly busy with all one’s intellectual steam at high pressure, an able man, like myself, never forgets anything, and a score of important things are all attended to at the right moment and in the best manner. Whereas, when one has nothing to do, except one or two things, the chances are that they are forgotten, or dawdled over, and dealt with in an unsatisfactory way. This is illustrated in London and Provincial life. An active Londoner, with all his hours crowded, finds time to write or answer letters. A bucolic party, with abundant leisure, can never find time to write when he ought, and invariably begins his letter with some excuse for delay; a parson called, or a pig had to be killed, or there was no ink, or GOODY BROWN’S children had got the whooping-cough and he had visited them and feared to send contagion in the letter. But about the balloon. Perhaps it was as well I did not go, for in my state of mind a very little would have tempted me to ascend with MR. COXWELL. I did go up once from Cremorne Gardens with MR. GREEN, and never enjoyed myself more, especially the coming back from Erith marshes, (where we landed,) in a damp old mouldy omnibus, drawn by two cart-horses. Perhaps there be men, now decorous and rotund like myself, who remember that night, and whether night or morning looked upon the returned voyagers when they emerged from a roaring *café* (we wittily and monosyllabically called it *café*) near the respected BUCKSTONE’S theatre. But my second voyage might not have been so prosperous, and what would you have thought of yourself then, to say nothing of the compensation which my executors would have exacted from you in the interest of that female at Scarborough?

You will be happy to know that the Thames Embankment is going on well. The incessant fall of the Monkey, and the equally incessant bawling and swearing of the intelligent operatives, whom I take to be mainly of the Irish persuasion, now disturb not my accustomed ears, but about once in every two hours I hear a preternatural row, and then I know that a horse and cart have been cast into the Thames in company with the load which it had been intended to add to the bank. Sometimes horse and cart are dragged out, amid shouts and execrations that might be heard from the Temple to Greenwich (where I have not dived once this year), but at other times I incline to believe that the animal, being drowned, is interred in the Embankment, and laid away for a few centuries, at the end of which his bones will be dug out, and set up in the British Museum at Kensington, in evidence that the English of the Victorian age buried horses with funeral rites, and could have been by no means the Christians they described themselves in the leading articles and sermons of the period. By the way, I suspect, *entre nous*, that we, the Victorians, may be somewhat roughly handled by posterity for one or two other matters about which we are rather complacent, and I think, therefore, that we are wise in our generation in praising ourselves as much as possible (as we do on the slightest provocation), while we have the opportunity. We are a great and glorious people, but I wish we could manage to do posterity out of the law and criminal reports and a few other records of the day. However, my own writings will tell to all time that while I was proud of the progress of my country, I was not blind to her errors, which I always sought to correct.

You will probably ask me, in the private note enclosing your cheque, how I spent my Sunday. I reply by anticipation to this unjustifiable demand, by stating that I do not consider you entitled to inquire. That day is a holiday, even to me. It is a holiday to all except to the thousands engaged in getting up the daily papers for Monday. I hope the Sabbatharians are aware of the exception, and that every dweller at Clapham or any other pious neighbourhood, who reads a paper on Monday, knows that he or she is an accomplice in what he or she considers criminal. The Sunday papers are all prepared on Saturday, but the newspaper, the absence of which on Monday morning (would, I fear, cause considerable ill-temper in the families and at the counting-houses of the patrons of Exeter Hall, is produced by the literary and mechanical labour of Sunday. No humbug can do away with this fact; and until Sabbatharianism registers and keeps a vow never to read a Monday newspaper, Sabbatharianism is just as wicked as the evil barber who shaves the mechanic before the bells ring.

As for your demand about my Sunday, I will merely say that our district church being closed for repairs, and I having been severely admonished by more than one bishop of my acquaintance upon the duty of keeping to my parish, I permitted my one remaining servant (who disclaimed any such scruples) to leave our house in my charge, and to go to her own church. I hope she did. She took extraordinary pains with her toilette, and I observed that she was joined, at the corner of the Square, by a smiling young man, simply and elegantly attired, whose red waistcoat, blue cravat, and yellow gloves had quite a floral effect upon the eye. The discourse they attended must have been long, as she was absent from half-past ten until a quarter to three; but the humbler classes do not speedily weary of instruction, as their more frivolous superiors do. I devoted my own morning to reading the Homilies, and I now quite understand why the clergy disobey the counsel of the Rubrick, and never read those compositions instead of

their own dull sermons. For after a course of the close, pithy, pregnant English homilies, the platitudes of the ordinary pulpit would be intolerable to the congregation. But, if preachers would preach like CHARLES KINGSLEY, they need not be afraid of such contrasts; but to preach as he does, a man wants brains like his, and such articles are not too abundantly distributed in Church or State.

Having thus again supplied you, as desired, with a general view of what is going on, and with my particular views into the bargain, I beg you to receive the assurance, &c.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

STREET-ARCHITECTURE.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not visited London for some time, but being called up to the Metropolis on business, I have made the best use of my spare moments by walking through the great thoroughfares, and noting the present vast improvements in Street-Architecture. I was much struck with an Ecclesiastical Building in the Strand at the corner of Catherine Street. To what order of architecture it belongs I am unable to say, but it is, perhaps, a sort of Scott-Goth-Italian-Norman-Puginesque style, which presents to the eye of the spectator a confusing beauty entirely its own. It is evidently a Monastery, or a Nunnery; or, on second thoughts, it might be a Roman Catholic Chapel, with house and schools attached. While thinking the matter over, from the opposite side of the way, it suddenly occurred to me that it might be an Irvingite place of worship, or something perhaps of the Early-English-Italian order, built specially, according to some original design, for Brother IGNATIUS. A gentleman also much interested in the subject suggested that it was "Baths and Wash'uses." He said, that he spoke from experience, as he has found that almost all new buildings of this fashion ultimately turn out to be Baths and Wash'uses. Some one tried to make me believe that it was intended for a Music Hall. But though I may be a young man from the country, yet am I not to be got over in that manner. The idea of the *Perfect Cure*, or the *Dark Girl*, or any other of those vulgarities, being perpetrated within the solemn cloister! No, no. It's a Monastery, or a Chapel or Church of some kind, or I'm another. On Sunday I attempted to enter what I thought was a pretty little Gothic Chapel, not a hundred miles from Leicester Square. I was nearly being taken up by a Policeman for attempting a burglary upon the London and Leicester Square Bank! There seems to be some want of originality in design among our architects. Let a Chapel be a Chapel, a Music Hall be a Music Hall, a Bank a Bank, and let me sign myself,

Yours truly, LITTLE BEN.

MIXED PUNCH.

LAST week, *Mr. Punch* received a sensation. The *Times* published a letter, to which were appended some lines, headed *Prison Verses*. These the correspondent stated to have been found on a prisoner in a certain gaol. A glance at the verses, which are excessively clever, as *Mr. Punch's* next words will prove, showed him that they were His Own. They adorned his columns a few years ago, and are an improvement upon DR. WATTS's poem, *When'er I take my Walks Abroad*. *Mr. Punch's* sensation, however, was not one of pride—quite the reverse. He was filled with sorrow that a man who could and did read *Punch*, should not have been preserved from error, and should have behaved so evilly as to have deserved imprisonment. As *Mr. Punch* moodily brooded over this fact, he looked at the verses again, and to his partial satisfaction found that some of them had been altered and debased. The criminal had studied them from an impure edition. This, of course, removes all blame from *Mr. Punch*. If a doctor prescribes a drug, and that drug be administered in an adulterated form, it is not his fault if the patient continues ill. *Mr. Punch* has sent to the governor of the gaol a correct copy, to be given to the prisoner when his sentence shall have expired, and no doubt his reformation will then be complete.

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street.

Polly Perkins.

LA Gazette des Étrangers informs us that—

"Trois jeunes miss, les filles de M. PERKINS, le célèbre brasseur de Londres, étaient allées jusqu'aux rochers des Grands-Mulets."

We can state, on good authority, that M^DLE. POLLY PERKINS, of Paddington Green, was not of the party, as she has not yet quitted Town, nor indeed does she appear likely to leave us for some considerable time.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR AT HOME.

To those who are unable to visit Homburg this year, we are authorised to state, that though ordinary gambling is clearly illegal, yet, on parts of the River Thames, the authorities permit any amount of "punting."

MILK FOR PIGS.

An Eclogue.

THOU, to Elysium ere thy Manes fled,
Who didst relate what brutes, discoursing, said,
Possess this hand, and through my pen set down,
A dialogue between a Pig and Clown.
JOHN SMOCK, whose arms on elbows fixed, as props,
With palms of horn supported lantern chops,
Leant o'er the palings which enclosed a sty,
Bespoke the Pig, and heard the Pig's reply.

JOHN.

Thee bist a happy chap now, bistn't thee?
Ah! better off a precious sight nor me.
To veast and sleep an aisy life is thine;
How much alike lives gentlefolks and swine!

FIG.

Humph! What hast brought? Hey? Let us have it. What?
No wash? No grains? No barley-meal hast got?
Nought? Nought? Hoh! Nothing? Neither bite nor sup?
Then what disturb me for, and stir me up?

JOHN.

Look, here's a tatur; zummut vor to munch,
To stay thy stummick till they brings thy lunch.
You pigs, you always gets your reglar meals;
Tain't for no want you grunts, and squeaks, and squeals.

FIG.

Tatur? Don't like it. Coarse and common food.
Ugh! Take it home and cook it for thy brood,
Whilst they eat tatures, I myself regale
On the white plenty of the milkmaid's pail.

JOHN.

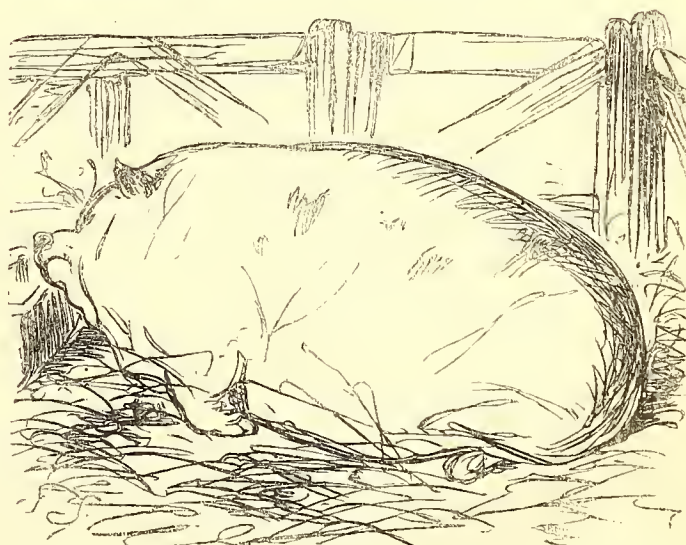
Ees, that thee dost, and zo we can't, not we,
Git nare a drap o' milk our young to gie.
Ay, dairy-fed thee bist, and dost no work:
Dost know thee'rt beun vatten'd up for pork?

FIG.

Eh? Umph! What? Future never think about.
Eat, drink, enjoy the present. Lout! Get out!
Come what may come to-morrow; feast to-day.
I have milk and you haven't. Go away!

JOHN.

Fine griskin for a roast thee 'lt make by 'n by!
I thinks I hears thy cracklin' fizz and fry.
Yaa! Christians' projinny for milk may squall;
To feed the Pigs the Farmers gies it all.

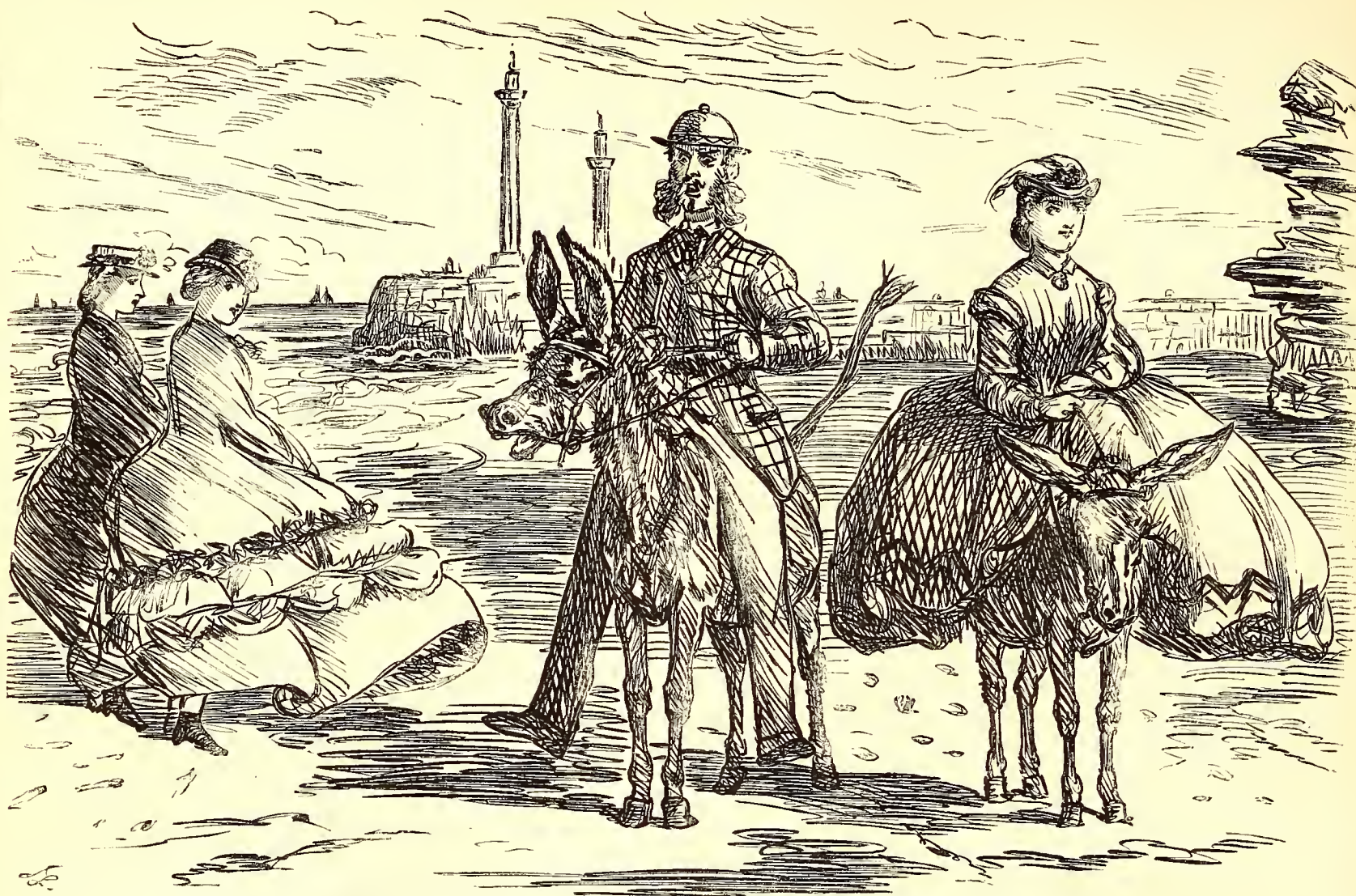


AN ANTI-BANTING-ITE.

For the Use of Schools.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was remarkably proud of her personal appearance. When she assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," it was SIR WALTER RALEIGH who suggested, that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vane."

TURF CLASSICS.—A couple of "Welshers" may be described as PAR NOBBLE-LE FRATRUM.



"LOVE'S COURSE NEVER DID," YOU KNOW.

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT! BUT WHAT JENKYNNES HAD TO SAY TO HIS FLORA, WAS SAID UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

THIRD DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Wednesday Morning.—*Houp-là, tchk!* Boom, bang, boom! Walk up! walk up! Full band belonging to the Cireus playing all the morning. I will hie me to the Downs. Winklebeach shall yet have a chance of quiet immortality. I will spare it yet one day. Breakfast. I loathe the sight of prawns and detest 'winkles. What will I have for dinner to-day? What *can* I have? "Well any part of the mutton." This is a puzzler. How many parts has a mutton? Shall I say a round of mutton, or a saddle, or a haunch, or a brisket, or a chine (if it has a chine)? All these sound to me like family joints. I leave it to the landlady. I seek solitude among the Downs. Rabbits may peep at me, sheep-dogs may grin at me, the hawk may circle round and round my head, the lark may carol aloft; I care for none of them; I am free! free!

1 P.M.—The mountain air induces appetite; I must return to Winklebeach. *Houp-là, tchk!* boom bang, boom! still at it. Swallow my biscuit, drink confusion to organ-grinders and street-musical nuisances in an inspiring draught of Bass: then off to the Downs to my friends the circling hawk, the savage sheep-dog and the bleating fold. Away! I will take my note-book and philosophise. I choose a retired spot. Certain itinerant minstrels on their road to Winklebeach insist upon playing to me. They look ferocious, and are three to one. I give them money, and they pass on.

In my note-book, in pencil.—It occurs to me on the Downs that Winklebeach is a good place to go away from: that its proximity to the grand lonely Downs offers advantages to the contemplator of Nature that—

At this point I must have fallen into a sound sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by great heavy drops of rain on my nose.—N.B. When it does rain at or near Winklebeach, it *does* rain: there's no mistake about it. In a few minutes I was wet through, and was forced to seek my Inn. Everyone driven from the Cireus tent by the pelting rain into the Inn: the band as well. Boom boom, bang bang, in the tap-room.

4 o'Clock.—Squeaking of pipe. The *Pifferari* of the Abruzzi have arrived. Keep it up.

5, 6.—Rain. Performances going on down-stairs. There is, providentially, a lull during my dinner, in order to allow a Conjuror, belonging to the *troupe*, who has volunteered a performance, to make his preparations.

7.—Boom boom, bang bang! By permission of the authorities the large room in the Inn is to be cleared for the Conjuror. "Will I come and see it?" No, I denounce the Conjuror and all his works. They'll all be gone to-morrow, says the landlady. Thank goodness!

9.—The Conjuror is doing a trick with pistols. It has appeared to me that for the last half-hour most of the Conjuror's tricks have been done with pistols. Tea. What can I have? "Nothing, except prawns and ——" Bah! Shut the door.

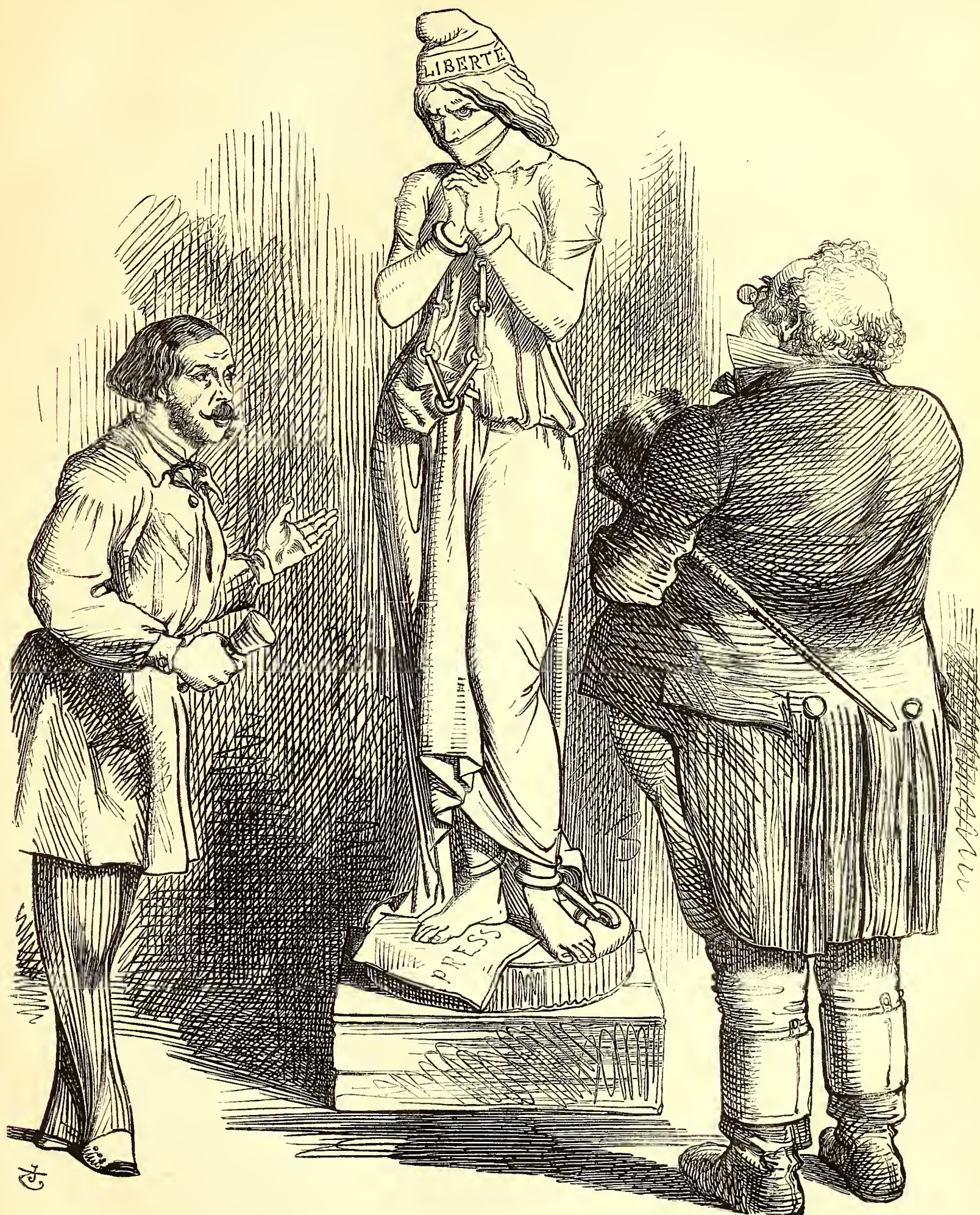
10.30.—Singing and supper as before. *Pifferari* give an entertainment consisting of noises of their own native land.

11.45.—Winklebeach policeman is in bed, and won't come.

FOURTH DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

Thursday Morning.—Circus gone. Capital. Fine day. Delightful. Landlady says she's glad it's a fine day, because of the Regatta. The what? The Regatta. Where? Here, at Winklebeach: it begins at eleven, the German band from Wilfriston will be here at ten o'clock. What! another band! Landlady says it will be a very gay day. What, gayer than yesterday? I ask. Oh, yes, much gayer than yesterday. There'll be crowds of people here. Oh! What'll I have for dinner? I shall not dine to-day. Bring me *Bradshaw*. Send for the bathing-lackney-coach-machine. There's a train at 9.45 before the band. Farewell, Winklebeach.

Summary of Report for the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited). Winklebeach may be the quietest place, except in the Winklebeach Season, which I am informed lasts during the summer months. The living is pretty good of its kind; but restricted chiefly to prawns, 'winkles, and parts of the mutton. On the whole, in Summer, avoid Winklebeach.



LIBERTY À LA PERSIGNY.

MR. BULL. "HA! THAT'S YOUR NOTION OF LIBERTY, IS IT, MUNSEER PERSIGNY?—IT AIN'T MINE!"

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.



EAR PUNCH,—His Brilliancy the Duke of Diamonds was staying at the Hague while I was there, but though I sojourned at the same hotel, I had not the good fortune to see him or his brilliants. It was the *Haagsche Courant* that told me of his presence, and on referring to the file, I found that for a month or so his name had been paraded at the head of the arrival list. For a mere Mister of course but one announcement will suffice, and he may consider himself in luck if he gets that. But a Royal Duke you know sheds such a lustre on a place, that immense care must be taken to tell the world his whereabouts. I dare say now the price of lodgings has been rising at the Hague, ever since the happy day when the Duke of Diamonds entered it. Some people like the privilege of living near the rose, even though the rose be fading and not in the best odour. I hear his Brilliancy

when travelling always takes his diamonds with him, knowing no one he can trust enough to leave them with at home. If this be so, I certainly don't envy him his jewels; indeed I rather feel my pity rising for this poor old royal *Sindbad*, whose precious stones must surely be a precious burden to him, well nigh as wearying in travel as the *Old Man of the Sea*.

'S Gravenhage, or La Haye, or, as we English say, the Hague, is certainly the nicest place to stay at in all Holland, and if you have never been there, you will find it worth a visit. It is not so picturesque as Rotterdam or Haarlem, which latter town is full of quaint old high-peaked gable-ends, that an artist finds it difficult to pass by without sketching. At the Hague are finer houses, but of much more modern date, and, I scarce need say, a good deal less attractive to one's pencil. I think wherever one goes nowadays one finds this is the case, and that architects now study comfort more than picturesqueness. The chief charm of the Hague, however, is its wood, wherein is not too fine a palace, which the King makes his abiding place; wisely giving it the preference to the Dam at Amsterdam, where his other palace stands and many doubtful smells surround it. Now, there are few things I hate more than being dragged to see a Palace. But besides its clever frescoes and its curious Japan work, the palace in the wood is worth a visit for its ball-room, as is that at Amsterdam—which, by the way, your Majesty, sadly wants new doors to all the state apartments. Really, those I saw were of the scrubbiest and shabbiest. But the ball-room there, they told me, is the highest in the world; a hundred feet from floor to ceiling! an altitude which, if they please, the young ladies who caper there may call the height of luxury.

At the Hague, the wood I spoke of is quite thick with fine large beech-trees, whose shade the sun finds hardly penetrable; and in the middle is some water which is grandly called a lake, and by its margin some good music is once or twice a week or so performed by a good band to the delight of a good audience. Some few square yards near the orchestra are railed off for a Societeit, whose members, I presume, are payers of the pipers; but elsewhere you may stand or walk or sit about and hear good music gratis. I heard a symphony by MENDELSSOHN played here in the open air to at least three thousand listeners, who scarce moved foot or tongue until the final note of it. They lounged about and chatted while the dance-music was played, but when MENDELSSOHN began they all *intenti ora tenebant*. We have no big wood in London, where the ground sells by the inch; but a band plays in our parks at times, and, as happens at the Hague, many poorer folk are pleased by it. But I wonder if a symphony that lasted half-an-hour or so would here be heard with so much relish and applauded with such vehemence.

People go to bed in Dutchland at a reasonable hour, and there are not many street noises to prevent your sleeping. At the Hague I thought the kloppersmen, whose business is to keep the peace, were liveliest in breaking it. They are armed with clumsy clappers, like what boys use to scare the crows with, and these they clap about the streets at night, and call out what's o'clock, which people fast asleep

must find extremely useful. *Au reste*, I only heard one barrel-organ while I was in Holland; but now Mr. Bass's Bill has passed, some of our legion may be driven thither. Moreover, the Dutch street-boys are less musical than ours, and not so much addicted to bellowing and cat-calling. The dogs too are, I fancy, better taught to hold their tongues than they are in this free country. Still I would not advise *Toby* yet to emigrate to Dutchland. There are real dog-carts there still, that is, small carts drawn by dogs (harnessed four abreast sometimes) who don't look very happy in them. Besides, as dogs delight occasionally to bite as well as bark, *Toby* would not be allowed to take his walks abroad without having a muzzle on. By the way, this talk of dogs reminds me that at Omsterdam (as the natives mostly call it) I got an Anglo-French-Dutch dictionary to improve my mind a bit one rather rainy morning; and herein, wishing to pick up a useful word or two that might serve me while in Holland, under the letter T quite suddenly I stumbled upon this—

“Towser . . . Bouledogue Anglais.”

I forget what was the Dutch for it. But, will you believe me? there was no mention of *Toby*! With kind regards to whom, believe me yours sincerely,

VAGABUNDUS.

FORM AND SUBSTANCE.

(A Poem by a Particle.)

I'M an ultimate atom of matter,
And revolve, in a varying round
Of relations, from former to latter,
And back, in and out of the ground.

Through the River I went to the acre
From the City, returning in wheat.
Here I am again, sent, by the baker,
In the loaf that you're going to eat.

All existence is but circulation,
Up and down, down and up, as before,
This is that in mere recombination
We ourselves are ourselves evermore.

A RECEIPT.

THE *Saturday Review* quoted the other day an admirable receipt from “British and Foreign Spirits,” which was called “our own” Punch; after giving some very generous directions as to the quantities and qualities of rum, sugar, sherry or port, and orange bitters, it finishes with:—

“Fill the tumbler up with boiling water, and stir together.”

Two correspondents write to us, complaining of the hardship attendant upon any attempt at compliance with the last requisition. They used all the ingredients, multiplied according to the size of their bowl, and not only filled, but also emptied their tumblers (they are unable to say how many times, but certainly more than once), and then found that to “stir together,” or indeed to stir at all, was a physical impossibility. Left sitting.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A RAILWAY Committee in 1864, are restoring the Cross of Charing, on which a Puritan Committee vented their spite in 1641. It is being reared in front of the Grand Hotel. Can any of your readers inform me as to the truth of the following hypothesis:—

The many ELEANOR'S Crosses are supposed by some, to have had their origin in the frequent bickerings of the Royal Naggletonians. Whenever the QUEEN lost her temper, as, for instance, she did at Waltham, the KING quietly observed “ELEANOR'S Cross.” Whereupon, with a Courtier's officious zeal, a subscription was immediately got up by one of the Lords in Waiting, and a lasting memorial of the QUEEN'S violence was speedily erected.

“It is the curse of Kings to be attended
By slaves, who take their humours for a warrant.”

Short Whist.

“SHORT whist,” says a descendant of MRS. BATTLE, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, “is a rubber, where two, out of four, are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very “short whist.”

“Long whist,” adds this excellent matron, “is MR. BATTLE'S constant excuse for coming home from his Club, at four o'clock in the morning.”



THE REFINING EFFECTS OF THE METRIC SYSTEM

IN THE COLLIERY DISTRICTS.

Miner (log.). "WUNY OOP TO 'IGH PARK COLLIERY, A'LL TOORN TO ROIGHT 'BOOT CENTIMETRE OOP ROOAD, THEN GOA ON STRAIGHT ROOAD 'BOOT DEKAMETRE, TILL A COOM TE COMMON, CROSS OVER IT 'BOOT HEKTOMETRE TO WHOITE GATE INTO 30 DEKARE FIELD, THEN GOA REET LONG OOP TO FARM THROUGH WOOD, AN A'LL BE WI'IN A METRE ON 'T."

"ROMANCE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP."

So the tale is headed with which *Mr. Punch* proposes to delight his readers. It is told in the *Liverpool Courier*. But he is obliged to say at once that the story is not at all exciting. In fact, there is no romance in it, and its sole interest arises from the truly beautiful way in which it is told by the Liverpool writer. It affords an illustration of the value which a genius can confer upon the most ordinary material, by high-class manipulation. A log of wood is worth twopence, but that log in the hands of a GRINLING GIBBONS became something that nobles fought for. This adventure of a shopman is nothing, but mark how sweetly it is told.

We begin with a profound thought:—

"In an incident that has just occurred in Liverpool we have another evidence of how the powerful promptings of a tender heart control the more reflective senses of the mind."

Another evidence. Observe the art of the true artist. You have not been told by him of any preceding evidence, but by the adroit use of the word "another" he compels you to recal all the touching narratives which you have ever read, and thus, having saturated you, as it were, with romance, he plunges your prepared soul into his own magic cauldron. The exquisite and subtle philosophy and psychology of the last line need no pointing out—you at once behold the marvellous machinery of our being, and you see the powerful pumpings—we beg pardon—promptings of the heart working at the more reflective senses, and leaving alone the less reflective ones. Now for the tale:—

"In a rather extensive business establishment in Liverpool, where several assistants are engaged, there might have been seen, a week or two since, a young man of commanding deportment and of agreeable features, who gave effect to his avocation behind the counter in a manner that was at once inviting to the customers and conducive to the success of his master."

The artist in every line. A more vulgar hand would have impaired

BALLAD FOR THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

NOT famous ALEXANDER,
Nor noble PERICLES,
Nor any great Commander,
Name any one you please,
Of his hosts of valiant heroes
Had any to compare,
With the brave band who defend their native land;
To the British Volunteer.

There never were such fellows,
Except the British Line,
(So don't let that be jealous)
For drill and discipline.
Obedience to orders,
No matter how severe,
As we may say, is the *spécialité*
Of the British Volunteer.

One regiment, notwithstanding,
This good rule lately broke,
Its officer commanding,
Withstood—the Basingstoke—
And so has been disbanded,
To rid the service clear
Of a bad lot, and discreditable blot
To the British Volunteer.

Some corps at Aberystwith
On duty, too, fell out,
And fighting, fist to fist with,
Each other knocked about,
The Second and Third Montgomery,
Had they had too much beer?
And the Captain, fie! was cut above the eye,
By a British Volunteer.

Through insubordination
The finest troops on Earth
Fall prey to demoralisation,
And then they're nothing worth;
So away, like thorough soldiers,
With every mutineer,
That would bring shame on the honourable name
Of the British Volunteer.

LEGAL "INSTRUMENTS."—"Soft Recorders."]

the pathos of his story by describing the business establishment. He would have told you of the counters strewn with the rich silks and satins of the world, of majestic mirrors reflecting the countenance of chaffering beauty, of the majestic shop-walker striding proudly about, with a severe glance for the vassals and an obsequious smile for the customers, of the gay and animated scene presented by an emporium where commerce spreads her choicest wares to tempt the taste of opulence. No; the "romancer" knows better. He does not even set the establishment high—it is but "rather" extensive, and only "several" assistants are engaged. Thus, simply set, with a plain background, rises in giant proportion the godlike figure of the Hero. His commanding deportment at once impresses you, and you can hear his haughty order, "'And down that roll of flannel," and the next moment you see the blandness of his "agreeable features" as he "gives effect to his avocation." The flannel is sold ere he whips out his wand, and the sharp matron eyes, that ordinarily watch the measuring process so sharply, are softened for him, and he metes out the material in the calm knowledge that he is trusted. Trusted! Ah, trusted indeed, and with the richest trust—the love of woman.

"With many customers he became a favourite, but with one in particular. More than once—sometimes more than twice—in the course of a week, a carriage would be drawn up at the shop-door, from which would emerge a lady, apparently between thirty and forty years of age—tall, of delicate appearance, but with an outline of features that unmistakeably indicated an aristocratic descent."

The lady would "emerge from the shop-door," as stated by the romancer, and stand in all aristocratic pride before the counter usually graced by the handsome young plebeian. Nay, the last word was wrong, the romancer himself hastened to eliminate it. Aristocratic love ennoble its object, and he is no plebeian.

"If the young gentleman—we say young, for he was scarcely twenty-one years of age—"

And a very good reason for calling him young. We could not desire a

better. A gentleman scarcely twenty-one is young, and though we are young at fifty, that is nothing to the point. "If the young gentleman—

"Was not at his accustomed position behind the counter upon her entering the shop, she made the most urgent inquiries after him, desiring that he should attend to her and no one else. The worthy proprietor was always too happy to comply with her desire, for she was one of those first-rate customers that settled a good ledger account once in six months without the allowance of the ordinary discount."

"Attend to her and no one else." Pretty, playful command. The "worthy proprietor" (and the adjective is well chosen, for he who could see his good fortune in having such a shopman was worthy of it) is represented as having acted upon a commercial, rather than a sentimental view of the case, and here, once more, the conscientious artist in words puts forth his power. Had he described a Liverpool draper as yielding to "the powerful promptings of a tender heart," and as encouraging a love affair for its own sake, we should all have felt that the thing, if not impossible, was improbable. But by instantly assigning a good business reason, and in good business English—"she was one of those first-rate customers that settled an account without discount," we are not disturbed in our romance by the suggestion of an incongruity:—

"The favourite salesman was soon at his post serving the lady, and though a goodly number of articles might be disposed of, there appeared to exist a 'peculiar something' in the 'business transaction' which in the course of time looked very much like a warm cordiality of sentiment, and a reciprocity of feeling and idea bordering upon mutual attachment."

ROUSSEAU could not have traced the progress of affection more delicately, nor could the vocabulary of GEORGES SAND have more sweetly set out the deepening tones of love. We are reminded of lines committed to memory when we were even younger than the hero of the tale:—

"A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too revealed,
For neither bosom lodged a wish
Which virtue keeps concealed."

Pass we by, reluctantly, the record of the playful "chaff" of envious shopmates, who in Dundreary accents, declared that no fellah could understand what was going on, and let us hasten to the crisis. The Young LOCHINVAR of Liverpool was away with his bride:—

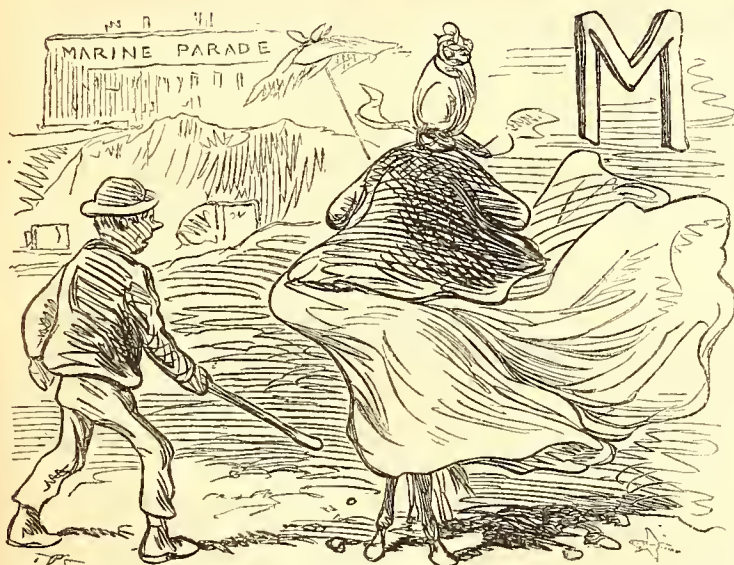
"Since one day last week, however, the buxom stripling has become *non est* as far as the establishment is concerned, while the face of the lady as well has not presented itself within the visionary region of the other assistants or their employer."

The excitement of the narrative has elevated the narrator into language somewhat more poetic, and a thought less clear than usual, but we are authorised to state that the "non-presentation of the face within the visionary region," means that nobody in the shop has seen the lady. We need hardly say that this little obscurity is no fault, but a proof of the self-exciting power of genius, and appropriately closes the epic part of the narrative. The idyllic portion remains, and it is charmingly simple:—

"A letter was addressed by the young man to his mother on the eve prior to his leaving, stating 'that he had left his old place to better himself elsewhere. Fortune had suddenly smiled upon him in a wondrous manner!' He assured his mother that, 'the next time she confronted her "darling boy" she would see him a gentleman of the first stamp.'"

This touching incident was perhaps not much, but the art with which it is thrown in at the close of the tale, invests it with a significance not to be overlooked. We have hitherto heard only of the personal attractions, and graceful attentions of the hero, but we now are told of the excellence of his heart, and are adroitly led to infer that as a good and thoughtful son makes a good and kind husband, the fair duchess, or whatever the aristocrat may be, will be happy in the husband she has claimed from the counter. We shall look out for the presentations to the Prince next Season. Meantime we rejoice in having lighted (thanks to the *Morning Star*) upon a simple tale, so beautifully told as to be invested with all the charm of romance.

DRAWING-ROOM AND WATERING-PLACE SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



Y DEAR PUNCH,—During the past Season several promising fillies have been trotted out, of whose doings we shall expect to hear great things next year. Numerous matches of a very sporting character have come off, and a great deal of love has been made and lost over the events.

We hear of many young thoroughbreds still in the trainer's hands at Brighton, Scarborough, Clapham, and other places noted for their ad-

mirable Training Establishments, under the management of mature sharp-eyed spinsters, and hard-working assistants.

At the many rout and sit-down suppers, there were plenty of entries for the Ladies' Plate.

Among the younger gentlemen there were several Flat Races, which do not call for any special notice.

The winning-post at most of the Steeple-chases during the Season was either at St. George's, Hanover Square, or St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Of the Langham Steeple-chase we have heard scarcely anything at all.

The following are names of those who, according to the latest telegrams, have been struck out of their engagements:—

On the 16th instant, 9 A.M., LADY VALSINGHAM DEUX-TEMPS, out of her Hanover Square engagement: She has changed hands, we hear, but the owner has not yet been mentioned.

On the 20th instant, 10 A.M., MISS FANNY FLIRT, out of her Oxford engagement, entered into during the excitement of the Commemoration. This was not, as we believed from the first, a *bona fide* affair. Really Matchmakers should be more cautious.

On the 22nd instant, 11 A.M., MISS FLORENCE FOWLER out of all her engagements. These were thirteen in number, entered into at various times under Ball-room, Picnic and Moonlight circumstances. With this telegram comes the information that she has been entered for a fresh engagement with an eligible *parti*. Future date unknown.

Paid Forfeit.—The HON. MISS MARY MOTH. The match was to have come

off on the 23rd instant between the Moth and the Ensign. The Ensign was at his post, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to time. The Moth never put in an appearance. Her backers, who were all present, were much chagrined. She has since paid forfeit, and sent back all the Ensign's letters and presents.

Paid Forfeit.—MRS. VANE WEATHERCOCK. On the 19th instant she did not put in an appearance for the Breakfast Cup, causing great anxiety to her owner. She has paid forfeit of her former good position in Society.

MR. VAN DOUBLEDOLLAR, the great Dutch Merchant, has purchased LADY PENELOPE FARTHINGSWORTH, eldest daughter of the MARQUIS OF HARDUP. One small engagement for a small sum off in consequence. No love lost.

Trial Stakes.—MISS FLIGHTY and CAPTAIN JOHN IMPULSE to start from Boulogne for one day. There are some difficulties in the way, but it looks like a match.

Prospective for 1865.—In the next year's Annual, MISS BLONDE, LADY SWEETLIPS and MISS FILLE DE L'HEIRESS are to be engaged. FILLE DE L'HEIRESS carries £300,000 weight, as a maiden, and with this she ought to win.

Bachelor's Middle-aged Stakes.—MRS. MARTHA O'LEARY, widow, trained at Margate, winner five years ago of the Fat Buck Stakes, will have it all her own way.

The colours of the winners have been chiefly white body, no sleeves, lace veils and orange-blossom wreaths.

The Matrimonial Jockey Club has this Season issued its orders to the effect that there shall be "No Cards" of the races, correct or incorrect.

Nursery Stakes.—Of these it is evident we cannot at present say anything. But we hope that in spite of all the complaints with which we have met in various sporting quarters, there will be no deterioration in the true breed of English Thoroughbreds.

From the Training Establishments we hear that Miss GOSPRIGHTLY, of Brighton, has a fine team for the Brompton and Kensington Buck Drawing Christmas Stakes.

WILD AGNES, now at MISS BACKBOARD'S Academy, Clapham, is backed for a good place in Society's Races next year.

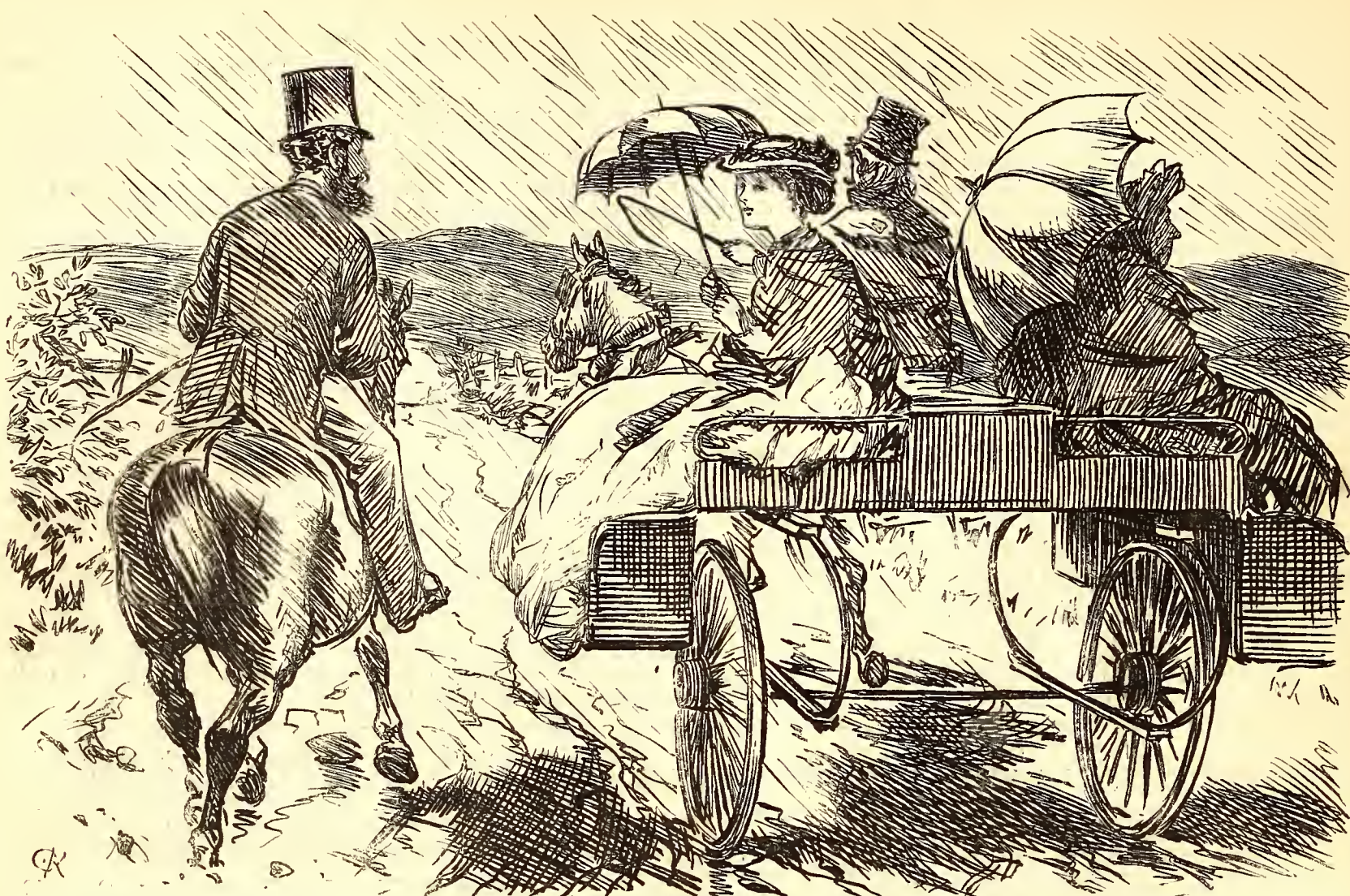
Sweetheart's Correspondent at Scarborough says that Little PICKLE, age thirteen, at MISS VIOLET POWDER'S Ladies' College, is much improved, and will take a good deal of beating.

MISS ALICE BEAUXEUX, aged seventeen, now at Miss WATCHFUL'S Seminary, Richmond, will have to be run in blinkers.

Bachelor's Convivial Stakes, for Steeple-chacers that have refused to take the great leap. This is an entirely new race. We should imagine that there will be a goodly list of entries.

On last settling day several well-known jilters were posted and warned from the ring. No more at present from yours,

SADDLE AND BRIDAL.



ADVANTAGES OF AN IRISH CAR.

MR. DANGLE (NO FAVOURITE WITH MRS. MUM, WHO IS HARD OF HEARING) "IMPROVES THE OCCASION" BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A SLIGHT SHOWER TO RENEW HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS M.

IRISH SCOTCH.

LORD BYRON riled the Scotch by stating that they were originally Irish. Had he seen this advertisement, which *Mr. Punch* has observed in an Edinburgh newspaper, he might have been fortified in his statement:—

INVERESK.

TO BE LET, with Entry Immediately, or a few weeks sooner, for Four Months, an EXCELLENT FURNISHED HOUSE, within five minutes' walk of the Inveresk Station, containing, &c.—Apply to J. & T. SCOTT, House Agents, Edinburgh.

We think that in the Lyceum days MR. WIGAN, then enacting *Cœur de Lion*, desired MISS MARY KEELEY, then enacting *Blondel*, to procure him a sherry-cobler. To which order the Minstrel loyally replied,—

"Thirsty Sire, I will.
I'll fetch it instantly, or sooner still,"

and the audience was pleased at the unhesitating devotion of the attached troubadour. Perhaps somebody, then an innocent young Scot, was in the gallery, and having since grown up into an older Scot (he has had plenty of time) has remembered the remarkable promise, and reproduced it, with improvements. A few weeks sooner than immediately is a poetic burst. Are MESSRS. SCOTT relatives of the author of *Marmion*?

Music and Medicine.

THE Grand Choral Festival of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association was held on Wednesday last week, at the Crystal Palace. We cannot let this occasion pass without remarking that the Tonic Sol-Fa is, to our taste, an infinitely more agreeable tonic than quinine.

FAUST.

It will be gratifying to all moderns holding Original views on Theological Questions, to be informed that, on October the 13th, even Faustus appears as a Saint in the Calendar. Truly, as *Edgar* hath it, "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

GOING SOME LENGTH.

THAT zealous Highchurchman, ARCHDEACON DENISON, at a Conservative banquet, held the other day at Congresbury, East Somerset, in proposing a toast, delivered himself, with reference to his Church, or idea of the national Church, of the following remarkable climax:—

"Who would not fight for such a Church? Who would not die for such a Church? Who would not go to the hustings for such a Church?"

To fight is something to do for a Church; to die is something more; what can anyone do beyond that? Go to the hustings, says ARCHDEACON DENISON. To the hustings? Is that a phrase? In the event of dying for his Church, where does the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON himself expect to go to?

A CURIOSITY.

In this hot thirsty weather, this announcement seems to us to be uncommonly alarming:—

A GENUINE BREWER'S HOUSE, Essex. Rent free; good trade warranted; cash £400.

A "genuine brewer's house!" Gracious powers! Can it then be possible that there are brewers living who are presumed not to be genuine? We suppose, of course, the epithet is intended for the beer, as well as for the brewer, and the advertisement appears to favour the idea that elsewhere than at this brewer's house, the beer sold is not genuine. This is an appalling thought to men with thirsty throats!

Time, Wanted.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, complaining that if he could only *find time*, he would do anything for us. Another writes word, that he has been *keeping late hours* for several years. Surely the latter must have a stock by him. One Correspondent will doubtless be able to oblige the other with a few spare minutes.



CABBY AT HIS CLUB.

Hansom Cabby (log.) "VELL, I ALWAYS LIKES TO GET A GENT AS IS A SMOKIN'; FOR YER SEE BAD 'BACCA AND BAD FARE GOES TOGETHER, AND WICEY-WERSEY. SO I JEST SMELLS THE GENT (!) THROUGH THE TRAP A'TOP, AND DRIVES HIM ACCORDIN'!"

RAILWAY SUTTEE.

RAILWAY Directors! A letter in the *Morning Post* contains an alarming account of a fire in a railway carriage, caused by a lump of burning coke which entered it from the engine. This accident chanced to happen on the Paris and Strasbourg line, but the like might occur any day on a British one. The carriage contained "two ladies in light summer dresses, with one other gentleman" than the gentleman who narrates the accident. "In an instant the cushions and the trimmings of the carriages were in flames and the ladies in hysterics. I had," continues the latter gentleman, "the presence of mind to close the window at once to stop the draught, and applying my paletôt, which POOLE sent me this day week, I succeeded in stifling the nascent conflagration." The POOLE that furnished this paletôt could not, of course, supply the water which would have been more effectual. Not only was the paletôt sacrificed, but in that sacrifice the hands of MR. POOLE'S client were "dreadfully burnt to the bone, and" his "shattered nerves received a shock which," he remarks, "they are not fitted to endure." He adds, "I shudder at the contemplation of what might have occurred had the blazing mass fallen into the lap of one of the lovely French girls seated in the carriage." In conclusion, he mentions that, on the same line last year, a lady and a gentleman in a *coupé* near the head of a train were actually burnt to death.

These facts, Gentlemen, imperatively require you to provide all your trains with a water supply sufficient to extinguish any fire which may occur in any one of the carriages. The great danger is not that the fittings, but that other contents of the carriage, much more combustible, may catch fire. If there is a lady therein, it is sure to be filled with linen-drapery. These inflammable fabrics are spread out on a steel cage apparently made on purpose to ventilate them in the event of their ignition. Should they ignite, the consequence must be a sudden rush of flame, and the instantaneous conversion of what we may call Beauty into animal charcoal!

Well, gentlemen, this may not much signify to Beauty, which would not surround itself with fuel, disposed for a Suttee, if it were not pre-

pared, morally as well as physically, to undergo cremation at any time. But what if one of you were the companion of Beauty thus all at once enveloped in blazes? If, Mr. Chairman, *tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*, how much more when your fellow passenger's crinoline and all its paraphernalia are in flames? What are you to do? Put the lady out, if but for your own sake. But how, without a sufficiency of water?

Connected with a properly constructed reservoir, a hose, running the whole length of the train, and sending into every carriage a branch fitted with a stopcock, would enable any gentleman at a moment's notice to constitute himself fireman to a lady on fire. With this contrivance you might, if sufficiently alert, play on the blazing fal-lals at least in time to save yourself from being involved in their conflagration, and thus affording a meal to the devouring element.

The hose should extend into all the carriages, third class and all. Crinoline is worn without regard to circumstances; and lucifer matches are likely to explode at distances safe from sparks out of the engine. Gentlemen will smoke if ladies will allow them, and ladies, as they increase in manliness, will soon smoke too.

"Husbands, insure your Wives." This, gentlemen, is a caution which you ought to post conspicuously at every station, with the further warning of "Doubly Hazardous."

Riddle.

(Picked up during the very last Ball of the Season.)

SUPPOSE you find CAPTAIN COOING and MISS BILLING together, in a convenient flirting corner, "sitting out" a quadrille. Why is that circumstance remarkably like two o'clock in the morning?—Because it's Two, a-hem! (Oh!)

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELLING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but Woman,—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her,—travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

A MERMAID'S DIARY.



The Sea-side, South Coast.

O DEAR MR. PUNCH,—One reads all sorts of books by the sea-side, and I have lately been looking into an old book called the *Spectator*. I am told it was the *Punch* of those days. Well, I lighted on a piece of advice to young ladies to keep a diary of each day, hour by hour. I thought this such a good notion that I determined to try, and I send you a little bit of my journal. If you are good-natured, and print it, I may send you some more. But, of course, keep my name secret, or I shall never hear the last of it. I *should* like to see myself in print, I confess, and most of all in your delightful pages.

Ever your affectionate admirer, SYBIL.

DIARY.

Monday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing. Dropped my ivory hair-brush twice. I know it's all nonsense, but I wish I had not.

9-10.—Breakfast. EDWARD shook hands as usual, and sat next me, but suddenly turned cold and silent. He cannot have had letters to-day, as there is no London post. What has poor me done?

10-11.—Gave EDWARD six opportunities of speaking to me, but he did not, and went out to smoke. I was almost rude to Mamma, but she need not have begun to grumble about my not practising on that wretched sea-side instrument. And I was quite right in saying that she ought to make the children do their lessons every day.

11-12.—Bathed. The sea cold, and the bathing-woman rude. EDWARD never came to meet us.

12-1 P.M.—Doing my hair. Broke my comb.

1-2.—Lunch, and looking at photograph book. Took out EDWARD's sister. She may be very good in her way, but she's a Guy. Wondered whether he would notice it.

2-3.—The boys proposed a sail. EDWARD objected. Of course I was for it. At last Mamma refused, because old MISS GRIBBLES had said she should call. What nonsense spoiling an afternoon for that poor old thing, who only comes for what she can get!

3-4.—In my bed-room, trying to read *Ivanhoe*. What rubbish it is!

4-5.—Took the little ones for a walk. Scolded them well all the way, for they are certainly the rudest children I know.

5-6.—Dinner. One of the little MALCOLMS came in, and insisted on sitting next to me, in EDWARD's place. He made no attempt to move her, and it was not for me to do it. He was very "attentive and gentlemanly," and I hate it. I hate hypocrisy. But I was as gracious as my lord, and thanked him, in the sweetest way, for a peach. I will have it out with him before I write again.

6-8.—I said I would. We all went for a walk along the sands, and when he offered me his arm over the rocks, I told him to offer it to Mamma. The dinner had given him back his temper, and he made a joke about his arm and his hand going together. Being relieved by finding that there was nothing serious, I gave it him well, and asked him what happiness one could expect with a person of an uncertain temper. I went on as long as I dared, and until his voice began to deepen, and then I asked him what I had done? He was ashamed to tell me, and well he might be, though I like his taking notice of everything. I had come down to breakfast without his brooch, and with the one CAPTAIN SEYMOUR gave me for a Philippina. If EDWARD is humble enough (which he was not) he shall see something. We came home very good friends.

8-9.—Begged that the children might stay up and play the Race Game, poor little things. They ought to enjoy their holiday, and I am sure they are very good. Had such luck at the game, and EDWARD was second horse.

9-10.—Music. He has very good taste, though he does not sing, and soon detected that ROSA CLARKE (whom I hate) sang false. He made some nonsense verses to one of our songs, and I declare that they were much cleverer than the original. He must send them to *Punch*.

10-11.—Soda-water and things. When we went up, EDWARD

went out to smoke, and think about me, he said. I said I hoped that he would think more properly than he had been doing all day, but I don't believe that he went out very much depressed by the rebuke. Heard him calling in the dogs, and it struck me that his voice was like MARIO's in tone. Read a little more of *Ivanhoe*, and came on a beautiful passage. I am glad *Roxana* had blue eyes.

Tuesday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing.

9-10.—Breakfast. He pretended to take pains not to see whether I had any brooch at all. He can be very funny, and if he took to the stage I am sure he would excel any of the actors.

10-11.—Such a dear little note from EDWARD's sister, who has been sketching a certain oak-tree, with a seat under it that *just holds two*, and it is for me. She recollects. Ran up-stairs and put back her photograph in the book, and felt rather angry with EDWARD for having made me take it out yesterday. Forgave him, however, but did not tell him so.

11-12.—Bathing. The sea lovely. I swam four strokes without touching the sand. EDWARD came to meet us, and said something very pretty about mermaids. I wish he would write poetry, I am sure what he said was very like something in TENNYSON.

12-1 P.M.—Doing my hair—the *Mermaid's hair*. Why is it called unlucky to give one's hair to anybody one likes? It seems nonsense, but after the hairbrush misfortune I will run no more risks.

1-2.—Lunch. EDWARD is very fond of sardines. He made a capital French joke about his being *Le Roi des Sardes*. It is not everybody that could make a joke in a foreign language.

2-5.—The boys again proposed a sail. EDWARD thought it was not a good day for the sea, and of course he was right, for he has yachted a great deal. So we had a drive to the ruins of Rottenstoune Castle, and EDWARD gave a mock lecture on its history, which made us all scream. It ought to be written down, and he *shall*.

5-6.—Dinner. Miss MALCOLM and her brother came. He is from Cambridge, and full of conceit, but EDWARD shut him up awfully, asking him some question in mathematics about the square of a high pot in use. POLLY MALCOLM worked hard with her great black eyes, but EDWARD hates that sort of eye. He is severe, though, in saying that she squints. Her nose is not straight, but I like justice, and told him so.

6-8.—We went on the pier. As EDWARD and I were standing at the end, I asked him whether sea-water was good for brooches. He stared so funnily. Then I took out CAPTAIN SEYMOUR's, and quietly dropped it into the sea. "Some *Mermaid* might like it," I said, "this *Mermaid* doesn't care about it." What strange creatures men are. He almost scolded me for "thinking it necessary to make a sacrifice of an ornament." I didn't think it necessary, and I chose to do it.

8-10.—Music, round games, and nonsense. I was old maid three times running. POLLY sang, and she has a great loud voice, which EDWARD praised very fairly, saying that she had no style and no feeling, and that it was not the voice for a home.

11.—To bed. Dreamed that CAPTAIN SEYMOUR was a porpoise, and was swimming round the pier trying to find his brooch, and that EDWARD was trying to harpoon him.

Wednesday, 8-9 A.M.—Dressing. Heard an awful shouting among the children, and presently LOUISA ran in to me to show me a beautiful doll which EDWARD had sent for from London for her. It had blue eyes. He had given presents to all the others, because it was Mamma's birthday. How he remembers things!

9-10.—Breakfast. Asked him for some marmalade, for the sake of whispering that *some* blue-eyed dolls must eat. How quick he is! He answered that "lips, though rosy, must still be fed."

10-12.—Too rough for bathing to-day. EDWARD drew some letters for me to illuminate. They were his motto, "*Sapere Aude*," and the initials are those of my Christian names, SYBIL ADA, which is a very extraordinary coincidence. And he had a surprise for me. Such a lovely ring—pearls and emeralds. He said he did not wish me to be jealous of the other children, and ill-use them. The joke nearly made me cry, for I remembered how cross I had been to the poor little things on Monday night. He took pains to mention twice that he had brought the ring with him from London, and I did not understand at first why he laid stress on this. Now I do, and it is just like his pride. He would not let me think he was making up to me for throwing away that brooch. As if I did not hate it, and the giver, and everything and everybody that could give him a moment's annoyance!

12-1 P.M.—Mamma again going on about practising, so I sent EDWARD to smoke on the rocks, and I rattled away at the horrid piano-forte until we had a little crowd of fishermen leaning over the garden rails. Wasn't I a mermaid, then, MR. EDWARD?

1.—Lunch. We seem to be always eating and drinking by the sea-side. The boys declare that it is awfully jolly, and talk about "grub" as if they never had anything to eat at home—the dreadful little pigs! EDWARD suggested, gravely, that there should be another lunch introduced, about three, in order to enable exhausted nature to hold on till five.

2-5.—A delightful sail. EDWARD pointed out the new fortifications, and explained to us that many of them were quite wrong and useless.

I saw a long article in an old number of the *Times* on the same subject, and though EDWARD did not say that he had written it, I should not be surprised if he had, as the arguments were exactly the same, only EDWARD was clearer in his verbal explanation.

5-6.—Dinner. Afterwards EDWARD proposed dear Mamma's health, and almost brought the tears into our eyes by his feeling language. He speaks beautifully, and so like a gentleman. I could have kissed him. Perhaps I did, afterwards.

6-10.—Round games, and nonsense. At cross questions LOUISA asked me, what was the use of a wedding-ring, and CHARLEY STOTHARD answered, "To catch a mermaid." This was very odd indeed, unless EDWARD had been prompting. I told him he had, but he said no, and that we had a flood of good omens setting in strong, which was a very clever sea-side image, I thought.

10-11.—We went off early, but EDWARD and CHARLEY STOTHARD sat on the rocks till nearly twelve o'clock, and I should like to know what they were talking about all that time. Mermaids, perhaps. I will know.

[We have inserted our fair Correspondent's contribution, but as it is really the diary of her friend, MR. EDWARD, rather than her own, we shall be obliged (should she favour us with any more) if she will send her own journal instead of his biography.—ED. PUNCH.]

STOBS AND SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.



RAY don't imagine, *Punch*, that the Surgeon-Famine in the Army is the fault of the Swells. I suppose I am what is called a Swell. My ancestors came in with CANUTE. They have never exercised any branch of industry, and have always lived sumptuously on the labour of others. I myself am in the Army, simply because I think I ought to be something more than a Swell, and am fit for nothing else so much as for a Soldier.

Now, of all the fellows in a Regiment, I assure you, I consider the Surgeon to be, generally, the most of a gentleman. He is at least as much of one as any of them, and he has, if regularly appointed, been made as much more of a gentleman than the rest as a much better education than they have had could make him. The indignity which Army

Surgeons are treated with proceeds not from pride of rank and birth on the part of any of their brother officers, but from a consciousness of the want of those advantages on the part of some of them. In this commercial country many a fellow enters the Army who never had a grandfather that he could give any account of, and the best that such a fellow can say of his pedigree usually is that his father was a tailor. More commonly an officer of that class of fellows is the son of a large mercantile rogue, or a swindling railway jobber. Well, he cannot help that; and he is rich, and his own money at least was not ill-gotten; and he might be a gentleman if he chose. But instead of that, he is too often a purse-proud Snob. This is the sort of fellow that thinks it necessary to assert his position by insisting on the abasement of Army Surgeons. It is not the Swells in a regiment, *Punch*, who are insolent to the Surgeon, but only the Snobs. Mushrooms these Snobs are called by men who have less respect for a mushroom than I have, for I consider it an excellent ingredient, not an objectionable one, in a mess. Those who term them mushrooms, will further say that, inasmuch as they peculiarly abound in the Cavalry, the majority of them are Horse Mushrooms; but, comparing these bloated and extremely offensive Snobs to fungi, I would rather name them Toadstools.

I consider the Surgeon quite as much a combatant officer as myself. We don't in these days, charge with lances in rest, and we no longer brandish battle-axes and maces. He is as likely to be struck down at any time by disease, sometimes by shot, as I am. I wish no invidious distinction to be made between him and myself. I would not assign him the uniform of a Beadle. Let him wear that of his relative rank in the Army, or be allowed to dress in plain clothes, so that he might, as perhaps he would like to, be distinguished from a combatant fool.

Unless the reasonable demands of the Army Surgeons are granted,

I shall be obliged to throw up my Commission. Suppose I am killed in action, well and good. I am prepared for that. But I may be wounded. For that I am prepared too. I am always ready to lose a limb for my country. But my country must take care that it shall be skilfully amputated. I expect my country to provide that any operation which its service may require me to undergo shall be performed safely, quickly, and pleasantly, as much as it can be. Certainly I value my blood too highly to allow it to be spilt by a bungling operator. I don't at all relish the idea of an Acting-Assistant Surgeon, obtained by advertisement, attempting to extract a bullet deeply lodged in the complicated anatomy of your humble servant,

Rag and Famish, Sept. 1864.

ARMIGER.

"HARVEST CART" IN SUFFOLK.

Yow, JACK, bring them 'ere hosses here—
Get this 'ere waggin out;
I think the weather mean to cleare,
So jest yow look about!
Come put old Jolly to right quick—
Now then, hook Di'mond on,
(There, chuek yow down that plaguy stick),
An' goo an' call old JOHN.

JOHN bo', the "Cart-shod close" we'll try
(Get yow upon the stack);
I'm sure the whate's by this time dry—
Bring them 'ere forks here, JACK.
Blarm that 'ere chap! Where is he now?
Jest look yow here, my man,
If yow don't want to have a row,
Be steady, if yow can.

Ope that 'ere gate. Wish! Jolly—Wo!
Cop that 'ere rope up, SAM;
Now I'll get down an' pitch, bo', so.
Jump yow up where I am.
Load wide enough, mate,—that's the style—
Now hold ye!—Di'mond!—Wo-o!
JACK!—that 'ere boy do me that rile—
Jest mind yow where yow goo!

There goo a rabbit! Boxer, hi!—
She's sure to get to grownd.
Hold ye! Now then, bo', jest yow try
To turn them nicely round.
Don't knock them shoves down!—Blarm the boy?
Yow'll be in that 'ere haw!
That feller do me so annoy;
But he don't care a straw.

* * * * *
How goo the time? I kind o' think
Our fourses * should be here.
Chaps, don't yow fare to want some drink?—
There's SUE with the old beer!
The rain have cleared right slap away;
An' if it hold out bright,
Let's work right hard, lads (what d'ye say?)
An' clear this feld to-night!

* The harvest men leave off at four o'clock for refreshment, which they call their "fourses."

HIPPOPHAGY AGAIN.

ONE of the Secretaries of the French Society for the Protection of Animals, in a lecture given the other day in Paris at the Garden of Acclimatation, revived the proposal to constitute horseflesh an article of food, demonstrating its acceptability with a tureen of horse soup, and another dish of that noble animal dressed *à la daube*, which he offered to his audience, and they, including many ladies, devoured. Well; who shall tax them with eating strange food? If all the prime tongues ready cooked, on sale at our British grocers', could speak, and would tell the truth, we apprehend that not a few of them would neigh.

There is support, doubtless, in saddle of horse, but, for eating, we are disposed to prefer saddle of mutton.

How they do Things in the City.

By some returns published by the Finance Committee of the Corporation, we notice that the entertainments given by the City upon the entry of the Princess amounted to upwards of £50,000. Sumptuous as the Guildhall banquets are known to be, we suspect that so rich an *entrée* never graced a City entertainment before.



RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "Now, Miss! ARE YOU GOING BY THIS TRAIN?"

Miss Rebecca. "YES! BUT I MUST HAVE A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE NO YOUNG MEN LIKELY TO BE RUDE TO ONE."

SCURVY ROGUES.

MR. PUNCH,

Do you, Sir, consider it altogether a ground for rejoicing, in the interests of humanity, that the frequency of garrotte robberies has greatly diminished since the assignment of flogging to those crimes, and the actual infliction of that painful and degrading punishment on criminals convicted of them? I will tell you why I ask that question, Sir.

You see, *Mr. Punch*, that the success with which the cat-o'-nine-tails has been tried as a preventive of one species of crime, is calculated to engender just an idea—a surmise—a suspicion—that its application might prove equally effectual for the prevention of some other crimes. And then "Suppose we try it"—is so natural a suggestion. If the cat should be tried further, and found to answer, to what extent might not its employment be carried? I tremble to think, Sir.

The other day there appeared in the *Times* a letter dated from this place, and signed "W. F.," on the subject of "Spurious Lime-Juice." The writer of this communication adverts to the statement of Mr. HARRY LEACH, resident medical officer to the *Dreadnought* hospital-ship, that patients under his care for scurvy had told him "that they would not or could not drink the lime-juice served out during the voyage, because it was so bad." "W. F." proceeds to say that "a large quantity of so-called lemon-juice, which is supplied to ships going long voyages, contains no juice of the lemon; it is manufactured in this country from tartaric and other acids, at a cheap cost, and flavoured with essence of lemon to imitate the genuine article." Having pointed out that this counterfeit of lemon or lime-juice is not anti-scorbutic at all, he declares that "it is notorious that in Liverpool large quantities of the spurious article are manufactured and sold for ships' stores for the use of ships' crews and emigrants." Now, Sir, those who know what scurvy is, will feel that the supply of sailors and ships with good-for-nothing rubbish under the name of a remedy for it, is what may, with an economy of strong language, be called a heartless fraud. The fraud is not merely heartless, it is, with all possible respect for the large manufacturers who are guilty of it, I must acknowledge, positively and extremely cruel.

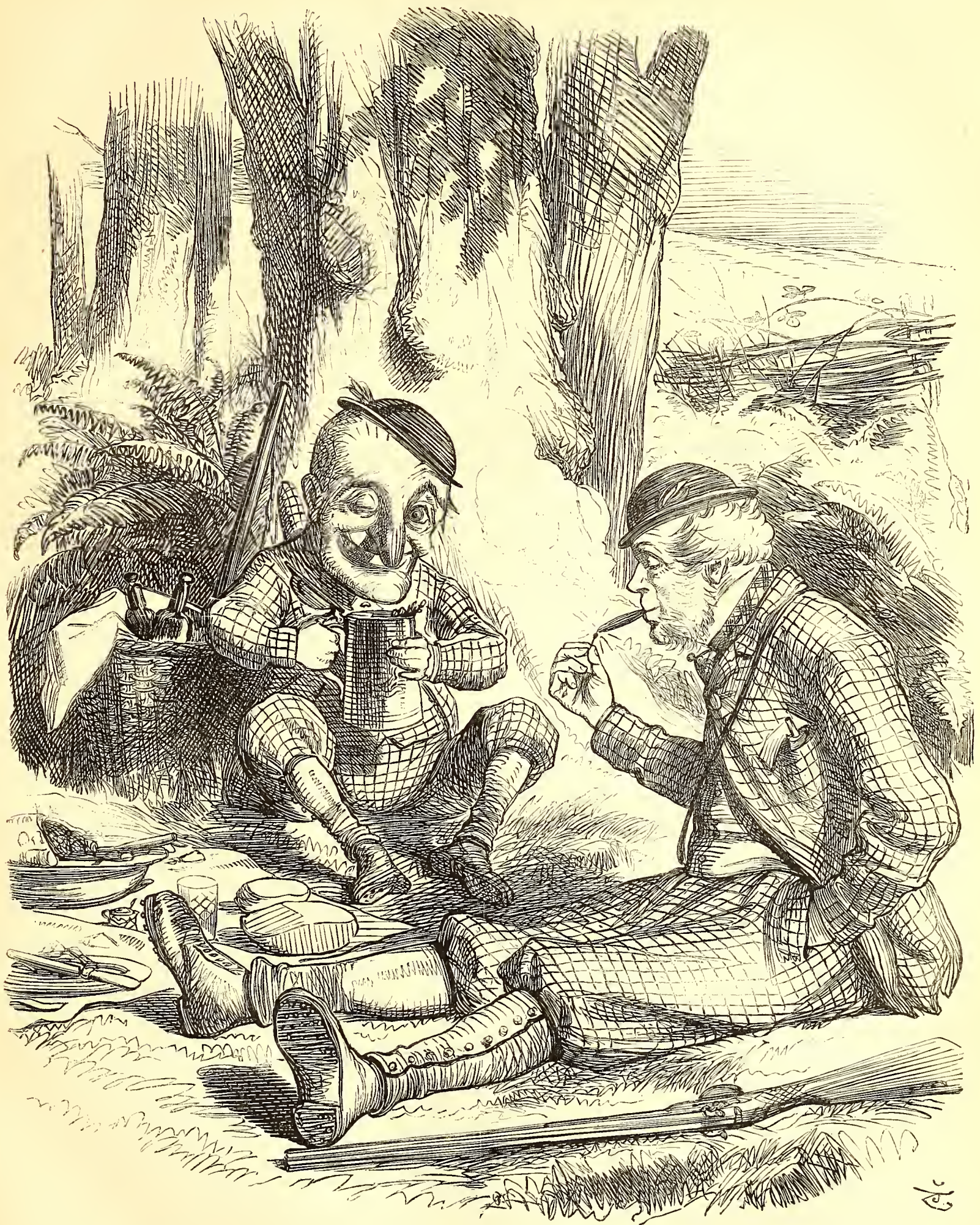
For ordinary acts of cheating and swindling, you know, Sir, Society is

pretty well content with the imprisonment and hard labour at present awarded to rogues. You see, a compassionate public thinks the discipline of the scourge too severe even for a criminal who, by deliberate dishonesty, has reduced several families from affluence to beggary. There is cruelty in this sort of crime, to be sure, but it is a cruelty which the majority of us, Sir, are not imaginative enough to appreciate, so long as it does not affect ourselves. What scurvy is, however, most people can understand, and nearly everybody, therefore, can see how cruel it is, for the mere sake of gain, to practise an imposition which must have the effect of letting multitudes rot and die of that dreadful disease. Now this element, you observe, Sir, of cruelty in the manufacture of sham lime-juice, distinctly seen, and seen also to be aggravated by a peculiar intensity of baseness, may, I am almost afraid, so inflame the public mind, as to create a demand that the perpetrators of that deception, being as cruel as garotters, shall be whipped as well.

I feel for my neighbour, *Mr. Punch*, as a respectable man; my neighbour over the way. Therefore I shudder at the apprehension that manufacturers of sham lemon-juice may soon be made liable to be flogged. A ruffian in corduroy breeches and hobnailed half-boots, yelling under the lash is an object that may, by some minds, be regarded with complacency, but I could not bear to behold the chief proprietor of those extensive works, a sleek, smooth gentleman in a suit of black, having his spectacles taken off, and his decent coat stripped from his back, and being tied up and flogged. Could you, Sir? Could you endure hearing the shrieks of a man who had always occupied a proud mercantile position before he came to be placed in that unpleasant one at the whipping-post? Perhaps you will say that his cries would be drowned by louder noises ringing in your mind's ear—the groans of victims dying of scurvy through his wicked forgery of lime-juice. This is just what I fear the Public will soon begin to say, and then the authorities of yonder correctional establishment may have to witness what I shrink from imagining—the head of that eminent and wealthy firm undergoing corporal chastisement administered with an energy that will make him howl. I cannot tell you how that sight would shock one whose hatred of a rascal is less intense than his veneration for a person whose deportment and exterior are those of

Liverpool, Sept., 1864.

A RESPECTABLE MAN.



THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

WHERE have I *not* been since quitting Winklebeach! I've been roaming, I've been roaming, and I shall go roaming still; but I'm coming, but I'm coming, to the conclusion that a really Quiet Watering-place is nowhere to be found. This is the statement that I have put before the Company (Limited) in whose interests, coinciding, as they do, with those of my own mental and physical requirements, I have been lately travelling. From Sussex to Wales.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD.

First day.—Arrived at Bangor, very early in the morning. Went to bed in the Bishop's Arms. At breakfast asked Boots where was the Quietest Watering-place in the neighbourhood. In his opinion I couldn't do better than go to Gwrysthlogwdd. What name did he say? "Gwrysthlogwdd." Oh, thank you! Would he be good enough to write it down? The Landlord would. Oh! thank you again? It was a place only just started, he informed me. Capital fishing. Beautiful falls. "The Menai Straits, as it might be here," he illustrated this with his napkin, and I said, "Yes,"—"and the sea round as it might be here," napkin again. Was there bathing? "Yes, he should say there was bathing: he knew there was shooting, because SIR JOHN LLANROOSTER, who was as it might be the Squire, lived in the Castle which you'd see as you went by the road, which lay here as it might be" in the direction of the ham on the sideboard. Very well; then I would go in the afternoon.

Would I have a car or a boat? I might go to Beaumaris by steamer, and cross to Gwrysthlogwdd in a small boat. I'd better to do this, as there wasn't a car in.

4 P.M.—Landed at Beaumaris. Where did I want to go to? I showed paper with unpronounceable name written on it. Boatman couldn't read it. Intelligent person on pier deciphered it. Oh, thank you, very much! No boat to be obtained just now, but if I'd wait an hour or so, something would happen to the wind or the tide, or both, and I could be taken across. OWEN OWEN would take me. Where was he? Oh, somewhere. Very good, then I would leave my portmanteau in charge of the intelligent man at the pier, and visit the town.

4.30.—At Beaumaris Castle, viewing the ruins. In the chapel. Ah! here the peaceful old monks used to pass their hours in silent meditation. How soothing! How calmly could I here rest, and fancy the organ pealing forth—Toodle tum tum—tiddle tiddle tum. An organ! by all that's inharmonious! Playing "*The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue*" if I mistake not. I will seek the remains of the grand old refectory. Here at all events—"Just a little more lobster salad, old fellow."—"Don't give him *all* the champagne." Pop, pop, pop! "Oh dear! there's a nasty grasshopper in my tart!"—"I say, we'll make that old organ chap play a dance," ha, ha, ha! "Of course." A dance! in these hallowed precincts. It only wanted that to complete it. Away to the wilds of the watering-place with an unpronounceable name.

5.30.—On the pier. Intelligent man with my portmanteau not to be seen. Has gone to his tea. Oh, thank you! OWEN OWEN had sailed about a quarter-of-an-hour ago with the gentleman's portmanteau. He thought I wanted it taken across. He often does jobs of that sort. Does he? "His mate'd take me." His mate is sitting on the pier railing, engaged, I take it, from the movement of his cheeks, in the exhilarating occupation of chewing tobacco. He expectorates obliquely, and nods. Evidently a man of few words. After a pause, during which I am looking at OWEN OWEN's mate, expecting him to make an observation, he descends leisurely from his perch, and goes down a ladder at the pier side. Two more mates leaning over the rail commence a conversation in some guttural unknown tongue. Of course they are speaking Welsh. I *should* like to know what they are saying. They occasionally look at me and laugh, from which I gather that I am the subject of their remarks. Pleasant honest dogs, these sons of the ocean.

6.—Down the ladder and into a little cockle-shell of a boat. Very damp. After a good deal of bumping against the pier, and shipping a considerable quantity of water, we are taken by a sudden gust which almost capsizes us, several yards (do they measure at sea by yards? no, it's fathoms or knots, I think—say knots) many knots down stream—or up stream, for I can't make out which way the water is going; it appears to me not to know its own mind. "Rather dangerous sailing here?" I inquire of OWEN OWEN's mate. "Very," says he. Evidently, as I remarked before, a man of few words. "A mate o' mine was drown'd here," he says, in a husky voice. "I never can pass this here point," he adds, "without drinking summut."

While engaged in this touching tribute to his friend's memory, he gave me the sail line (is that the name?) to hold. I do this cheerfully, but nervously, withal.

Ten Minutes afterwards. He is still drinking the pious memory, occasionally stopping to meditate. I gently suggest, that if he would not mind steering a little, we might get on in a more even manner. At this moment, there comes, what OWEN's mate calls a lurch.—I finish

this note on landing. Oh, ye gentlemen, who live at home at ease, how little do ye think upon the dangers of crossing from Beaumaris to Gwrysthlogwdd. In a second the large sail was anywhere, nowhere, flapping about in the breeze. He told me to hold the line loosely, and I did. I, myself, was jerked on to the floor (is it floor?) of the boat, where I lay, with the ballast. OWEN's mate used language unbecoming a Christian and a Welshman. Being in his power, I pretended, rather to enjoy his observations than otherwise. We couldn't get up to the shore, on account, he said, of the tide. The land was half a mile distant, and not a soul to be seen anywhere. I was strongly impressed with the quietude of Gwrysthlogwdd.

"Halloo!" cried OWEN's mate. No answer. OWEN's mate used language, and said, that I must help to get the blank boat in, unless I wanted to sit there, till turn of blank tide. When might that be? Oh, three blank hours hence. Evidently a man of few words, and those of an emphatic character which he uses as often as possible. We prepared to jump into the briny deep, and tug the boat to shore. When I say *we* prepared, I mean, I did. OWEN's mate going in, boots and all. OWEN's mate did give way to his temper, fearfully. I explained, as politely as possible, that I had not been brought up to this kind of work. It never struck me, until now, that OWEN's mate had been drinking. Gwrysthlogwdd is, at present, too quiet a place, at least, just in this quarter. There's not a creature to be seen, and the inebriated son of the ocean, insists upon leaving his boat, and carrying me on his back to land. I submit, without my shoes and stockings. Through a lot of sandy, slushy mud, we gain the beach. OWEN's mate had kept himself on his legs, and me on his back, in a wonderful manner. What is his fare? Five shillings? He shakes his head. Six? He won't hear of it. Seven? He's impracticable. H'm! I see a fisherman on the beach. Here, my good man, how much shall I give OWEN's mate? Fisherman, a good-humoured looking person, shakes his head, and says, down in his throat, some words which sound as if consisting chiefly of "g's" and "r's." Is it possible, he doesn't understand English? Another fisherman comes. "How much shall I?"—Good gracious! he is shaking his head. They are all shaking their heads. OWEN's mate sleepily.

Two more inhabitants, female, come down on to the shingle. Two little boys make for the boat, returning at a run, with my shoes and stockings. Upon these I seized, and after putting them on, presented OWEN's mate with half a sovereign. Seeing this, the male and female natives, and the two little boys, set upon OWEN's mate.

7.—From this distance, *i.e.*, the door of the Inn of Gwrysthlogwdd, I can still see them fighting for the prize. The mate's boat has disappeared, and this is how you get to this new Welsh Watering-place, by water. I have since ascertained that the way here by land, is only safe to those thoroughly acquainted with the Mountain Geography.

First Note. Made in my diary, on the door-step of the Old Village Inn. This is, *indeed*, a Lovely Quiet Place. I will knock and inquire concerning accommodation, and by the way, my portmanteau.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARTICLE.

WE are told by ALPHONSE KARR that "Friendship between two women is always a plot against a third." We deny it, as we always make a point of denying all the spiteful things that are said against the beautiful sex. And what is the friendship between two men, we should like to know? If we had the inclination to be cynical, under the deceitful notion that we were being extremely clever, we might answer: "Friendship between two men is a continual struggle as to which of the two shall do the other." We are afraid we are not the only persons in this world who labour under the melancholy conceit that, to be clever, we have only to be cynical.

What we Learn in Foreign Parts.

WHEN last we were in Paris, we strolled into the *Palais de Justice*, and soon found ourselves wandering in the famous *Salle des Pas Perdus*. On inquiring, we discovered that the *Salle des Pas* was not intended as a companion refuge to the *Champ de Mars*; and we also learnt that the *Pas Perdus* were in no way paternally related to the *Enfants Trouvés*. These facts were no less new than pleasing to us, and so accordingly we have made a note of them.

A RETORT THAT IS A LITTLE TOO SPIRITED.

RETALIATION in commerce, as in other things, sometimes takes a most savage form. Now look at India, how we treat her in our commercial relations! Because India sends us her cottou badly ginned, is that any reason, we ask, why we should send her our sherries so fearfully brandied?

A QUESTION FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

SUPPOSING you found a greenbaek, would you, when found, be able by any means "to make a note of it?"



LUSUS NATURÆ.

Excursion Tourist. "MOST EXTR'OR'NARY CRE'CHAR!"

Facetious Rustic. "AH! THAT A BE, MEASTER, BRED ON THIS 'ERE WERY FA-ARM HE WOR, TEW!"

AFTER-DINNER PAPERS.

(On Various Subjects.)

MY DEAR MISSER PUNCH,—Circumstances over which—no control—prevented my father whom you pointed your Scitific Crospondent from writing you a long count of the weather of Last Month. He forgot it till last moment after dinner and being too fatigued to write himself we had a third bottle of twenty-can't get it nowadays—and he dep-p-uted me to write from his diction I mean dictation. Here it is.

I am Yr Sisterly—no Sincerely, THOMAS BUZZ, JUNIOR.

Review of Weather for July.

During the past month, there was a restless wind that blew down its own smoke, and took off the edge of the meridian with its own plane.

In the morning, attenuated nimbi dwindled into a luminous canopy, whose height was 6000 feet above the sea-level.

Cumuli and cirrhi gave themselves up to the full development of ozone; while Summer Meteoric Phosphorescent Trains met the Radiating Steamers within five minutes of each other.

Thermometer in the Sun at 4:30 P.M. (How it got there, no one knows.—B., JUNR.)

At midnight, on the 17th, the REV. F. C. ROBERTS of Frant, shot with considerable velocity across Ursa Major, and disappeared after traversing an approximated space. (Guv'nor got this out of the *Times*, think.—BUZZ, JUNR.)

On the following morning the wind returned to France, and, in a test slip, fell between a wet and a dry bath, showing some external signs of discoloration.

It will be seen by reference to the table. (At this point I made a reference to the table. My respected parent had disappeared. Yrs., &c., B. JUNR.)

Startling Cruelty.

A WELL-KNOWN Upholsterer, whose name shall not be held up to universal execration, because this course could not be adopted without puffery, undertook the contract for keeping well furnished, repairing and re-decorating the Ophthalmic Hospital. We accidentally caught sight of the bill for the current year. One of the largest items recurring over and over again was "Rods for the Blind." Shall the unfortunate and helpless be flogged for their misfortunes under our very noses, under our very eye-lashes? Shame! Shame!

THE RIGHT STEP.

THE BISHOP OF LIMOGES has been publishing a Pastoral. The publication could not be better timed, for if our ancient knowledge of Quadrilles be correct, *La Pastorale* comes directly after *l'Été*.

THE CONSERVATIVE'S PROGRESS.

A SONG INSTEAD OF A SPEECH.

(For After Dinner.)

MORE years than I will own ago,
With ELTON in his glory,
Of change I was the mortal foe,
An out-and-out old Tory.
We lost, through statesmen heeding facts
Apparent to the senses,
The Test and Corporation Acts;
There went our first defences.

The barriers, thus, of Church and State,
Removed, the foe might enter:
Still he would be, at any rate,
A Protestant Dissenter.
But then we had, unfaithful Chief,
To gulp our indignation
At Roman Catholic Relief:
Oh, that Emancipation!

One more post gone I had to own,
But Act, once passed, is valid:
We, round the Altar and the Throne,
Closed in again, and rallied.
When soon a democratic storm
Did vehemently stir us,
And Parliamentary Reform
Abolished rotten boroughs.

So I, for an accomplished fact,
Accepted revolution;
Yet, aiming still to save intact
Our glorious Constitution,
In hopes I might illname outlive,
Instinct with spirit vital,
New named myself Conservative,
And lost my party title.

To keep all things just as they were
I ceased not my endeavour;
Some things which it had been my care
To keep from being ever.
Municipal Reform to stay
We wasted machinations;
Those landmarks, too, were swept away;
Our ancient Corporations.

Gone goose is gone goose; 'tis absurd
To mind what can't be mended.
As PEEL advised, I registered,
And on the watch attended.
But our inconstant Chief once more
Imposed on our affection;
For all the British Lion's roar,
Free Trade displaced Protection.

Divorce, to rich ones unconfined,
For injured partners married,
I strove against, but grew resigned
To it when it was carried.
Law of the land 'tis now at last,
And I'm the law's defender,
Nailing my colours to the mast,
My motto, "No Surrender!"

I steadily refused consent
To give up that condition
That kept Jews out of Parliament;
Until they got admission.
The wound that made soon cicatrised,
'Twas not of serious nature,
I stuck to the unchristianised,
Still British, Legislature.

Now Vote by Ballot I'll withstand
Henceforth, until it passes,
And hold as long, with steady hand,
The Suffrage from the Masses,
Conservative of all that's past;
Consistent as a martyr:
Dear me! I hope I mayn't, at last,
Have to conserve the "Charter!"

"GET THEE TO A MONKERY!"

Norwich, Eve of S. Hairshirtus.



WHAT a darling girl you are, my dearest JULIA, to write me such a nice long letter! But I suppose at the sea-side you have nothing else to do, dear. Ah, how different to me! who, thanks to sweet FATHER PIGFACIUS (as Cousin CHARLEY will keep calling him) am so profitably busy. For you must know, dear, I am one of his chief lady-converts now, and regularly attached to him—I mean, you know, his chapel. And I've such heaps of hymns and chants to practise, you can't think; and then I have to learn to do my genuflexions and my bowings properly. Cousin CHARLEY says

I'm getting quite deformed by the attitudes I practise, and certainly my knees do feel a little stiff at times, and, though I know it's only fancy, my neck seems growing almost crooked.

I dare say now you wonder what young ladies can have to do with monks, for you know that Father P. has set up quite a monastery, and lives there as a hermit, with I dare say a hair shirt, and some other holy brethren. But it seems these Benedictines are allowed to let young ladies come and take part in their services and sing to them in chapel, and walk in their processions, like the girls you see in plays. And do you know, dear JULIA, on the Feast of the Assumption there was such a grand procession from the cloister to the Chapel, and in the evening too, which made it the more charming. Fancy monks with big wax-candles and beautiful blue satin banners, and the good Father Superior dressed in dazzling cloth of gold, and oh! the dearest little acolyths, bearing incense and more banners, and wearing snow-white surplices of the very finest cambrie at oh! ever so much a yard, dear! with blue tippets and red skull-caps and such splendid scarlet trains. Then a few chosen young ladies joined in the procession, and from the following description, which was in a Norwich newspaper, you may form some notion of how very nice we looked—

"A young lady of about 18, dressed in flowing white robes and long white veil over her head, bearing blue satin banner with the words in cloth-of-silver 'Hail MARY.'"

"Young lady with a gorgeous white satin banner of the Virgin rising on clouds of silver to heaven, her feet planted on the serpent's head, which was very lifelike; her dress was of silver, with purple velvet cloak studded with gold stars; emeralds and pearls were let into the border of the dress and gave it a dazzling appearance."

"Young lady with blue satin-and-silver banner, of the Virgin and Child enthroned, the words 'Salve Regina' in gold letters placed round the top of the banner."

I leave you to guess, dear, which of these was me, and you can fancy that at Vespers with the priests and monks and acolyths sitting or kneeling before the altar, and the white robed and veiled young ladies all arranged in rows behind, the "effect was quite dramatic," as the newspaper declares, indeed CHARLEY says it must have really been as good as a play. Then we had a lovely sermon from dear FATHER PIGFACIUS (as that wretch persists in calling him); and do you know, dear, he can play the organ, and even beat the drum, at least so FANNY FRIBBLE tells me, and I know he has a drum in chapel, and most solemnly it sounds. The sermon lasted twenty minutes, which, as the paper says, was "very short for him," and after this—but there, the newspaper shall tell you what came next:—

"By the time the lecture was over it was quite dark, only the moon had just risen over St. Andrew's Hall. The procession re-formed as before, lighted tapers of wax being offered to all who were willing to follow in the procession. Hundreds did so, and the extraordinary appearance of the innumerable lights, the waving banners glittering in the rising moonlight, the soft chanting, the white veils of the girls, the crimson robes of the boys, the rapt attention of the dense crowds, who seemed perfectly amazed, the complete circle of light round the garden and court-

yard (for the procession coiled serpent-like round the whole premises), was indeed a strange and fairy-like scene."

Some of us went home then, but the monks (as CHARLEY said) resolved to make a night of it; and so—

"Matins were sung at two on Monday morning, followed by lauds at three. The solemn chant and organ peal from the Convent Chapel sounded strangely on the night air of our Protestant city; the night was so still that it was heard far away down the streets and alleys. The lauds' bell rung at 3 A.M. When this was over at 4.15, the dawn was approaching rapidly. The procession, as at vespers, formed, the congregation following with lighted tapers, left the Convent chanting, wound its way up the narrow street opposite the gate, continued across Tombland, down past the west front of the Cathedral, up Prince's Street, across St. Andrew's Plain, and then returned down Elm Hill. On arriving at the monastery gate, all sung 'God Save the Queen,' and entered the sacred precincts singing the Doxology."

That odious Cousin CHARLEY vowed to me next morning that when the music woke him he thought it was the cats! But then he reflected that cats in common life don't sing *God Save the Queen*, and so he changed his mind about them. He says he questions if HER MAJESTY would much like having her name mixed up with such sham popish humbug, as he irreverently calls it. I'm sure I don't know about that, but I do know I enjoyed it vastly, humbug though he thinks it. You see, dear, we have no opera in Norwich, and balls are few and far between, and I'm sure girls should be thankful to these dear darling Benedictines for affording them a little rational amusement. If it were not for the delightful evenings such as that I have described, I'm sure I don't know when I should ever get the chance here of wearing a white dress, and going to an evening party. Indeed the being drest in flowing robes of white, with a veil over one's head, really makes one feel almost like going to be married! and I'm sure I could have kissed that dear Father Superior, who looked as satisfied as though he were giving one away! When you come to Norwich I will show you the dear man, and you will see if you agree with me in thinking him so handsome. I hope you won't be very long before you come, dear, for I so want you to see me in my white dress and veil, and to ask you if you don't think that the latter would look better with a wreath of orange blossom.

A thousand thousand loves, dear, and believe me ever ever yours, (until I'm some one else's),

SELINA SIMPLE.

DISPARAGEMENT.

Now don't ye have that other Clown;
My kind friends, hear me run him down!
He cannot make you laugh like me;
I'm so much funnier than he.

He's not facetious, but I am.
His poor attempt at epigram!
How imbecile is his grimace!
But see how I can make a face.

Hot Codlins his attempt to sing,
Is what a melancholy thing!
But mine will set you in a roar;
So then, hiss him, and me encore.

The red-hot poker I pretend,
How well! to take by the wrong end.
How silly, dreary, dull, and tame,
His trick of sitting on the same!

I'm full of humour and of wit,
And he of neither has a bit.
His motley's faded and outworn,
The coxeomb on his head is torn.

That Zany, therefore, pray, forsake,
And this for his successor take.
He's an old Muff; I'm fresh from school,
And ten to one the greater Fool.

Latest from Paris.

MON CHER PUNCH,—This is for you. Make my compliment to Madame. Please to accept, &c., sentiments, &c., distinguished consideration, &c.

LOUIS N.

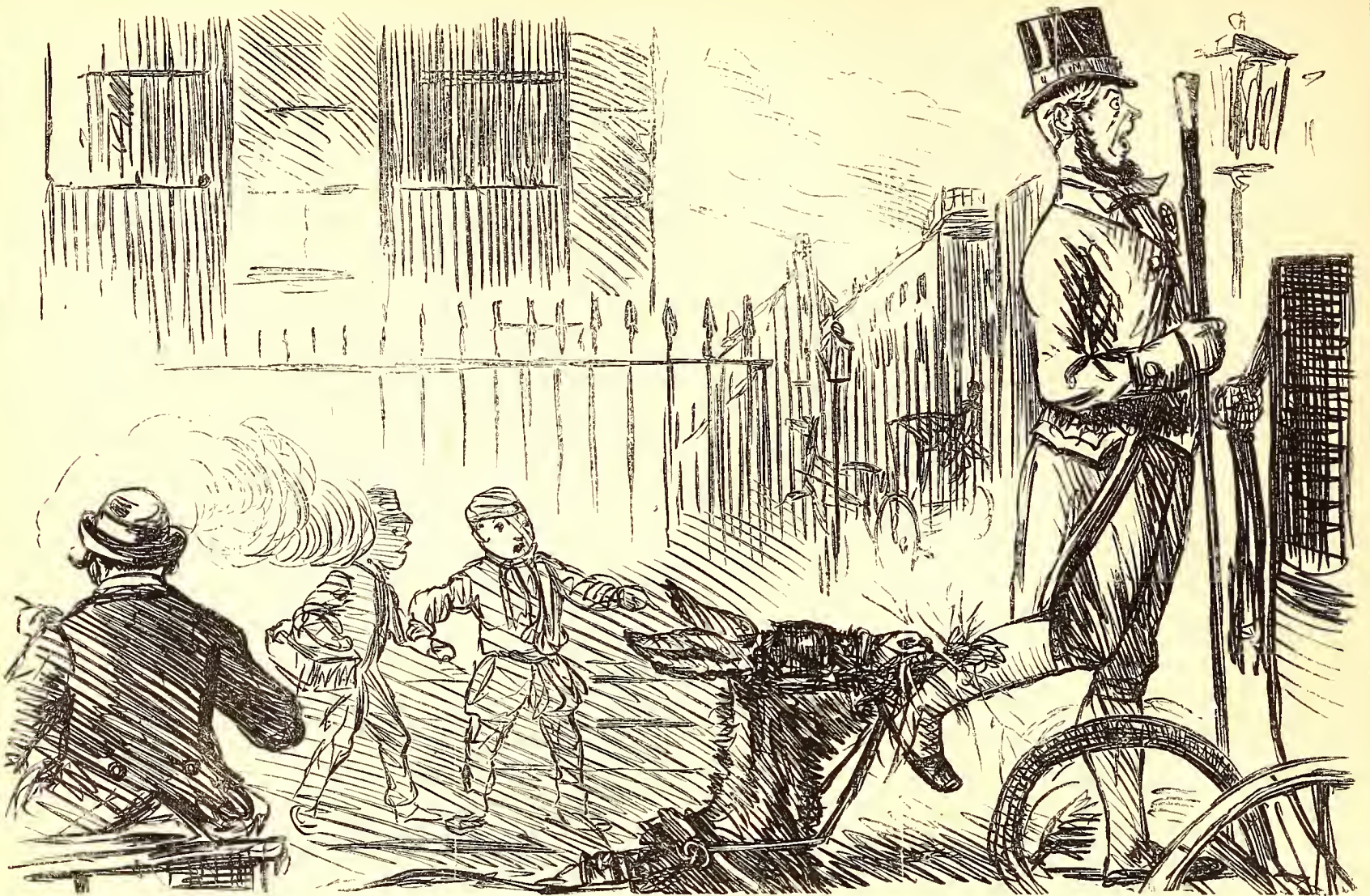
Quand un gant ressemble-t-il au numéro 25?

Quand il est neuf et très étroit. (You see? Neuf et treize et trois.)

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Who would be the best "eoach" for a Frenchman who is anxious to take holy orders? St. Fiaere.

"THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The F's and B's in Lodging House Bed-rooms.



A FLUNKY IN TROUBLE.

John Thomas. "HOLLO! COACHMAN! MR. BLINKERS! STOP! HERE'S A COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY GOT HOLD OF MY LEG, AND PULLING THE HAY OUT THAT I'VE PUT IN FOR CALVES!"

AN EVENING IN OLYMPUS.

THE other night we chanced to drop in upon some of the Heathen Deities. Here we go up, up, up; and here we go round and round, might well be the cry of *Ixion, the Man at the Wheel*, of the pretty little New Royalty Theatre. Would'st thou, my friend, study a page of LEMPRIÈRE? Hie thee to this Olympian lodge, and take a good look at the immortal Buttons, MR. JOSEPH ROBINS GANYMEDE, who hands round the nectar to the most glorious MISS JUNO CLIFFORD, and her faithless spouse, MR. JUPITER SHORE, the *premier jeune homme* of the celestials, King of Gods and Men. By the way, let your *Gany-mede* say no more than is set down for him—ahem! *verbum sap.* *Pallas-Athéné*, henceforward to be popularly identified with MR. STEPHENS, plays her part with all the skill and wisdom proper to the character of MADEMOISELLE TRITOGENEIA. Well does she, we mean he, merit her own ancient title of *Ἀσπράγνη*, the unwearied, and *Λαοσάκος*, the people-rouser; while her falsetto proves that the tone of the prudent maiden goddess is as high as ever it was in the days of the Greeks and Trojans. But, oh my heart! Oh, *Venus*! Oh, *Aphrodité*! with your large languishing eyes and beautiful hair! Every one knows what the *Judgment of Paris* was, and, on our word and honour, that of London must coincide with it. Here Boxkeeper take me away, and restore me with an ice! Can that lazy impudent *Cupid* possibly be her son? The words seemed a trouble to this young lady, who ought to be reminded that she is not playing "*Love in Idleness*." To the tune of the "*Groves of Blarney*" we may sing, for we must sing, "that's the humour of it,"—

"And then to follow, there's bright *Apollo*,
With a golden circlet all about his hair;
And bould *Ixion*, who's quite the lion
Of sweet Olympus in the upper air.
There's *Hermes* raly, can sing so gaily,
And bully *Mars*, who, while at heart a cur,
Does try to bicker, he bows to *Terpsichore*,
Oh who can be upon a *pas* with her!"

"Ω πόποι! Cry we with the puzzle-headed Dryopians, *Di Immortales*!

never-say-Di, Immortales, and anything else you like, for among all these Divines of Dean Street we're getting confused and bewildered. He is she, and she is he, the Comet is neither one nor the other, and all is fanciful, light, bright and sparkling, in the Classical Greek neighbourhood of Soho.

THE ENTIRE ANIMAL.

WE read, by *Star-light*, that, at the Congress of Malines, one speaker was for acknowledging no country, but merging all national distinctions in the sole sovereignty of the POPE; and he was loudly cheered for his suggestion. Pope, Pope, Pope, hooray!

Romanus sum civis is not exactly what this enthusiast wished to be able to say. The Roman Citizens want to be freemen of United Italy. If the devotee of Pio Nono, who would fain have the Pope-Monarch to rule over himself and his associates, were to state accurately what he desires to be, he would say *Romanus sum servus*. Perhaps he would think it hard if the law of his own country were to constitute him an alien, and his fellow citizens or subjects were to treat him as such, and turn him out. It is a pity that people who, like this thoroughgoing Papist, wish to transfer their allegiance to the POPE, and there were many of them at Malines, cannot, all of them together, go and occupy some uninhabited island, there to be governed by a Papal Lord—Lieutenant or Legate, or, what would be much better, by the Sovereign Pontiff in person, holding his spiritual rule as heretofore, but exercising his temporal power over a contented people.

His Grandmother.

"POOR thing! very painful!" said Old MRS. BOWLINE, (grandmother of the lamented TOM BOWLINE the darling of his crew), on reading a letter from her nautical relation, wherein he told her that he had seen the Needles right in the eye of the Wind.

ANCIENT LATIN SLANG FOR READY MONEY.—"*As*" in *presenti*.



A BROAD HINT.

WHEN WILL OUR TRAVELLING FELLOW COUNTRYMEN LEARN NOT TO MAKE SUCH GUYS OF THEMSELVES ON THE CONTINENT? IF THIS BRITON WOULD ONLY LOOK AT THOSE THREE YOUNG FRENCH FELLOWS OPPOSITE HIM, AND LEARN A LESSON OF TASTE, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT WOULD MAKE!

FLYING LADIES.

THE last novelty with which the French Goddess of Fashion has endowed her votaresses, is a bold thing in leggings; long high-heeled boots, "extending up to the calf." Calves! Well. Plush, in the shape of bonnets, decorates heads; what next will it set off, think you, MR. JOHN THOMAS? The new *chaussure* wherein the ladies about the Imperial Court admire themselves and each other, and amaze mankind, appears to be something between the Napoleon, and what we may call the Sykes or house-breaker's anklejack. Adjoined to the becoming articles of feminine apparel above described are walking-sticks, equally becoming, made of ivory, prettily mottled and speckled, wherewith the booted belles, models of the *beau sexe*, strut about delightfully conscious—

"Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Hooped petticoats, high-heels, and walking-sticks! What more can Beauty desire, to attain the perfection of costume, but a steeple-crowned hat? Only one thing. Approximation to MOTHER SHIPTON requires the addition of a broom. That would indeed be pretty; and useful too.

The other day, according to a paragraph in a newspaper, a lady, on a visit to Dover, was blown over the pier, a depth of thirty feet, into two or three feet of water. She was not much hurt. The wind, which caught her dress as she was standing on the top of some steps, let her down lightly. Fortunately it did not carry her out to sea, where, without a rudder to steer her course with, she would have been lost. This case, however, suggests the possibility that ladies might be enabled to fly by the suitable arrangement of a flighty style of dress. With a very slight expansion of the present circumference of hoops, a lady might, at pleasure, by adjusting her Crinoline to the direction of the blast, at least in a high wind, get caught up aloft and transported through the air to considerable distances. She would thus, with the help of a broom, serving the same purpose as that of a bird's tail, precisely accomplish the art of flying as practised by MRS. SHIPTON and her sisterhood. Of course the broom would be an ornamental one, a fancy broom, the broomstick gilt, for instance, and bound with green, blue, or red morocco leather, or otherwise decorated.

Crowded thoroughfares and public places, now subject to that grievous obstruction which is evermore created by Crinoline, would be relieved of it as often as the

wearers of that combination of parachute and petticoats rose from the pavement, or promenade, and took a flight of some distance overhead.

The broom would at any rate be a most efficient adjunct to the witchery of that charming style of dress which French ladies have adopted, and English ladies will copy. The Illustrious Lady who rules the world of fiddle-faddle needs only appear with a broom added to her rig-out to set the elegant fashion of wearing brooms. No doubt the example of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would be followed by the great majority of the female sex if her Imperial Majesty were to take to wearing rings in her nose.

THE MODERN FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a Friar of Orders Gray,
Who'd preach in Munster Square,
At the Church of St. Mary Magdalen,
And crowds, I trow, went there.

Now Friars of Orders Gray, you know,
Must walk about barefooted;
But to some constitutions this
Is not exactly suited.

So after Brother IGNATIUS
Had daily shown his toes,
One morn, says he, "Good gracious?
I've got a cold in my nose."

From his home he sent a letter
To the Shepherd of Munster Square,
To inform the Fold, that a dreadful cold
Would prevent his coming there.

Oh, wrathful was the Shepherd
Of the Flock in Munster Square,
And he bounded like a leopard,
All up the pulpit-stair.

And says: "The Friar of Orders Gray,
Whom ye came here to see,
Has written a letter just to say,
That here he will not be.

"By cold and a sort of hoarseness,
He's of his voice bereft;"
At this, with a touch of coarseness,
He pointed over his left.

"A monk, forsooth, with a cold! in bed!
His conduct's niminy-pim'ny!
Why, a cowl's of no more use to his head,
Than 'tis to my smokeless chimney.

"If we'd given him forty or fifty pound,
Or one of those sums twice told,
We shouldn't have heard, as you'd have found,
A word of his dreadful cold.

"Of course you clearly see the cause,
There's nothing to be earned;
We don't take money at the doors,
Or it would be returned.

"But I will preach you a sermon,
If you'll be content with me,"
And he preached on the Dews of Hermon,
Sweet as Christian charity.

"Oh, beauteous are those feet, they say,
Who press the Hill-top dews;
But a modern Friar of Orders Grey,
Ought to walk about in shoes."

On Dit.

In the Scotch Athletic Sports which took place in the presence of the PRINCE OF WALES, one DONALD DINNE carried off most of the prizes.

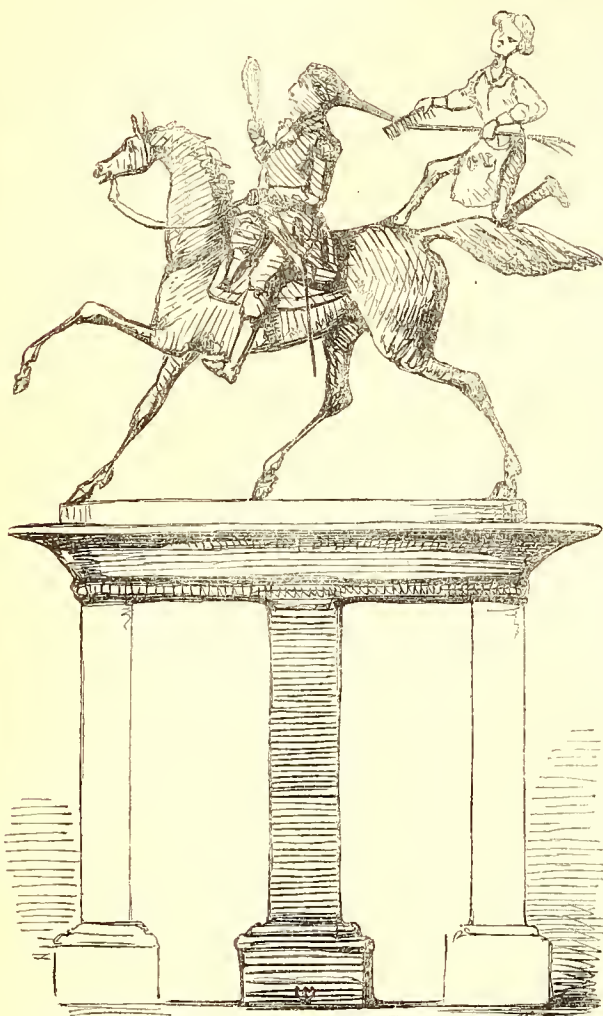
"Who is that?" asked his Royal Highness, pointing to the stalwart peasant.

"The Dee-side Champion, Sir," was the answer.

"Dee-side Champion!" quoth his Royal Highness, pleasantly, "That he is, *Dee-cidedly*."

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

To Mr. Punch.



The Temple.

THINGS are getting intolerable, my dear Mr. Punch. I will not stay in Town any longer. One owes a duty, of course, to one's employers, but one owes an older and higher duty to oneself. I dare say that you do not know who wrote the lines, "I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away." Well, I do know. They were written by THOMAS TICKELL, who died in 1740, and (previously) wrote in the *Spectator*. They came into my head when I was seeing a lady off at the Station of the Great Northern Railway, and when I beheld a painted hand pointing the way to the trains. I feel that I must depart from Town, and I abstain from leaving an address, so that your tyrannous indignation may have time to expend itself on your menials instead of me. "Go, show your slaves how choleric you are." I assure you that I am acting in your interest, if you could only see things in that light. I don't want your money. Limpets from the rock, a biscuit soaked in sea-water (the artist's breakfast in the *House of the Seven Gables*), a few shrimps—such is enough for me at the seaside. Anything but the silent and solitary system at the club, though all the luxuries

in season are on the *carte*, and stewed partridge is not the worst dish in the world.

If there is one delightful and instructive walk in London, it is the south side of the Strand. Emerge from the deep solitudes and awful cells of the Temple, and turn your respectable nose Westward with me, my friend. What can we not see as we slowly wander with our faces to the Sun, who, by the way, makes a mistake in shining in that direction in the afternoon—it is the only drawback to perfect enjoyment. For he glares in your eyes, and you cannot distinguish the countenances of those you meet in time to avoid those whom you do not wish to meet. Posterity will twist the Strand a little, and amend this fault, unless the Sun himself shall correct it by some alteration of the precession of the equinoxes, or some rectification of the altitude of the azimuth, or other astronomical reform. But let us be bold. The slothful man saith, "there is a lion in the path." We shall not see any lions (even at the Nelson Column), and we will hope to meet no bores. Let us commence our course of study, even before we pass under MESSRS. CHILD'S book closet. I would modify DR. JOHNSON'S sly thought, as we go through the Bar. I would be loth to have my head upon it, for it is the only head I have. But I could be well pleased, were my name "mingled with those" of depositors in yon aged Bank. You, Mr. Punch, might—but I say no more. All comes to him who knows how to wait. And I am an excellent waiter—ask the lovely girls on whom I attended so sedulously at that *pic-nic* at Hampton Court, at which to my deep regret, MRS. EPICURUS was prevented from attending.

Look at all these wonderful instruments in this window. Here is a thermometer that tells you how cold it will be on Christmas Eve next. Here is a storm-glass that informs you what kind of weather you will have on your birthday, next year. Here is a telescope, very cheap, that will enable you to hear the doves cooing in the planet Venus. Here is a microscope that shows you that your skin, which you look at so complacently is coarser than the sail-cloth of the yot in which I hope to be when you read this. Proceed we. Whose fairy fountains are these, and why doth that golden ball dance in the water? Read the thanks of your Sovereign for an unequalled filter. Now we come to philtres of another kind—love-charms. Here is a window full of delicate devices in gold and silver. We are past those things, my friend, but a set of handsome studs would be acceptable to me, and your taste is unexceptionable. You will think about it? Bless you. On then, nor pause to note that array of portmanteaux and traveller's bags, or you may tempt me into thoughts that may carry me away before my time. Here is the office of the great Illustrated newspaper, the treasure of all homes from China to Peru, and this week it has a portrait of THOMAS CARLYLE, Talus with the Iron Flail, destroyer of Shams. I grieve that he should waste years in unravelling Prussian scoundrelisms, chiefly of the vulgar sort, but we truly great men sometimes cast ourselves away for a time,

as I am doing now. Let us look at these photographs. There is you, my friend, and there is I, but to neither of our fine faces is justice done—let us proceed. This is a fine shop with its plate glass and its ivories and dressing-cases. What ancient philosopher, led through a fair, pleasingly remarked, "What a number of things that I do not want?" Halt—for it were highly convenient not to be run over by the fiery steeds and scarlet carts which bear a name I think I have heard before—the name of SMITH. Each of those carts, my friend, would furnish matter for an essay—it is rude to yawn, my friend, when a gentleman is talking to you.

When will the respected owner of this picture-shop remove that portrait of the fat priest of the Anglican persuasion, whose countenance speaketh of port wine and plurality? I have been looking at it for fifteen years at least. I never looked to see the name. I dare say he was a good man, but I am weary of his nose. Here is a great photographic chemist—observe that noble likeness of the Laureate, and recite to me the best passages from *Enoch Arden*, while I smoke a cigar in this airy side-street. You prefer going on. Be it so. Here is an intelligent lady who selleth Parian ornaments, delicate *statuettes*—remember her when you have caused displeasure at home, and would re-instate yourself in the good graces of MRS. PUNCH. This is Somerset House. Tell me whence its name, who built it, and what is the use of the Audit Office? I have sometimes met men who could resolve me the first two demands, never could I get an answer to the third. For the Audit is a sham. Boys are sometimes sent by mischievous young gentlemen to run in and ask the Porter for "two-penn'orth of audits;" but they come out bewailing and rubbing their ears. Do you see that watch-face high up below a window? I was told, when a child, by an uncle, that an Irish labourer, repairing the place, fell, and was caught by his watch on a nail, and saved. I believed this. Later in life, I learned that the little dial was put there to test the power of certain Government telescopes. I immediately disbelieved everything that my Uncle had ever told me. Observe the moral, if you have any nephews, my friend, and never tell them lies that can be found out.

Pictorial art is in full blaze as we proceed, and it is delightful to think how much of it one can buy for a little money in these days. But if we are to linger at this great book-shop, we must give up the afternoon to it. The mere titles, if carefully read, would make a man fit for intellectual society. When the good time comes, and, pike in hand, I plunder London, I shall make a merciless sweep here, for I have a fine taste for books, so the proprietors know what to expect. This is Waterloo Bridge. You remind me that CANOVA said it was worth coming to England to see it. CANOVA was a great man, but I love not his *Dancing-girls*. Let us discuss the true principles of sculpture. No? My friend, the Strand is lost on you. Anybody can stare into windows, but it is the lessons they suggest which gives value to the walk. Here are telegraph wires—thick as an elephant's leg, thin as a girl's skipping-rope. Recite TENNYSON'S *Skipping Rope*, and say why it is not in the later editions. Or come on, for I cannot listen to a preachment over these wires, and the progress of science binding nations together—we get all that in graphic leading articles, *apropos* whereof, here is the office of that excellent journal, the *Globe*, a most readable paper, very shrewd and epigrammatic. Do you know who writes the Paris letter? What is the Latin for *καθάπερ*?

Why do you want to walk faster—we cannot dine before seven—what could we do with the rest of the evening? You want to consider the dinner before ordering it. O, my friend, this is luxury, yet include John the Gilt when you are meditating on our fishes. "What beauties does Flora diselose" as we pass this magazine of sweet odours once ACKERMANN'S, as in the days of THOMAS MOORE, who bade the *Marchesa* come to the Palace,—

"With the newest No-Popery sermon that's going:
O bid her come, with her bright tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of ACKERMANN'S dresses for May."

People could write in those days, Mr. Punch, no offence to you, Sir, who can also write. I perceive your glances across the road. No, the pictured *Leah* is not there now, and the real *Leah* reposes on the broad breast of Ocean, but he is bearing her back to us, and she shall be welcome as the flowers in the month above mentioned. Ha! There will be no more sense to be got out of or into you, now that this fountain of sentiment has been unsealed; so come

along, you old idiot, and let us hasten to the Club. Past the new Eleanor Cross, past King George the Third, of whom I present you with a fancy sketch for the commencement of this letter, and so to Pall Mall. I will give you the remainder of the Strand lecture in the winter.

Punch! If the above paragraphs do not convince you that I require change of air, they convince *me*, and the man who is afraid to act up to his convictions is a contemptible person, and not in the least like

Your affectionate and absconding Contributor,
EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

RAILWAY DIFFICULTIES.

ANTICIPATING, at this slack time of year, letters from Travellers by-rail to the *Times*, we beg to draw the attention of the itinerant Public, to the existence of certain difficulties on the Cruxregis Line, which render the journey from the Metropolitan Terminus to Capfield, less agreeable and enjoyable than it might be. These difficulties, attracting to themselves but a very small share of popular notice, have existed for a long time, ever since, in fact, the formation of the Line, and may be termed Railway Cuttings into Conversation.

By way of illustration, let us suppose the interior of a first-class carriage in the up-train, occupied by an elderly gentleman bound for the City, who has clandestinely brought away with him the *Times* from the family breakfast table, in order to enjoy his Earliest Intelligence quietly in the train, and profitably spend the hour of locomotion. Given also in the same carriage, a Junior Partner in a Banking firm, wishing to strengthen a novel theory upon the subject of Discount, by mastering a financial article in the *Economist*; a sporting man, with a paper containing the weights, and the latest state of the odds, with which it is necessary that he should become thoroughly acquainted, if he is to "pull off" anything at the next meeting; and a Stock Exchange man, who, wishing to be on a pleasant footing with the Banker, tries to engage him in a semi-sportsmanlike conversation as to the scarcity of coverts, the shyness of the birds, and price of land.

These gentlemen, each intent upon his own particular pursuit, are to be disturbed by a few jolts on starting, stopping and re-starting, and by several tunnels, cutting, at brief intervals, into their reading or conversation.

Elderly Gentleman (after nodding and smiling to his travelling acquaintances, unfolding and folding his paper, putting on his spectacles, and casting a glance round the carriage, as if exercising his glasses for the first time that morning, settles himself down into his seat and says), Well now, let's see.

[Catches sight of the heading "Money Market and"—Train makes as if going to start, everybody in the back-to-engine seat is jerked forward on to every one in the facing-engine seat.

Every One (on the back seat to every one else). Beg pardon.

Eld. Gent. (recovering himself). That was rather a jerk.

[All assent by smiling, nodding, wagging their heads or making a guttural noise. The Train doesn't move, and those nearest the window of course look out, and draw in their heads again, not being very much wiser for their inspection.

Guard (to some invisible person who knows all about it). All right behind? (Throws up his hands wildly, and is about to whistle.)

[Train moves back suddenly: All the facing-engine passengers are jerked against the back-to-engine people.

All the facing-engine (to the others). Beg pardon.

Eld. Gent. (who by this time has got as far in his paper as "Money Market and City Int—"). Dear me! That was a jerk.

[Every one assents as before, only with less smiling.

Guard. Now then. All right? (Whistles—engine shrieks—puff—puff—jerk—jerk—and off.)

[Passengers have some difficulty in finding their places in their newspapers, after the interruption. When they have mastered this—

Eld. Gent. (reads to himself), "At the commencement of business this morning, the first bargains in Consols—"

Sporting Man (to himself). "Entries for the Godolphin Stakes of 5 sovs each with 100 added, for—"

Junior Partner in Bank (to himself). "The theory upon this subject advanced by the greatest financial reformer is—"

Stock Exchange Man (trying to attract the Junior Partner). Are the coverts good in your part?

[JUNIOR PARTNER looks up—Steam—Shriek from Engine—Tunnel.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN drops his paper and stops his ears. JUNIOR PARTNER shuts his eyes, and tries to delude himself with the notion that he is dozing. The MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE says, sotto voce, "confound the tunnel," and tries to make up his mind upon the subject of closing the window. The SPORTING MAN leans back and looks at the lamp vacantly.

(All, on emerging from the gloom, re-settle themselves and re-commence.)

Eld. Gent. (as before). "At the commencement of business," &c.

Junior Partner (as before). "The theory upon this," &c.

Sporting Man (as before). "Entries for the Godolphin," &c.

Stock Exchange Man. I was saying that there seems to be very little covert in—

[Steam—Shriek—Tunnel. Every one does the same as before, and the STOCK EXCHANGE GENTLEMAN has just mentally decided upon closing the window, when the Train issues from the Tunnel.

(After the third Tunnel, (there are about seven between Capfield and London,) any study of the morning paper is relinquished by everybody as utterly futile. Conversation is attempted.)

Eld. Gent. Great nuisance these tunnels?

Sporting Man. Yes.

Stock Exchange Member. I hear that there's a great scarcity of covert this year.

Junior Partner. Well, yes. No turnips.

Eld. Gent. Is there any American news this morning?

Junior Partner. Well, there is a rumour of great importance. It's not in the papers; but a message was sent down to The Lombards' House, after business hours, last night (Everybody greatly interested) by which we were informed that—[Steam—Shriek—Tunnel—All collapse.

Almost immediately after coming out of Tunnel No. 4, the train stops at a small station. Bumps—thumps—jerks backwards and forwards—and inspection of tickets. No further attempts at conversation are made, and after a rattling, shaking, blinding sort of journey, alternating between sunlight and visible darkness, the passengers arrive at the terminus exhilarated, freshened, and ready for their day's work.

NASAL EDUCATION.



VERY now and then some people assert that snuff is a great stimulant to thinking, and that the mind in other ways may be stirred up through the nose appears to be the notion of the makers of a certain perfume, which is advertised as being "prophylactick, refreshing, and invigorating," and as having tempted HUMBOLDT to write this in its praise:—

"I am not surprised to learn that orators, clergymen, lecturers, authors, and poets give it the preference, for it refreshes the memory."

This statement may be questioned, but we think the fact quite possible, and we have certainly no evidence to show that it is not so. We have often heard of persons remembering an incident by remembering a scent with which it is associated. We know that JONES, for instance, never

eats roast goose with its interior concomitants, without the smell thereof reminding him of how he snatched a kiss in his early days of courtship, and how his JULIA reproached him for approaching her when he had eaten—sniff! she need not ask him what. Instead then of denying that the nose affects the mind and may invigorate the memory, we would take those facts for granted, and see what may be made of them. If smells refresh the memory, why should not the nose be utilised and trained as a mnemonical assistant, and used in education both at Colleges and Schools? Were a student to read HOMER with some refreshing perfume besprinkled on his handkerchief, that scent in after life might freshen up his knowledge of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and call to mind some classic beauty he might otherwise forget. So a tough problem of EUCLID might perchance be brought to mind by a sniff of Eau de Cologne, while an argument of PALEY might be stamped upon the memory by a whiff of peppermint, ascending through the nose.

If scents can thus be utilised, a competitive examination would be determined in favour of the man who had not merely the most *nous*, but the most nose. This at least would be the case supposing that the power of smell be enjoyed in fair proportion to mere longitude of nose. Whether this be so is more than we can say; and we may leave the point to be decided by those persons who may deem it worth determining.

PERMISSIVE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—The support of *Mr. Punch* will be given to any measure for permitting the prohibition of the sale of bad beer.



SHOCKING INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Enter Bachelor Brother (who has come from a long day of business). "THAT CONFOUNDED ORGAN, AGAIN! ALTHOUGH I TOLD HIM TO GO! BUT—PHEW!!—MY DEAR REBECCA, WHAT DREADFUL ODOUR IS THIS IN THE ROOM?"

[The truth is, Rebecca, who is passionately fond of the Fine Arts, and of everything Italian in particular, has had the Pifferari, and a Grinding Ruffian to sketch from.—N.B. With regard to the Organ-man, we can assure his admirers and supporters, that neither the individual nor his habiliments are half so foul as the English (!) language he can use when interfered with.

LETTER FROM MR. BOSWELL.

To Mr. Punch.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE without the knowledge, yet I hope not at the risk of the displeasure of my Venerable Friend—it is needless for me to say that I allude to the great and good DR. JOHNSON—to invite your polite and candid attention to a fact which is not only in a high degree interesting in itself, but which is almost invaluable when we regard it as a new proof of the sagacity of that remarkable man. *Semper vigilant in ade lares.*

When the authorities of the City of London were about to construct the bridge which was at the time destined to be adorned by the noble and illustrious title of the EARL OF CHATHAM, but which vulgar persons have been permitted to call by the commonplace and local name of Blackfriars, there was considerable controversy as to the best method of building the viaduct in question. My venerable friend, of course, adopted the cause of good sense and of sound reason, and advocated a plan which was not ultimately adopted. His letters in the *Gazetteer* are among the most favourable specimens of his multifarious wisdom, and it is difficult to understand how, when DR. JOHNSON had favoured the public with his opinions on that or any other subject, they should fail to carry conviction. But *nemo omnibus horis sapit*. The City authorities—gentlemen whose urbanity and hospitality I have not the slightest intention of denying—were unable to see the extraordinary force of DR. JOHNSON's arguments, and the work was entrusted to a countryman of mine, MR. MYLNE, of whom I have every desire to speak with respect.

Little more than a century has elapsed, Sir, and the bridge has ceased to be a safe or commodious means of transit. Temporary appliances produced temporary security at the cost of unsightliness in the structure and obstruction to the navigation. The bridge is already in course

of demolition, and that which should have been for ages a metropolitan thoroughfare is now a scene in which Hibernian labourers contend, with frightful and profane exclamations, for the honour of causing the largest amount of destruction within an allotted period of time. Were I permitted to be jocose, I might playfully say that the Saint, NEPOMUC, to whom the Greek Church superstitiously assigns the guardianship of bridges, because a legend asserts that he was cast from such an edifice into the stream, must smile in derision upon the ruins of Chatham Bridge. But, Sir, when the reputation of a sage—my good and venerable friend, DR. JOHNSON—is at stake, it is no time for levity, and I am reminded by himself that *dulce est desipere in loco*.

My design in this communication is to recal to your recollection the circumstance that DR. JOHNSON was dissatisfied with the plan on which the bridge was constructed, and that little more than a century has vindicated the great philosopher's wisdom. It might not be an unworthy recognition of his character, and of the profound sense which he displayed in connection with the subject, were the new bridge to bear the honoured name of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MRS. BOSWELL and VERONICA unite in sincere and respectful compliments, in which they are cordially joined by, dear Sir,

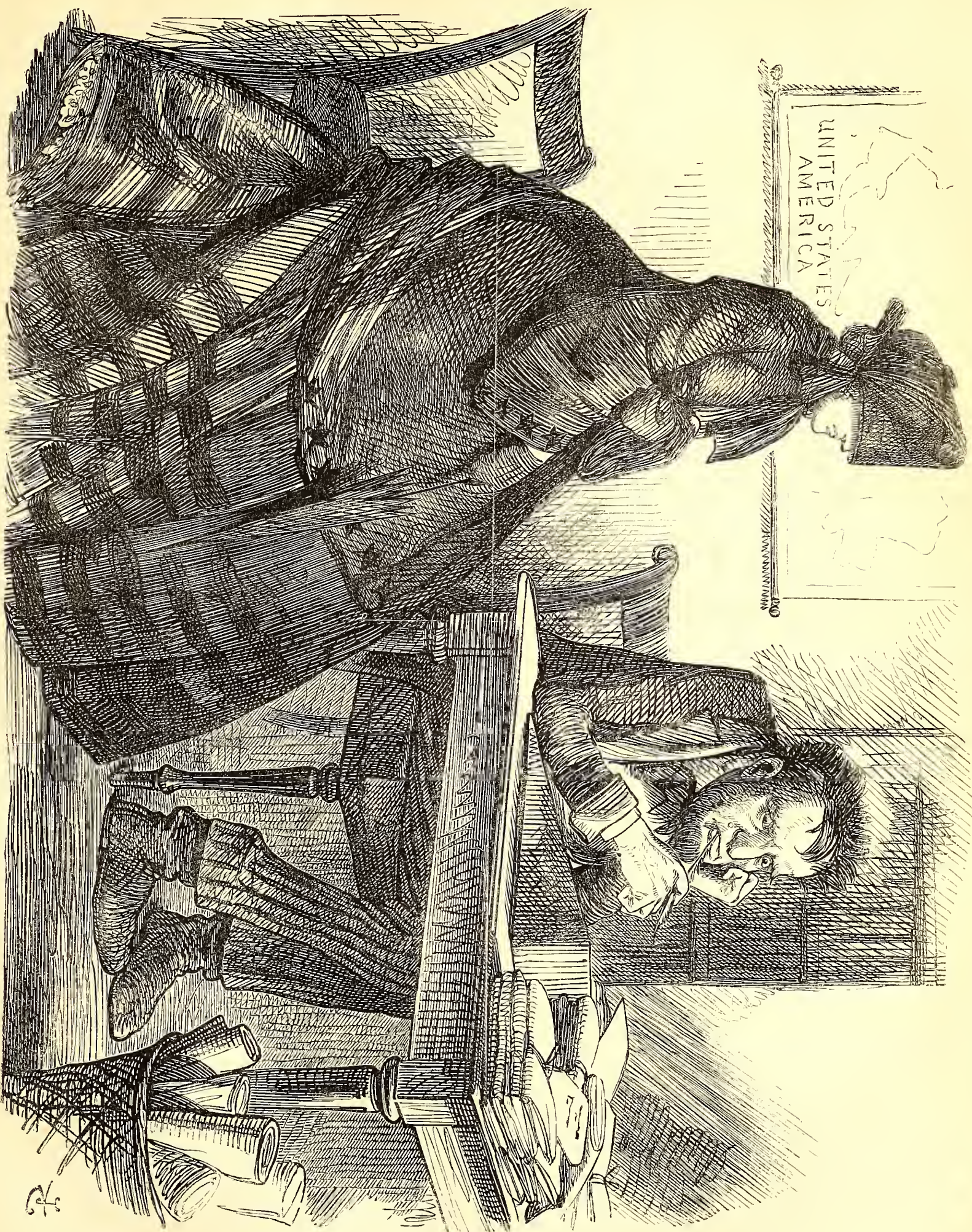
Your very obedient humble Servant,

Elysian Fields, Sept. 20th, 1864.

JAMES BOSWELL.

Indisposition of a Clerical Performer.

BROTHER IGNATIUS was announced to appear at St. Mary's, Munster Square, last Sunday week, and preach in the character of a Benedictine Monk. He was not forthcoming, but sent to say, for excuse, that he had a bad sore throat. There is reason to believe that this is true, otherwise the next time IGNATIUS made his appearance in the pulpit, he would perhaps be hissed.



MRS. NORTH AND HER ATTORNEY.

MRS. NORTH. "YOU SEE, MR. LINCOLN, WE HAVE FAILED UTTERLY IN OUR COURSE OF ACTION; I WANT PEACE, AND SO, IF YOU CANNOT EFFECT AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT, I MUST PUT THE CASE INTO OTHER HANDS."

A VISIT TO MYNHEER VAN DUNK.

DEAR PUNCH,

Schevening is the Ramsgate, Brighton, Hastings and Seaborough of Holland, and is distant only a short league from the Hague. If you have fourpence you may ride there through a tunnel of green trees, under which is a horse TRAIN-way, constructed on the Yankee plan that 'bus drivers abused with so much vocal vehemence when it was tried in London. When suddenly I stumbled on this tramway at the Hague, I said to a reflective fellow tourist at my elbow, "Now here we see good proof that the Dutchman hath a genius for mechanical invention even as hath the go-ahead American or Briton. This railway is no doubt of purely Dutch construction; Dutch both in manufacture and in the men who manage it." While thus I eloquent discoursed, behold, up came a first-class carriage; and, to confirm my words, I overheard this fragment of a dialogue between the Dutch Sub-manager and Dutch driver of the train:—

First Dutchman (hastily). Now then, where's them 'orses' cloths, BILL?

Second ditto (calmly). Aven't got 'em 'ere.

First ditto (savagely). Aven't got 'em 'ere? Then why the—British expletive—ain't yer got 'em ere?

Schevening I should say must be a good place to be idle at, for there are no nice shells to pick up, and no nice cliffs to climb, and no nice boats to hire for fishing. All that you can do there, if you want some occupation, is to scramble up some sandhills until you fill your shoes, and then every five seconds to pull them off and empty them. Or you may take a bath from a wonderful machine, a sort of old yellow post-chaise with an awning where the back should be. As the shore is very flat, you have to wade some distance before you wet your knees; but you will feel relieved to think that you are not in modest England, and therefore not exposed to telescopic observation.

I think the straw hats of the fishwomen are decidedly the things the most worth looking at in Schevening (except perhaps the cottages where live the wearers, which are a lesson to our poor folk in the way of cleanliness). Mighty structures are these straw hats, an inch thick at the least, and turned up in the side-brim to the semblance of a cheese-cutter. Atop of them huge fish-baskets are balanced with much ease, while the broad brims save from soiling the neat white close-frilled caps, and clean-washed faces under them. Except among the visitors, I saw no Crinoline at Schevening; but I was grieved to see that elsewhere its invasion was observable. And it pained me to remark that bonnets were more common than they were ten years ago, and that the splendid old Dutch skull-plates were going out of fashion. These, however, you still see upon some country village swellesses, who it may be have inherited their grandeur from their grandmothers. Here and there too you still see the corkscrew horns or hairpins, which are worn so as to stick out on both sides of the forehead, and are intended, I believe, to frighten male admirers from attempting osculation.

Patrie quis exul Sea quoque fugit?—you can't well get to Holland without crossing the sea; and haply this to some people may act as a deterrent. For myself, I sailed there in a yacht, and so escaped the many smells a steamboat's atmosphere is air to. (By the by, O brother yachtsman, bear in mind when you cruise there, to take your dingy with you. A pull along the not-unlike-to-Venice streets of Rotterdam is an amusing after-breakfast little bit of exercise, and funnily astonishes the minds of female natives. Besides, there is famous gull and spoon-bill, and teal, and other wildfowl shooting in the river, and bathing with a seal in sight is quite a new thing to a Cockney.) But even, if you go by steam the trip will well repay you. In this fast used-up age it is worth a little seasickness to get a little novelty, and a few days at the Hague will freshen your mind more than a good many at Hastings. In the matter of amusements, if you are fond of music, you may hear MOZART for nothing; and if you want to shake your toes, you may go to a "Groot Bal met buitengewone illuminatie," without any fear of finding it a foreign copy of Cremorne. You may improve your Dutch, moreover, by studying the shop-fronts, and speculating what is meant by "Tapperij en Slitterij," and whether from the common word "cigarrenhandel" it be fair to guess that handles are sold there for cigars. When you travel by a Spoorweg, or a railway as we call it, you will find the fare is posted on a board outside the station, and that it is also printed on your ticket, to save you from the chance of being swindled by the clerk; and as the guard can walk along the train just when he pleases, you will not much fear being murdered if you chance to fall asleep. Then if you love pictures, you may see PAUL POTTER's *Bull* and the *Anatomy School* of REMBRANDT: and you may feast your eyes upon the kitchen scenes of TENIERS, the minutenesses of MIERIS, the sea-pieces of VANDERVELDT, and the drolleries of JAN STEEN. By way of further novelty, you will not see an English painting in the galleries, and this a little may surprise you, remembering what clever fellows you have left in Easel Street and Maulstick Square at home. But everywhere you go, you will see people who look the pictures of happiness and health, who may remind you of some English living pictures you have love for. Clean, frugal and industrious; honest, civil and obliging; the Dutch

are not by any means a bad people to live among; and although JOHN BULL of course stands A 1 in the world, he might learn a few good lessons from his friends across the sea. Men make money in Holland as well as they do here, and to me they seem to make it far more quietly and easily, and without the worry, flurry, and the wearing, tearing, hurry-scurry now so common here.

Holland is, in fact, a pleasant country for a holiday, to those who have no wish to make a labour of their leisure. There are no mountains to climb, and but few lions to visit. The Haarlem organ is the principal, but the afternoon I heard it, it was sadly out of tune, or else it may be, I was. I was repaid though for my visit by seeing a Dutch christening. The mothers sat in a big pew just underneath the pulpit; and at a given signal the babies were brought in, each covered with a napkin, like a tray of things for lunch. Each in turn was then uncovered and thrice sprinkled by the priest, who sternly gave the mothers such a longwinded jobation, that I should think they would be careful not to have another christening to go through, if they anyhow could help it.

Moreover, let me hint that, though the beer is bad, the Schiedam is undeniable; and O Brother, you can buy cigars at four or five a penny, and can actually smoke them without suffering much harm. So take a trip through Dutchland before going up the Rhine; and you will enjoy the mountains more, for the molehills you have left.

Believe me, *Punch*, my boooy, yours with every etcetera of my etcetera etcetera etcetera,

VAGABUNDUS.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

(On the Present High Price of Meat.)

"DEAREST in all the world are you;
But oh, how dear, love, Meat is, too!
Our Butcher's bill runs up so high!
Come tell me, FREDERICK, tell me why?"

"Why? Because rogues can only cheat
By weight, or price, in selling meat,
Can't, as in other things they can,
Mix rubbish with the food of man.

"Bread, milk, and groceries, beer, and wine,
'Tis seldom we get genuine;
But mutton must be sheep; a thief
Cannot adulterate his beef."

"Yes, love, indeed there's truth in that.
But then how large a lump of fat
They always skewer to the round,
And charge it all the same a pound!"

"A LANG LEGGIT CALLANT AWANTING THE BREEKS."

MUCH is said about the civilisation of the Highlands, and the rapid adoption by their inhabitants of English habits and manners. We rejoice to believe that the mission of England is successful in the north. But the following advertisement, from a Scottish journal, makes us feel that there are cases in which all the teaching of the English tailor is inadequate to put down ancient superstitions:—

FOUND, a Pair of TROUSERS, on a Stair in Argyll Street, on Saturday Night. Apply to WILLIAM ANDERSON, &c.

He could bear it no longer, that poor DONALD MACTODDYLADE. He had endured the persecution of the Saxon garb throughout the week, but as the Sabbath approached, and he thought of the heather and the wild deer, his feelings mastered him. He tore away the Sassenach fetters, and bounded away due north. After all, it is *not* so ill takin' the breeks off a Highlandman. We sympathise with the child of nature, and recommend MR. ANDERSON to have a brief interview with a child of Israel.

Where Next?

PUNCH is requested by His Excellency the Master of Ordnance to the SULTAN OF TURKEY to contradict a statement that the Master is removing the time-honoured ruins of Troy. He has nothing to do with it. The Vandals who are guilty are the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, who require the site of Troy for some of their new premises.

Seraglio Point, Constantinople, Sept. 14th.

OVER-CAUTIOUS.

A SINCERE Protestant writes to us to say, that, he never likes to impart a secret to a Devout Romanist, because such an one is sure to go and tell his Beads.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Conductor (to Influential Passenger). "Now, Sir, SAY WHEN."

DADDY'S PRIZE.

"SOCIETIES like these were the greatest possible benefit to the labouring class, and it was a satisfaction to him, whilst walking under a hedge, to overhear a little boy who was running by, halloo out, 'Daddy's got a prize.'—COLONEL FANE, at the Bicester Agricultural Association Dinner.

BENEATH a hedge of late walked I,
Mid acres rich and wide;
When a small boy came running by
Along the other side.
His father was a labouring man,
From this I did surmise,
That still that urchin, as he ran,
Cried "Daddy's won a prize!"

"For what, my boy?" I asked. "A wife,
And twelve on us," he said,
"Without relief in all his life,
From parish, Daddy bred."
"Good man," said I, "His earnings, what?"
If you can tell me, speak."
He answered, "All as Daddy got,
Twelve shillings was a week."

"Well done! His work no doubt was hard,
And moderate was his hire,
Now tell me, boy, then, what reward
Was given to your sire?
A well-built cottage, I should guess,
To hold for life rent free.
Of course they couldn't give him less,
That's what he got, may be?"

"He! Naw," replied the little lout,
"A fat lot he enjoys!
O sitch a pair of just about
New spick-and-span cord'roys!"
So saying, he pursued his way,
And, with receding cries,
Kept hallooing, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Hoy! Daddy's won a prize!"

WHEREIN do France and Ireland most resemble each other?—In *Absint-heism*.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

7 P.M. *A Beautiful Summer's Evening*.—Before knocking at the Inn-door—it struck me that it must indeed be a *very* quiet place, where one had to knock at the door of the hostelry, in order to attract attention—before knocking I surveyed the exterior. It was everything in a rural way that could be desired. Honeysuckles, wild roses, and tame roses too for aught I know, mingled with the ivy, that, in climbing up to the roof, almost hid the windows from view. I cannot say whether it was the ivy that mingled with the honeysuckles or the honeysuckles with the ivy, not being a horticulturist, but the general effect led me to exclaim, with much feeling, "This is indeed quiet; this is indeed charming: here could I stay for ever: let me enter within the pretty rustic porch, and make inquiries."

I fancy I hear a growl. No doubt about it. Within the rustic porch, right in front of the door, lies an enormous dog, of a shaggy and uncompromising appearance. Let me see: let me try to remember some anecdotes of savage animals, and the way to master them. There's nothing like fixing your eye upon them. I do this, and he fixes his eye on me. I advance one step: the intelligent animal lifts his nostrils up quivering, and displays his teeth, still growling. If I retreat, he will follow me; if I advance, it is evident that he will be down upon me—very much down upon me. I say "Poo' fellow, there, poo' old f'low!" and try to appear as if I wasn't afraid of him. He's not to be taken in—evidently a dog not to be trifled with. 'Pon my word, 'tis very wrong to leave him out here. It's very dangerous. Where's OWEN's mate, and the rest of the combatants? All disappeared. My involuntary turning at this moment towards the beach has roused my canine detective. He is on all-fours. I never saw such an uncouth beast. I have been since informed that they are very common in Wales, and run about loose over the mountains.

The inn-door was suddenly opened by a gentleman, who (as I subsequently ascertained) filled the lucrative offices of Boots-and-Stableman; this undaunted person said grrrrrrrrrr to the dog; and the animal, who

was nothing more than a bully after all, making a great show before a stranger, slunk off, growling and gurgling within his hairy self.

"Is my portmanteau come?" I inquire. A buxom, trim-looking, elderly female appears. The Landlady, doubtless. Yes, a portmanteau has arrived. There it was. Mine? Yes. Now, if you please, would you show me to a room? Can't do that! Why not? Because there isn't a room. Oh! "At least not empty. You see, sir," she goes on to explain, "It's Saturday." This did not at first sight make the case much clearer, and strongly reminded me of Winklebeach and the Butcher. "And on Saturday, you see, Sir, there's them Excursionists—" The what? "The Excursionists from Bangor, and Beaumaris, and all such places. Lor' bless you! and we has 'em from Chester too, sometimes, for the fishing and picnicking." I sat down on my portmanteau. "The pleasure parties" (Pleasure parties! confound 'em?) "all stops here." Bright idea! I will go where the pleasure parties do *not* stop. Come, Boots, shoulder my portmanteau to the other Inn. "The other Inn! Lor' bless you! there ain't no other Inn!" But I can't get back to Beaumaris. No, they say, I can't do that. Well, then, what *can* I do? I want dinner and a bed: only for to-night. Landlady looks at Boots, Boots at her. They'll manage it somehow. There are some young College gentlemen, who are on a reading party, as wouldn't mind my joining them. They've got the sofas, and a mattress or two, in the parlour. I can have a shake-down under the table, or on it, if I like. Here's a prospect! Where are all the people now? Oh, they've not come in yet? They're out fishing and amusing themselves: some have gone out to the coast by Llandudno, shooting Puffins. Did I ever see a Puffin? No; hang the Puffin! What'll I have for dinner? As usual, what have they got? Well, there's a nice piece of beef. Good! the very thing. "They had that for luncheon," says a neat waitress, who has been summoned to the conclave. Who's they? The young gentlemen from College. Well, what else besides beef? A nice cold fowl. Good! By all means, fetch the fowl. Waitress is afraid there aren't much left o' that. It turned out that there was *nothing* left of that. "The young gents had taken it out, with some Tongue, thinking as they might be hungry." What young gents? Them from College. Oh! Well, what is there? "They're a cooking dinner, now," says the Landlady; "but

tain't to be ready till half-past eight, and I dare say they won't mind your dining with 'em. They're very nice young gentlemen—full o' life and fun." They must be: I'm sure they must be. But I wish they wouldn't take a whole larder out with them. Will I have some bread and cheese? Yes, just to stay the appetite. I nose the cheese coming along the passage, and confine myself to the bread.

8.—While they are preparing the table for the high-spirited young Collegians, I sit by the open window, in full view of the Menai Straits. There is a peaceful air about this place, that inclines me to commune with myself, in my note-book. The hum of the insects soothes me. I wish that man had not begun mending something or other in the yard. I don't know what it is, but it seems to require a great deal of hammering. The Landlady comes out smilingly. She is saying something to me. I really can't hear a word. She gives me to understand (by dint of shouting, in opposition to the hammer) that they can accommodate me with a bed, but not a room to myself. They've got an old iron bedstead, which OWEN is nailing together. Oh, thank you. That is, in fact, the cause of the hammering. Oh, thank you, again. She said

OWEN, I believe? Yes, that is the name of the Boots. It is *her* name, also. It is, in fact, the name of most of the people about here. When they're not OWENS, they're EVANS; EVAN EVANS, OWEN OWEN, or EVAN OWEN or OWEN EVAN, for variety.

8:30.—Whoop-whoop! Who-whoop! I hear shouting: I hate shouting. Perhaps the approach of savage Welsh tribes. More whoowhooping! "Hollo! MRS. OWEN!" "Here we are, again!" More senseless whoowhooping and shouting announces the arrival of the Three Jovial Collegians.

MRS. OWEN explains my peculiarly painful position. They say, "Oh, all right!" and dispense with any further ceremony by at once hoping that I have a good appetite, and asking me whether I should prefer having my dinner at once, or adopting the alternative of waiting until I got it? This was put to me by the shortest of the three, and elicited a roar of laughter. Such laughter! you could have heard it miles off. "We've only," said the tallest, "a very quiet little dinner!" Quiet! Is it possible? It may be; but not another day do I stop here, if I can possibly help it. Dinner.

PUTTING BRITANNIA ON HER METAL.

Letter from the Poet Laureate of the Fleet.



doo Kourse i was Kawl'd on 4 a Song—i made hall sorts off Xcuses sich as i'd got a Wiolet kold inn My hed—roomytiz inn My shoulder setera setera—but it was hall of no Awale—sing i must hev'ry I sed—so tho' i hadn't sung inn publick since i was capt'n off the mane top on boord H.M.S. the *Water-Mellon* (were itt was jeneraly allowd i playd The fidl ike a Searaff, which is simeler 2 a naughtycal haingel—*Willm inn blak i'd Soosen* is my authoritee 4 this similee) i struck up my hold favorit Stave off wich o' kourse yer honer knows the korus—

"Arts of Oke are our Ships."

wen lo! hand bhold the Young Engine-herc busts into a larf off 2 hunderd orse pour. it warn't wherry perlite you'll say—but howsum dever i didn't mind—thinks i two myself my young felr you mayn't hav many more hopertunities of larfing (for m'a JANE has got a hawful Temper—*harntay new* as Mounseer wood say—like her own bloved muther wich is my sister MRS. SWIZZLE off the old wan tromp a four sed)—howsever o' kourse that's neether hear nor There—so 2 resume. wen i axed him for a xplanation off his misterius konduct he sed i was blind the Age—that i was a regler *rip wan winkl* hand add hevydently bin asleep 4 the last 20 year setera setera—that to tawk off ships as "Arts of Oke" was habsurd, hand that if i wornt aware that Ships were like Spoons (seein that Both were hoccasshonly plated) i was litl better than a spoon myself. Wel i took it hall inn good part, butt as soon as i got home i resold 2 overhaul my litle Wabblar (price 6 pens hincudin fruntispiece with A swete litl cherub as sits up aloft 2 keep Watch 4 the life off poor JACK) hand on lookin at my litl Wabblar i seed that CHARLEY DIBDIN's toonful bark (same with his jolly Kompanions ev'ry 1) wanted pitchin hand kawkin—2 speak inn more litterary lingo, 2 make neptune's Pegases quite att home aboard of our ironklads i must take of his wooden shoes, hand putt metal tips 2 his feet. kordinly i sat down hinn my snugery with a C chest 4 a ritein desk, hand hammer'd away hatt the poplar Stave 4 sed, till I got hall the wood out hand the iron plates hinn, wich i kall "Puttin BRITANYER on her metl." i now

NERED SIR,—I day tuther weak i went to a Wedin. it were My kneece's Wedin (m'a JANE SWIZZLE—oos muther was my deerly b'loved sister and kep the old Wan tromp—licens'd Wittleress) she (m'a JANE i meen) got spliced 2 a Young Engine-herc, a wherry han-sum Young felr, with karaty wiskers and beer'd 2 match. Wel arter the kustomary Seremonials had been gone thro' and we had dun Din'r (konsistin of Turkey hung in a alderman's chain off eppin sawsages) i may jist hobserve there was 4 and 20 on us sat down to that Re-past xklusive of hinfants inn harms—i Propos'd the bride's Elth &c. &c. hand then inn

umbly wentur 2 Beg that i may b hallowd 2 dedikate this nashunal balad hinn its emended form 2 your honer as 1st lord of the Admiralty, if so be its true that you ralely hold sich a position, and if you don't, hall i can say is you ought 2, konsiderin the sarvice you've renderd the country ever since you've been at the head of the Fleet.

Yours 2 kommand inn haste,

TOMAS LITTLE (kommylny kall'd LONG TOM)

Scrooge's Rents (next door 2 the Groggery).

2 Admiral Punch, head of the Fleet.

(See balad below, koped by a frend o' mine as is a Skule-master and a man o' lettrs.)

'ARD AS OAK ARE OUR SHIPS.

Come, cheer up my lads, why look glumpy and queer,
'Cause "shiver my timbers" no more you will hear;
The old British Lion with his new iron chain
Is cast in a mould, that's all right in the main.

'Ard as Oak are our Ships (nine at least out of ten),
At which JACK shakes his head—he
Feels all over unsteady,

'Cause he can't cut his name on their Starns, Brother BEN.

A Screw by an old Salt is not much admired,
But quickly our Screws will shell out, when required;
Let laundresses laugh, why need JACK be irate?
At an ironing-board the first Lord sits in state.

'Ard as Oak are our Ships, if the foe thinks it strange,
On our decks let him tread—he
Will find hot plates ready

For his goose, which we'll cook at our long (kitchen) range.

We ne'er see a Warsman at anchor in bay,
But we 'joice 'cause no dry-rot can make her decay,
And our Bilers well made are by MAUDSLAY or PENN,
Won't become half so crusty as some Captains we ken.

Talk of Oak! if there's none in our craft, Brother BEN,
Steady! Boy, steady!
For when all is ready,

'Twill be found, I'll be bound, in the hearts of our men.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE TAX-GATHERER.

A WRITER on "The Inland Revenue," in the *Saturday Review*, expresses a hope that certain "wealthy manufacturers have learned to apply the true test to the comparative taxation of earnings and of realised property," and adds:—

"They are concluded by their own admission that it is not the business of the tax-gatherer to correct the inequalities of fortune."

Just so. That is not the tax-gatherer's business. Therefore an improvement on our present fiscal arrangements, which have been made with some little regard to the inequalities of fortune, would be taxation imposed with none at all.

One uniform poll-tax, levied equally on everybody whose fortune it would not exceed, and on everybody else to the extent of his whole fortune, would constitute the perfection of that indifference to the inequalities of fortune which is not quite reached by Schedule D.



LITTLE CHICKMOUSE RASHLY ACCEPTS THE OFFER OF A DAY'S PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

Gamekeeper (to Little C. who has kicked up a Hare). "NOW FOR IT, SIR!"

Chickmouse (who finds he can't get over his horror of Firearms). "WELL—FACT IS—I'D RATHER YOU'D— LOOK 'ERE, YOU 'OLD THE GUN, AND I'LL PULL THE THINGUMMY!!"

TWO PEARLS IN ONE SETTING.

SEE this jewel of an advertisement, which appeared the other morning in one of our cheap newspapers:—

WANTED, a CHILD to WET-NURSE. Aged 26. Good health.—Address, &c.

Men of sixty are quite commonly addressed or talked of as "old boys," but this is the first time we ever heard of a "child" being of the age of six-and-twenty. In extreme old age men come to what is called their second childhood, but they are not such babies then that they have need to be wet-nursed. To want a child of six-and-twenty years of age for that purpose certainly to our notion appears a little singular; but the following announcement, which appeared in the same newspaper, seems to show that there are "children" who require to be nursed when they are over twenty:—

NURSE WANTED, in a Small Family, where there are three children, age not under 20.

Unless these children all be dwarfs, it seems to us absurd to call this a "small family." How can a family be small that has three great hulking members of an "age not under twenty." We wonder, are these children still attired in bibs and tuckers, or have they yet arrived at the maturity of pinafores? And we wonder even more why a nurse is wanted for them. Is she required to keep them from falling out of window, or from tumbling into the fire? Has she to take care against their eating too much pudding, or swallowing too many lollipops, or making suckers of their thumbs? Will she have to take these "children, age not under twenty," out in a perambulator, and will she box their ears if they do not sit quite quiet in it, the while she flirts a bit with some fine soldier in the Park? A hundred other questions naturally occur to us, when we find a nurse is wanted for children so advanced in age; but although we put some of our questions here in print, we have no wish to be bothered by receiving any answers to them.

TRAVEL TALK.

The Last Man in Town. Hallo, Captain, how is it you are not out of Town?

The Last Man but One in Town. Because I make it a rule never to go out of Town until after everybody else has returned to Town.

The Last Man. Curious! and might I inquire the reason of that strange whim, pray?

The Last Man but One. Because, Sir, by this means I avoid all the intolerable rubbish that persons,—because they have been for a few miles or for a few days on the Continent,—think they are privileged to bore their friends with the moment they return amongst them. Of all bores I think the travelling bore is the one that goes to the greatest lengths in his powers of boredom. The man who goes to the top of Mont Blanc should be condemned to squat there for the remainder of his life, to prevent his ever touching on the subject in any other form afterwards. *[Exit into the Club in a good rage.]*

TRIUMPH OF HOMŒOPATHY.

ITALIAN doctors bled CAVOUR for typhus. If PIUS THE NINTH had been ALEXANDER THE SIXTH, they would be suspected of having been feed by the POPE. CAVOUR died.

GENERAL DE WILLISEN, Prussian Minister at Rome, was seized the other day, with "perniciosa" fever. The doctors did not kill him. His physician was a homœopathist. The only cure for the *perniciosa*; a sort of ague caused by malaria, is quinine in large doses. That remedy in those quantities was not prescribed for GENERAL DE WIL- LISEN. The General was physicked with globules. He died in a few hours. Perniciosa fever alone killed him. Typhus, apart from treat- ment, did not kill CAVOUR. So homœopathy triumphs on the whole.

FOR THE TABLE.—The best covert for Partridges is—the Dish-cover.



THE BRANCH STATION.

Miss Trembles (who is nervous about Railways generally, and especially since the late outrages). "OH, PORTER, PUT ME INTO A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE LADIES, OR RESPECTABLE PEOPLE, OR——"

Porter. "OH, YOU'RE ALL SAFE THIS MORNIN', MISS; YOU'RE TH' ONLY PASSENGER IN THE WHOL' TR'INE, EXCEPT ANOTHER OLD WOMAN."

FROM OUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

I SHAY *Punch* oleffer I've jush been to Brum, no, Birmingham, to hear SINGER—mean shay SENIOR COSTA's new Oratorio, and I'm qui intox-icated with delight. Of course you know its name is *Namen*, no, thatsh not spelt righ is it? And the muse-hic is worth *namin* whenever you've an operatunity. But I shay isn't it a Q, no, mean shay kewrious tribute to influence of SCHCHUMANN (I doe think that's righ either) that SENIOR COSTA shou compose an Orootoriorio about NAAMAN a Shumannite?

No time to shay more, because it's after dinner, and the postsh jush going, so I remain yourshtuly.

Bless me yes of course qui forgot to sign my name, bur you know war it is don't you? blesht if I can recomember it.

[ANOTHER RAILWAY ALARM.

Old Woman (as the train stops). Tell me, my dear, what station is this?

Little Boy (looking out, and seeing the name, whatever it may mean, written in large letters on a conspicuous board). PANKLIBANON, Ma.

Old Woman (after satisfying herself with the same inspection, begins screaming violently out of the window). Here Guard, Guard, I say? I don't want the PANKLIBANON Station. I am going on to Red Hill.

[It is only after considerable difficulty that the OLD LADY is convinced that PANKLIBANON is not the name of a Station, but of some mysterious article of manufacture, which no one has been able as yet to explain.]

RUSSIAN ABSOLUTISM.—"Che Czara, Czara."

THE DIFFERENCE ABOUT DENMARK.

A Duct.

Between COUNT BISMARCK and EARL RUSSELL.

BISMARCK.

THE Danish affair Europe views
Arrived at a nice termination.
We hope that you will not refuse
To acknowledge our great moderation.
We have not dismembered the State
Of Denmark, by right of the stronger;
We only have lightened its weight
Of the Duchies it couldn't keep longer.

We've dropped the demand to be paid
The cost of resisted invasion.
What clemency we have displayed
On this very provoking occasion!
As we have seized less than we might,
And stopped short of total exaction,
We trust you will do us the right
With our work to express satisfaction.

RUSSELL.

'Twould better have pleased us to hold
Our tongues, than express our opinion;
But since you will have the truth told,
Your invasion of Denmark's dominion
Was as needless as it was unjust,
And Denmark you have, with faith broken,
Dismembered, if that which is must,
And not that which is not, be spoken.

The Duchies, of course we expect
You'll bless with a free Constitution,
And let them their Sovereign elect,
Seeing that is the only solution
That peace can in Europe maintain,
Observe, you two Powers that broke it
To assert Nationality's reign.
Now, put that in your meerschaums and smoke it.

MOTTO FOR THE SOUTH-EASTERN COMPANY'S REFRESHMENT ROOMS.—"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South!"

THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB.—We never heard of it, unless it's an Alpenstock.

SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULTY.

EVERYBODY knows that there are in existence two skulls of OLIVER CROMWELL, and that the smaller one is satisfactorily explained by the curator in charge thereof to have been good KING OLIVER's skull when he was a little boy. We have now a somewhat parallel case. At the Archæological Meeting at Warwick, LORD DENBIGH exhibited the dagger with which FELTON killed the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. MR. THISTLETHWAYTE, of Hampshire, has also the dagger with which the deed was done. Were it necessary to choose between the relics, we hope that we know our place too well not to give the verdict in favour of the dagger belonging to the nobleman. But there is no need for an invidious selection. FELTON was a very determined man, and no doubt took a dagger in each hand, and brought the bad duke to account by double entry. It is pleasant when an archæological problem can be so simply solved.

Paved with Gold.

ASKED MR. DISRAELI, the other day,

"What would have been the effect upon England if this year there had been Gold Drains?"

We hardly know, but we think that England would have been very much astonished, and would have believed that in laying them down a first step was being taken to realise the provincial idea of London, whose streets are paved with gold. The question illustrates the gorgeous Oriental imagination of the Conservative leader.

GOLDEN RULE FOR BRITISH TRAVELLERS.

In most towns of the Continent, you may be sure that a little good English goes a great deal farther than any quantity of bad French.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN SUFFOLK.



BRUM HODGE present his most respeakfle dooty unto *Mister Punch*, and will yow be so good, Sir, as to look at this here Wartisement which he hev eggs Tractured from the *Ipsidge Jarnal*:—

WANTED, a good Churchman acquainted with School Management to conduct an Adult Evening School from Michaelmas to Lady Day. A knowledge of Music desirable. Work would be found on the land, or a tradesman might find employment during the day.—Apply for further particulars to the Rector of St. James's, near Halesworth.

ABRUM HODGE he want to now * if yow would think me shooted for this here city wation, fur he hev hed a site of skulun when I wor Tin year owd, and i ken mannadge ship and Pigs as well as work upon the land, which is what I were browt up to. And blame it! arter managun sech okkard animals as pigs its little more nor childs play manajun Adults. As fur Moosic yow should hare me haller Largess at our hairvest Frolic, and yowd sah I hev a stammun good strong Wice, and baint afeard to use it

nuther. So fur as I now, * Sir, I'm a torrabul "good churchman," leastways I allys goo to chutch when them air loaves is giv awah, and 'struesyore born I dun now * as I iver want to sleep afore the Sarmun. So I humbly ax yor pardun fur a dressun yow this year, but I hope yow'l sah a wud for me respectun that there place, fur times baint over grand with me, and incloodun the bor BILLY as were

born a year come Michalmast, we be tin on us in famaly, and a stammun sight o pudden that there Bor JOE my owdest du gollup down his troat sure lie. And though the fairmers sah as how their wate be cheap as dut its deer enuff to poor min like myself as arn but nine shillun a week, and hev a fammily to feed with it. So I remain yor most obajient humble sarvun,

ABRUM HODGE.

P.S. Sir, Will yow plase tell the Rector tew that my bor JIM is ekally a good chutchman as I be myself, an' he ken blow the bellers durun chutchtime if required, and i woulde charge nit northun for his sarvice. But the rector he must find him a new shoot o clothes to dew it in, because his owd uns be wore up a'most, and as his Sunday jackit be a gittun 'ruther small for him I'm a'most afeard the sleeves ud come off in the blowun.

* *Anglicè*, know.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

Our Laundress.—To the Wash.
Our Gardener.—To Weedon.
Our Milkman.—To Chalk Farm.
Our Tailor.—To Great Coates.
Our Solicitor.—To Devizes.
Our Newly Married friend.—To Edenbridge.
Our Stingy Uncle.—To Flint.
Our Favourite Preacher (DR. C—G).—To St. Bees and St. Ives.
Our Cook's Military Cousin.—To Battle.
Our Usual Beggar.—To Tatters(h)all, and
Our Dog.—To join the family circle in Skye.

Caution to Uncivil Cads.

THE following notice has been posted in all the Public Offices:—

"Information of any Incivility to Applicants, on the part of any of the Government's Servants, forwarded to the Chief of the Administration, Cambridge House, Piccadilly, will be promptly attended to."

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED.)

8:45 P.M.—AT this hour we dined. When I say "we," I mean the three Jolly Companions from College, and myself. The name of the first—I call him the first, because he was the tallest, strongest, and loudest of the party—was, as I gathered from the other two, SCISSORS. He had another name, I presume, but I didn't catch it. The second was known, among the friends of his youth, as the GORILLA. I need not dwell upon the peculiar fitness of this title; if DU CHAILLU had seen him, he would have shot him out of hand; and serve him right. The youngest and smallest was invariably addressed by an initial letter, J., and always spoke of himself in the third person, as J. W. H.

I was very hungry; "so were they;" and this announcement on their part, seeing that they outnumbered me by two mouths, was on the whole, rather unsatisfactory.

"There, Stranger," said the SCISSORS—at this appellation, by the way, there was a roar of laughter,—politely giving me the first ladle-full of soup, "Peg away. If you want any more you must holloa." It was a very small ladle and not quite full; I smiled, as cheerfully as possible, by way of answer, thereby wishing to intimate that I should be ready to "holloa" in a very short space of time. I hate holloaing, and should have preferred saying, politely, "Mr. SCISSORS, if my honourable friend will permit me to call him so, will you kindly oblige me with some more soup." The others were still hard at work with their spoons, and of course, though I had finished in less than a minute, I did not like to intrude my wants upon their necessities. J. having scarcely swallowed his last spoonful, had no such scruples, and at once reached out his plate to SCISSORS.

"Allow me," said I, handing it for him in my most elegant manner.

"All right, Stranger." All laughed at this. "J. W. H. is the boy for soup," said J., speaking of himself. It is but justice to him to say, that he was the boy, not only for soup, but as it afterwards appeared, for beef, poultry, tart, cheese, and anything that came to table. As I handed J. W. H.'s plate, the GORILLA was in waiting with his. My turn came next, but SCISSORS somehow managed to get another plate-full, while I was ringing the bell at the request of the GORILLA, who was, in point of fact, much nearer the bell-handle than I was.

"Hullo, Stranger!" another roar that went through my head like a cannonade. "What do you want?"

I explained that soup was my object. More laughter. SCISSORS was afraid that there was no more soup. I could have the tureen if I liked. Roars of laughter.

"If you'd only sent word that you'd been coming, you see, J. W. H.," said that young gentleman, "would have killed the fatted veal." More laughter, during which the waitress enters, to know what we want. Strange to say, one after another deny the fact of ringing.

"The Stranger rang," growls the GORILLA.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Shouts of laughter.

I am obliged to own that I *did* touch the bell, and am in the foolish position of being unable to say for what purpose.

"Sherry," suggests SCISSORS.

"A bottle of Sherry," orders the GORILLA, surlily.

"J. W. H. is the boy for sherry," says the least of the Jolly Collegians, winking at me. MRS. OWEN sends in her best sherry (Heaven defend me then from MRS. OWEN'S worst!) and the repast proceeds.

Oft as I have regretted my want of a College education, I never felt the want of it so much as at this moment. The cheery young fellows gave me many opportunities of joining in their conversation, of which I was no more able to avail myself, than if I had been dining with the chiefs of a Red Indian tribe conversing in their own native tongue.

J. W. H. would ask, for instance, "Did I know BAXTER of Corpus?" Well, I didn't, and though I tried my hardest to interest myself in an anecdote concerning the aforesaid BAXTER, yet I could not but perceive, that my ignorance was a subject of pity to my companions who, while BAXTER was on the *tapis*, did not even try to make their remarks intelligible.

It was much the same when SCISSORS began. "Do you recollect old SMITH?" Well, both the GORILLA and J. W. H. recollected old SMITH, and for the matter of that, so did I; and what was more, I said so. This astonished them. I was about to observe, jocularly, that SMITH was not such an uncommon name as they might imagine, when the GORILLA inquired "whether I meant SMITH of Keys?"

"Of Keys? No. The gentleman I was alluding to was neither a locksmith, nor"

Roars of laughter, in which I joined, having evidently made a joke without knowing it.

"J. W. H. drinks your health, Stranger, and that of Keys!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Whereupon I nearly choked myself in my endeavour to laugh heartily, and drink to J. W. H. at one and the same moment.

The GORILLA here rose from his chair, and slapped me violently on the back. He said he had heard it was good for that sort of thing. Thank you, much obliged. Should he do it again? No thank you, not again.

"Keys," they informed me was spelt *Caius*: but I wasn't to be taken in like that.

10.—The Dinner is over, and the Least of the party has announced that "J. W. H. is the boy for pipes." And so it appears; having a store by him of short black navvy-looking clays, old meerschaum pipes, and wooden dittos. I am no great smoker, but agree to the proposition that a quiet cigar after dinner—a *quiet* cigar mind you,—will be most acceptable.

We sit at the open window, and are happy. Let us stroll out. A drop, two drops, a pelting shower. Let us step in. By all means. Boots says it will rain all night now, and—here come the excursionists, on donkeys, on mules, on ponies, in cars, on foot, huddle-muddle, sopping; soaking, in they come, a party of damp strangers.

"Will the gentlemen allow a few of the party in their room," asks MRS. OWEN.

"No: J. W. H. knows a trick worth two of that," is the accommodating reply.

Whereupon the moist Tourists, who have been, and still are, counteracting the effects of the water outside by taking restoratives internally, become abusive, and breathe vengeance and brandy. Collegians defy the Tourists, and Tourists defy Collegians. Tourists prepare to storm the sitting-room. "If you please," I say, "I think I should like to go out." Pooh! Would I side with those Snobs of Tourists! No, never! "We (the Collegians) will give them a licking. J. W. H. is the boy for a row." Confound him: he seems to be the boy for everything! I attempt to demonstrate that the Tourists, though undoubtedly Snobs, have the advantage of us in point of numbers.

"What of that?" asks SCISSORS. Well, of course I say, not much; only that perhaps instead of our licking the Tourists, who evidently are, I confess it, Snobs, it may eventuate in the Tourists—

"Get out of the room, Sir," GORILLA has commenced. "Gentlemen, I really must—," voice of the Landlady. "What the blank—who spoke to you?—as much mine as yours—pitch into him. I hope you'll consider—leave the room—shan't—bang, bang. Bow-wow-wow. Grrrr." Window smashed—charge of the Boots, and arrival of OWEN OWEN and his mate, in a dreadful state of intoxication; also EVAN, EVAN EVANS, and other boatmen, who have been drinking in the tap. OWEN's mate will interfere. OWEN OWEN threatens him in very strong Welsh. Row in the parlour still going on. Fearing lest I might be led to do something rash, I have escaped by the window, and am viewing the exciting scene from a safe point, in the rain. The boatmen threaten OWEN OWEN. OWEN OWEN retorts. OWEN's mate hits somebody, who has not spoken. Bang, bang; scuffle, scuffle. The row has become general, inside and outside. In the midst of this I hear the rattle of wheels and smacking of a whip. I wish I could be driven away; but I can't see any vehicle, and very soon I can't hear it.

11.—Bang, bang; crack, crack; scuffle, scuffle. MRS. OWEN is frantic. I endeavour to console her. She says if I was a man I would stop it. What was I doing there, sneaking out in the wet? I do believe she wanted me to join in the fray.

I showed her how unreasonable she was. "Nonsense: it was all my fault, what did I come setting people by the ears for? If it hadn't been for me, this wouldn't have happened." "My dear MRS. OWEN—" "What did I say—oh yes, I was laughing at her, (*sob*) when she'd done everything to make me (*sob*) comfortable; but not again would she put herself out for the likes of me, sneaking about in the rain, while people were being murdered, (*louder*) murdered, in-doors. Oh I needn't try to hush her, (*louder*) she knew what she was saying—and—and" (here she became very violent and vague) "and she wasn't going to be put upon by an Outcast!" (By "an outcast" I believe she meant me.) "Oh, I needn't come soft sawderying and carneying her." The row suddenly subsided, and general attention was attracted towards me.

"He ain't been insulting you?" says the Boots. I! insult a female! And what's more, my hostess!

Come, we'd better say no more about it, and get in—"But I ain't to be banded about and put here and there in this manner—no, not for the Emperor of the Indies, or the whole lot of 'em." Theoretically inappeasable by the blandishments of the potentate, or potentates aforesaid, she yet allowed herself to be mollified by OWEN the Boots.

11.30.—Every one has subsided. Those who are lucky enough to have bed-rooms have gone to them. Our parlour is being fitted up for the night. The Collegians are smoking and laughing in the porch with some Tourists, with whom they have now fraternised. I am writing on the only sound chair in the place. The iron bedstead, which OWEN was hammering at in the afternoon, has just been brought in for me. It appears to be ingeniously constructed of loose pieces of sharp iron, painted blue, and unattached screws. They have no mattress, but

produce a couple of blankets. If they will bring in my portmanteau, I shall be able to—ahem!—the waitress understands me and retires. She returns. "Did the gentleman bring a portmanteau?" *Did* he? Why she saw it. She doesn't recollect. Well the Boots saw it. "He don't recollect nothing of the sort." Well the Landlady saw it. In the passage. Oh, yes, the Boots remembers. Good fellow the Boots. Gave him sixpence. "It was the one with the label for Bangor on it." Yes, yes: sharp chap that Boots. Well, where was it? "Well, Sir, EVAN EVANS' cart were here in the middle of that there row—" Well! well! who's EVAN EVANS? "The old deaf Carrier." Well! "Well, he took it off along o' him about an hour or so ago."

That explains the smacking of the whip and the rattle of wheels. Confound EVAN EVANS! and I've been standing in the rain all the evening.

MUSHROOMS AND PROPERTY.



RUDENT practical farmers of the fen counties, having become alive to the value of mushrooms, have set up notices warning people against trespassing in search of those fungi. The law relative to mushrooms is in an unsatisfactory state. Let there be no wild mushrooms. Let all mushrooms be declared property. A mushroom contains the essential elements of meat; what more can you say of a sheep? Do away with all wild things whatsoever, let there be nothing wild any more, nothing common even on commons. Why should anybody have more right to take mushrooms from off a common than he has to take geese? Enclose all commons; let there be no common property; no common air even,

out of public buildings, except in the public roads.

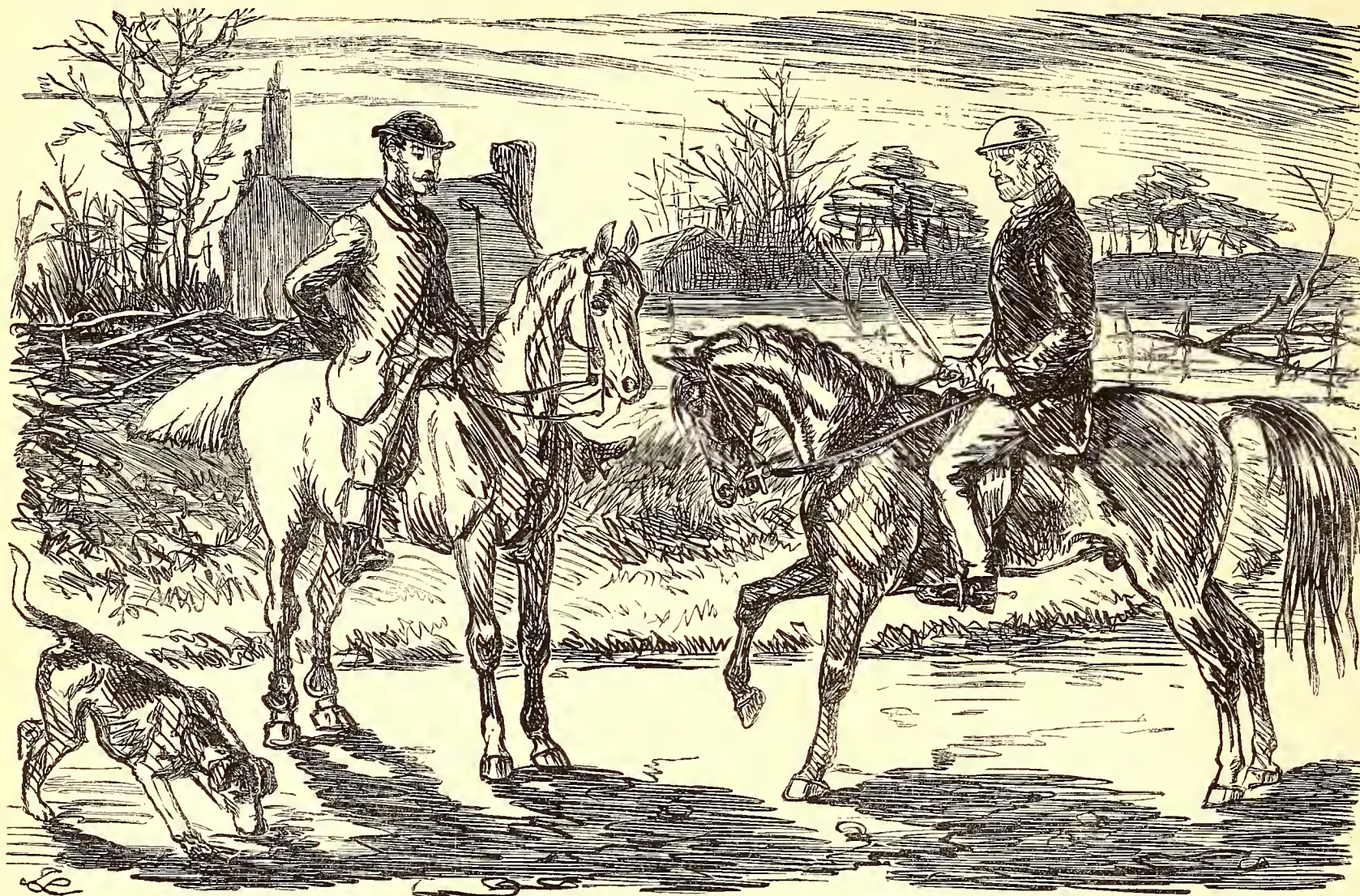
Let there be no more wild strawberries or blackberries. In some of the Western States of America blackberries are an article of commerce, might be here, are good for pies and jam, might be sold in Covent Garden. Make blackberries property; hips and haws also.

Neither let there be wild plants. Many of them are medicinal; herbalists drive a trade in them. Eyebright will fetch from a penny to twopence a bunch, betony and wood sage perhaps as much. As to dandelion—why, it is worth no end of calomel. Children should no longer be allowed to make monkey-chains out of the flower-stalks of this valuable simple. All herbs and flowers called wild have at least a botanical value; let there be an end of wild flowers; let all flowers belong to the owner of the soil on which they grow. Gathering them ought to be made larceny, and little boys and girls, guilty of picking daisies and buttercups, should be liable to be sent to the House of Correction and whipped.

Butterflies are worth something as entomological specimens; their chase, in which youth at present indulge with impunity, should be constituted an indictable offence on the part of all unauthorised persons, and the right to pursue and capture them should be restricted to the proprietors of the fields and meadows over which they flutter, or to the Lord of the Manor.

It is high time to discard the antiquated notion that there is any such quality as wildness inherent in any natural production so as to make it common property. This is one of the fallacies which we have derived from our illiberal ancestors. The landed property of this great country is to a large extent passing from the hauds of an hereditary aristocracy into those of our merchant princes, a more magnanimous class of men, who, having made their fortunes by commerce, know what property is, and what ought to be property that is not, and how to make the most of everything. These are the true exclusives, who only seek to exclude others from the acquisition of anything without paying for it. The doctrine that there are some things uncultivated and at large which nobody can claim, and anybody may take, is a relic of feudal barbarism. The new landed gentry of England are too wise to permit all manner of persons to run about over their estates gathering mushrooms. They have too much respect for a mushroom.

A THIRD-BOTTLE CONUNDRUM.—When are the Funds unsteady? When money is "tight."



A LITTLE BIT OF YORKSHIRE.

(HORSE CRITIC AND YORKSHIRE HORSE-BREAKER TO STEWARD OF GREAT MAN MEET ON THE ROAD.)

Horse Critic. "WELL, WILLIAM, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING COLT, WHOSE IS IT?"

Horse Breaker. "WELL, SIR! THAT DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES."

Critic. "HOW SO?"

Breaker. "IF IT TURNS OUT WELL, IT BELONGS TO MR. B. (*the Steward*); BUT YOU KNOW, SIR (*with a sly look*), IF IT TURNS OUT BAD, IT BELONGS TO MY LORD!"

THE DUNDEEMONS.

(Ballad founded on a narrative given by the Scottish papers.)

AIR—"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke."

To his fair ALEXANDRA 'twas "BERTIE" that spoke,
This staring Scotch loyalty's really no joke;
I wanted to take a short cut to the sea,
But they want a procession through bonnie Dundee.

"Now, Baby is young, and you're not very strong,
And knocking you up were exceedingly wrong,
So I've bargained that if this procession must be,
We're kept half an hour only in bonnie Dundee."

The Bailies were blatant, the Provost was proud,
And they summoned Dundee to attend in a crowd,
Addresses were cooked, and 'twas easy to see,
Half a day would be wasted in bonnie Dundee.

"Is it so," said the Prince, "do they think I'll be done?"
And he cast a kind look on his wife and his son.
"If that is their game, from the compact I'm free,
So we'll take Broughty Ferry, not bonnie Dundee."

The crowd was assembled, all jabber and din,
Each Bailie rehearsing an affable grin,
When a bare-headed buffer rushed in, and cries he—
"They're just going from Broughty, not bonnie Dundee."

Eh, Sirs, there was howling, and presently starts
Some Earl they call CAMPERDOWN, great in those parts,

And after him magistrates one, two, and three,
To drag Royalty back to be bored at Dundee.

They rushed to the presence, petitioned, and whined,
And they begged and they prayed that the Prince would be kind,
And a Sheriff declared there'd be riot, they'd see,
If the Prince wadna come and be mobbed at Dundee.

So he yielded, and on to Dundee went the train,
And down like a flood came the national rain;
But no matter for that, let her come on the quay,
Yon Princess, to be stared at by bonnie Dundee.

She stood and was stared at, that lady so pale,
But, wisely and properly, kept down her veil;
A hint to the Snobs who had dragged her, with glee,
To stand and be rained on in bonnie Dundee.

On the pier twenty minutes, and rain in a flood,
Under CAMPERDOWN's aged umbrella she stood;
Then up came the *Osborne*, O welcome was she!
And bore off the party from bonnie Dundee.

But the Bailies and beables and all of the lot
Believed they'd done rather the neat thing than not,
And at night had a gorge, and sang songs in this key,
"We made the Prince come to our bonnie Dundee!"

The happy young couple were soon far away,
And out of the reach of municipal bray;
But if they drank a toast, *Punch* believes you'll agree,
'Twas bad luck to the flunkies of bonnie Dundee.



COLUMBIA'S SEWING-MACHINE.

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "AH, MY DEAR COLUMBIA, IT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO JOIN *THAT* NEATLY."

THE ROYAL BRITISH ASSOCIATION

UNDER HYDROTHERMAL INFLUENCE.

WHEN we listened the other day to SIR CHARLES LYELL discussing the mysteries of geology and the hydrothermal blessings of Bath, we paused on one pregnant period, and we have paused on it ever since. "The inhabitants of sea and land," said the distinguished President of the Association, "before and after the grand development of ice and snow, were nearly the same." What, said we, meditatively, is the grand development of ice and snow but our friend, DR. GRUSSELBACK's development? Here are the simple terms in which that great savant's discovery is made known to the world, and the world in general, and no doubt several of the stars, will sympathise with us in our disappointment that it was not brought before the Association in a more formal manner.

"It has been stated that DR. GRUSSELBACK, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake, which had been frozen to torpidity for ten years. It is also reported that he proposed to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two."

It was no doubt very pleasant for the good people of Bath to hear so learned a Theban descendant on hydrothermal influence in the geological change, seeing that Bath owes to the same influence its celebrity, and the people their prosperity. But where was DR. GRUSSELBACK? The interests of science and the propriety of the case required that he should be brought into the theatre in a box of ice preserved by his own process, and that he should be vivified by the President with hydrothermal applications till he stood up before the meeting, an evidence that he was like "other creatures" before and after this grand development of ice and snow.

But the Doctor came not, and we are left to speculate on the historical, pre-historical, and for that matter, post-historical evidence of the practicability of this new development of ice being as grand as the old, and that as ice was once, according to SIR CHARLES LYELL, remarkably useful in "the transportation of huge erratics," it may be so still in making their transportation unnecessary in time to come, and thus meeting the difficulty of secondary punishments.

We are all properly informed of the extraordinary phenomena which followed a great frost in the Arctic Regions, to which a ship that sailed from Wapping was subjected some three hundred years ago. (*Vide* SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S *Travels* and SIR RICHARD STEELE in the *Spectator*.) The crew had to break their rum with a hatchet, and dig their water with a spade, and the words as they spake fell to pieces on the deck. Gradually there was a universal silence; they tried to sing but could not; they tried to shout, but it was dumb show; they made their mouths to whistle, but their lips blew out no sound; a musician among them attempted to play his flute, but the flute was voiceless:—

"'Twas so cold they could not keep the log,
They scarcely knew they had toes on,
And the very skipper's voice was frozen
For all his grog."

But all of a sudden there came a thaw, and the air was straightway filled with voices. Every man heard himself talking at a distance, the skipper's voice was heard shouting out orders away to leeward; the boatswain was awoke by hearing himself swearing his customary oaths, while in his hammock below. Several songs were heard sung at once by unseen singers, and the cook's flute on the galley shelf (after several stray notes by way of overture) played a tune or two of its own accord. It was not till after some reflection that the crew saw through this mystery, and concluded as a matter of course that the sounds which now fell from the rigging, and rose from the sea and the cabin companion way, and the ship's hold, were the frozen-up shouts, songs, oaths, tunes, and attempts at conversation let loose by the thaw.

This was one example of the "grand development of the ice and snow." Another which we have read of was the discovery of the bodies of a number of people who had been frozen up in an Alpine Pass for a period of some eighteen years. Some of them were subjected to SIR CHARLES LYELL'S "hydrothermal influence," and were likely to be brought to life when the director of the experiment discovered the body of an uncle whose estate he had inherited, and consequently gave up the experiment as a bad job. Indeed the hydrothermal system, which has had so much to do in the internal affairs of the earth, and which has, according to SIR CHARLES, transformed bits of Roman bricks into opals in the ancient aqueduct at Piombières, is a most important domestic as well as geological agent. It melts rocks and it moulds husbands. We all know what it is to be kept in hot water, if not from our own experience, at least from that of others; we can accordingly appreciate what it has done, and is doing, and will do; we can trust to it as the great agent for counteracting, in due time, the antiphlogistic treatment proposed by DR. GRUSSELBACK. A great opportunity for proving the effects of both was lost, when in 1843 MIDDENDORF, digging for odds and ends among Siberian ice, came upon the [complete carcase] of a mammoth, which had been preserved in a frozen mass for perhaps ten

thousand years. Here was nature anticipating the Upsala Professor. Had that savant been present with his experimental snake in his pocket, he would have resuscitated the ten-thousand-year-old mammoth by hydrothermal influence.

No wonder then we missed this gentleman at the Bath meetings; we looked through all the sections, but found him not. He has reanimated a snake after keeping it in a frozen state for eleven years; but as for the resuscitation of the ten-thousand-year-old mammoth, he wishes to be allowed to carry out his experiment *in corpore vili* on the persons of public malefactors. A most laudable design, who shall deny it? The proposal is novel, economical and humane: it is especially worth the consideration of the British Government in these days when secondary punishments are our great difficulty, and there is a great objection to hanging. What are we to do with our criminals? says everybody. Australia won't take them, the gaols are full, and tickets-of-leave are so many garotte licences. Freeze them up, of course! It will save gaols and gaolers, meat, light, clothing, and heaven knows what, amounting to a million sterling per annum. It will save the Home Office an immensity of trouble, and perhaps alter the last office of the law. What say you, SIR GEORGE? Shall we box them up in an ice-house like Scotch salmon? and after the expiring of the sentence, say of ten years' freezing, they might be subjected to the "hydrothermal" treatment of a hot bath, and brought to their senses.

But scientific truths admit no limitation of their principles; once get hold of one, and there is no saying where it may carry you. So let us see how far "the grand ice and snow development" may be carried. There are great men who are before their age. Why not freeze them up too, and keep them like KING ARTHUR, in the Isle of Avillon, till another generation comes abreast of them? Then subject them gently to the "hydrothermal influence." It is not to be supposed that time would count against them in their allotted years with the whole clockwork of the animal economy at a dead stop. Why should we not take MR. GLADSTONE, and freeze him up till another generation be fit for democratic reform and philosophical finance? Shall we lay MR. DISRAELI out in icy state in some natural Valhalla, to sleep in frost and snow till the Asian Mystery approach a solution? It would relieve the Opposition of a difficulty, and the Ministry of the too frequent use of the Member for Bucks' "hydrothermal" fomentations. MR. BRIGHT might be stored away till the beginning of the century, and rise with great *éclat* with his Reform Bill in his hand, in time for the first Birmingham election in the year of Grace two thousand.

The hydrothermal MR. ROEBUCK, what should we do with him? Freeze him up ten months out of any twelve, and keep him from all Cutlers' Feasts hereafter, to keep him from cutting himself. There is the FRENCH EMPEROR: just now he has got everything quiet, might he not dedicate himself to the future of France, and allow himself to be frozen up till a time of emergency and danger? His loving subjects would no doubt keep his Majesty with great care in an imperial ice-box till his counsel was wanted, like the mystic books of the wizard, MICHAEL SCOTT, in his tomb in the Abbey of our Lady of Lannercost. As vanity is to its owner the mother of imaginary greatness, KING WILLIAM, of Prussia, might be persuaded to submit to the postponement of his residuary years under the freezing system; no doubt it would be *sine die*: he might be accordingly ticketed to be "left till called for," and if ever he were again, it would probably be to brush the boots of a French master. As for his generals, VON WRANGEL and PRINCE CHARLES FREDERICK, as they are useless in peace, and in war could only achieve tinfoil laurels under Austrian protection, let them be frozen up like DR. GRUSSELBACK's viper against the day of dirty work, when a small foe and an ignoble cause demand such heroes.

THE MUSICAL FARMER.

In his Speech at Aylesbury, MR. DISRAELI said,

"The Farmer may, in one respect, be compared to a Public Singer."

Well, yes, there is no denying that the Farmer does "sing out" whenever he can get a chance. But there is another reason why the Farmer is like a Public Singer. He should do his best with his



while the sun shines.

Narrow-Minded Old Thing!

"AND what's to be the end of this wicked wasteful American war?" asked MRS. GRUNDY. "The Union, grandma," said ISAAC. "That I believe, my dear," said his grandmother; "but when I was young, they called it the Workhouse. But it's the same thing, my dear, the same thing." MRS. GRUNDY is an unenlightened old woman, and ought to be ashamed of herself.

"THE DUKE'S (SUTHERLAND) MOTTO."—"Ignis Via." *Fire a-way!!!*



THE SAFEST WAY OF TAKING A LADY DOWN TO DINNER.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

EVERYBODY knows that there is nobody now in London, excepting some two millions of scribblers, shopkeepers and such folk, who, of course, *are* nobody. So the man who is obliged to pass a night in Town on his journey from the moors to the turnip-fields and stubbles, may find it difficult to know where and how to spend the evening. After a solitary dinner *à la Crusoe* at his Club, where he will hardly see a living thing except blackbeetles, he will in despair be forced to look into the newspaper, to see what there is to see that he has not seen at the theatres.

Beginning alphabetically, A stands for the Adelphi, so call a hansom cab and go to the Adelphi, and see TOOLE in *Stephen Digges*. Many people fancy that when an actor takes to playing in broad farce, he quite unfits himself for any other kind of piece. But MR. TOOLE can act well without trying to be funny, and has something in him beyond the mere capacity to raise a vacant laugh.

But supposing that our friend has been to the Adelphi, and has thus exhausted A in his dramatic alphabet, he may wish to know how doth the busy B improve an after-dinner hour for the benefit of playgoers. The Britannia is the only playhouse that begins with B, and this stands so remote in the far East that to travel there from Clubland were a journey not unlike that of the author of *Eöthen*. However, Swells occasionally do the strangest things when there is nobody to see them, and so a tour to the Britannia may be suggested as a way of killing time for a few hours, in the interval occurring between grouse and partridge slaughter. The plays most popular at this house are chiefly of the blood-and-brimstone, mystery-and-murder sort, with very commonly a ghost in them, or, as the bills prefer to call it, in big type, an *AWFUL APPARITION!!!* To the traveller from Clubland the audience will, however, afford as strange a sight as any on the stage. It is really worth the journey to see that mass of faces all intent upon the play, and staring their sixpennyworth with all their main and might. There are some

MAIN DRAINAGE IN VAIN.

COWPER, our Edile, declare to what end it is
London with catacombs we undermine,
Why many millions of mouey to spend it is
Needful for sending our dregs to the Brine,
If Kingston-on-Thames shall deliver
Her sediment into the river?

If it be lawful for Hampton, the flourishing
Towns above, Twick'nam and Richmond below,
Brentford, Kew, Mortlake, to bid streams of nourishing
Pulp, that should feed the crops, wastefully flow,
Destroying the fish, from their sewers
Down into the vats of our brewers?

What! Can such places afford the Thames prettier,
Tributaries of unspeakable mud
Than those which now by the turtle-fed City are
Rendered, alloying its once silver flood
With bronze, but that current is any
Thing rather than clean as a penny?

Let Father Thames, jolly old River Deity,
Pour, from no pail, but an elegant urn,
Water of crystalline diaphaneity,
Free from all taint that the nose can discern,
His feeders from sources all rural,
Derived, and from none intramural.

From Denmark.

(From Somebody else's Special Correspondent.)

THE Danish Clergy, as is generally known, are entrusted with secular offices. You are not perhaps acquainted with the fact that a clergyman may possess the highest military dignity. That such, however, is the case, I am informed by a member of the Court, who tells me, that, among the distinguished personages who were awaiting the arrival of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, at the Christiansborg Palace, there was a GENERAL REVERENCE.

FROM BADEN-BADEN.

"ALL the world is at Baden-Baden," wrote a Correspondent to M. BISMARCK. "That can hardly be," said the Minister, "seeing that I've sent the *demi-monde* away."

three thousand people nightly crammed in that great "minor" theatre, and, excepting when the comic man inclines their throats to laughter, or when a baby wakes and squalls and is clamoured into silence, scarce a foot is heard to shuffle or a tongue to speak. How many babies there are nightly to be seen at the Britannia I am afraid to guess, and how many drops of poison—that is, giu or other "soothing syrup"—are given to keep them quiet, I dread still more to conceive. But the babies survive somehow, at least many of them do; though if a law were made to prohibit the admission of babies to a theatre, or music hall, or concert-room, or any other stifling place where grown-up people closely congregate, I think the Registrar would soon report the death-rate had decreased.

To quote, not quite correctly, an old song I remember:—

"C stands for Covent Garden, of the drama now bereft,
D for Drury Lane, where our SHAKESPEARE still is left."

At the first of these two theatres the solitary Swell who is on his way to Stubbleshire may go to one of MR. ALFRED MELLON's cheap but charming Concerts, where, besides some pleasant dance-tunes which, if he be young enough, will set his toes a-tingling, he will hear some real music by BEETHOVEN or MENDELSSOHN, performed to a good audience by a famously good band. Moreover, he will hear CARLOTTA PATTI, who sings so high at times that you expect her, like a skylark, to sing clean out of sight; and he will hear the wondrous Turkophone played by ALI BEN SOUALLE so early in the evening that by ten o'clock or so he may criticise its merits in company with a cigar and with his old friend PADDY GREEN. N.B. Friends at a distance had better accept the intimation that MR. MELLON's Concerts will only last a few more nights, for the English Opera Company (Limited) will soon take possession of the theatre, and MR. MELLON will descend from the throne which he now occupies to his old Conductor's chair.

With respect to Drury Lane (and if its promises be well performed, I shall have a great respect for it) SHAKESPEARE migrated last Season to its stage from Sadler's Wells, and his stay proved so successful that it

will be continued. MR. PHELPS next Saturday will re-appear as plump *Jack Falstaff*, and that day week his plumpness will dwindle into lean and slippered *Justice Shallow*. On the Saturday that follows, MR. PHELPS will black his face, and for a week perform *Othello*; and then, after one week's rest (wherein the shade of SHAKESPEARE, if he revisit this dull earth, may see his charming *Imogen* once more upon the stage) the Swells who are in Town may improve their minds by going some fine evening to *Macbeth*, which is to be revived "on a scale of great completeness," with real broomsticks for the witches, and real "eye of newt and toe of frog," and other savoury ingredients for the hell-broth that they brew. MR. CRESWICK the careful, is associated with him, so you see here is a feast of SHAKESPEARE in prospect, and I hope it will pay better than the SHAKESPEARE feast at Stratford which was held last Spring.

I have only reached the letter D in my dramatic alphabet, yet you see here are four theatres where any solitary Swell who is in Town at this dull season may go if he so please. How many other nights' amusement the other two-and-twenty letters may afford him, I will, with your permission, demonstrate in my next.

ONE WHO PAYS.

AN AWFUL SNOB AT LIVERPOOL.



SPLENDID specimen of the British Snob (*Sn. atroc.*) exhibited himself the other day at Liverpool on the arrival of the prisoner MÜLLER at that City. This Snob may be characterised as one of the egotistic class, impertinent order, and vulgar hero-hunting obtrusive species. To the eyes of the reporter, who describes him, he appeared "a tall and gentlemanly-dressed man." He contrived to get admission into the room where MÜLLER was detained, by walking in the rear of two

of the detective officers. Going up to MÜLLER, he shook hands with him, saying, "And you are FRANZ MÜLLER. Well, I am glad to see you and shake hands with you. Do you think you will be able to prove your innocence?" In answer to the Snob, MÜLLER replied, "I do." The Snob then, speaking "in a loud tone of voice," said, "You know, MÜLLER, this is a very serious charge." To this asinine observation, MÜLLER made no reply, but Detective PATRICK, who of course had heard it, immediately rebuked the Snob, telling him that "his own good sense ought to have prevented him addressing the prisoner at all," and thereupon desired him to leave the room, which the Snob would not do till the request had been repeated.

Detective PATRICK may be apt at apprehending fugitives, but he had no apprehension of the nature of the Snob to whom he was talking. Such a Snob has no good sense, nor any sense or feeling at all beyond a sense of self-importance, and a feeling of desire to participate in the notoriety, no matter what, of anybody notorious.

It is the nature and property of this sort of Snob to obtrude himself on any man whose name for good or evil is before the public, if he can anyhow get at him, and to endeavour to obtain some sort of notice from him, contemptuous rather than none. It signifies little to the Snob who or what the public man is, so long as the man is public; he regards a public man as he does a public building; and takes a liberty with the former as he cuts out his name on the latter. If GARIBALDI had been at Liverpool he would have forced himself into GARIBALDI's presence, and tried to shake hands with him; but doubtless he is somewhat gladder to have shaken MÜLLER's hand than he would be to have grasped that of GARIBALDI. If MÜLLER had kicked him instead of shaking hands with him, he would have been better pleased than he would if he had not been touched by MÜLLER at all. He would have wished MÜLLER, rather than not paying any attention to him, to say, "Take that man away." There is no physical substance more offensive to the olfactory nerves than this sort of Snob is to the interior nostrils. His moral odour is such that he is quite unbearable, and it is dreadful to be in the same room with him.

FOR THE CALENDAR.—*Moveable Feast*, not usually set down on any table. A Pic-nic.

CLERGYMEN IN BORROWED ROBES.

THE blessed Father or Brother IGNATIUS, and his troop of mimic monks, running about the country with shaven heads, and wearing frocks, cowls, and sandals, are mistaken by many people for real members of a monastic order. The law, however, forbids genuine friars to sport their conventual habits in public. It protects the Roman Catholic clergy, both regular and secular, from Protestant little boys, who in some districts would be their followers and not their disciples. It does not, however, prohibit the procession of GUY FAWKES, nor forbid a buffoon or a mountebank to masquerade in Popish vestments. Did it ever contemplate the possibility that the friends of an Anglican clergyman would suffer him to go about in the trim affected by IGNATIUS and his companions?

IGNATIUS and one of his company, according to the *Leeds Mercury*, appeared, last Saturday, at York, attired in character. They went to the New Roman Catholic Church of St. Wilfrid. There they knelt before the altar, as though really saying their prayers; then they pressed their lips to the floor. It was as much like the real thing as an artificial fly appears to a trout. As such it was taken; for:—

"A number of Catholics were in the church, and mistaking them for high functionaries of their own faith, bent their knees before them for their blessing. This the 'Father' and his brother bestowed in Latin. Afterwards it was discovered who they were, and then their proceedings assumed the character of a good joke."

Father IGNATIUS and his associate might, in some districts, have found that they had carried a joke too far. Their joke, or what would have been taken for a joke, would have been resented as profane tomfoolery. The ecclesiastical jackdaws would have been stripped of their feathers, and have suffered worse than anything that excommunication inflicted on the famous jackdaw of Rheims. The forbearance of the York Roman Catholics is laudable. Some others, not content with stripping these pretenders to monasticism, might have proceeded to teach them what it really is, by subjecting their hides to the discipline of the rope's end. That discipline would once have been prescribed as salutary for any unfortunate person imagining himself to be somebody else. If the reverend gentleman who has taken the name of IGNATIUS is not merely making a fool of himself, and really believes that he is a monk, is he much other than what he would be if he thought himself the POPE?

ALL IN A BROTHERLY WAY.

THE following extract is borrowed from the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and may be looked upon as a characteristic incident of a very stormy meeting (need we say it was a religious one?) that took place in the Lecture Hall of that town:—

"A voice from an individual in the front of the platform: How can you explain to me that it would be a blessing for me to become a Monk? (*Great laughter.*)"

"Brother IGNATIUS (*with considerable warmth, and looking fiercely at the fellow*). It could not be a blessing, Sir."

We advise our bare-footed Monk to change his name instantly from Brother IGNATIUS to Brother INDIGNATIUS.

The Ethnology of Capitular Barbarism.

It is a question for ethnologists on what tribe of barbarians to affiliate those dignitaries of whose ill-doings in chipping off the surfaces of our Cathedrals we have lately heard so much. Those who flayed St. Bartholomew alive are supposed to have been Armenians, and the *Saturday* declares it an unjust reviling of GENSERIC to father these modern flayers upon the Vandals. SIR CHARLES LYELL might connect them with his pre-historic skimmers of flints, but it is our own conviction that they belong to the *Chip-away* tribe.

TO A SPORTING CORRESPONDENT.

WE are aware that fictitious names are used by sporting men, but we have no reason to believe, with you, that the announcement of a pugilistic encounter between "COBURN" and "MACE" means that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is going to have a turn up with the LORD CHANCELLOR. Their characters forbid the supposition.

A Case for the next Donkey Show.

THE *Times*, the other day, contained the following announcement, which we think we have seen before:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a note for £5 for Income-Tax from X. Y. Z."

Everybody who has seen X. Y. Z. will at once perceive that the money therefrom must have been sent by *Neddy Bray*.

THE GERMAN FLEET.—It does not progress very fast. They have only got as yet a "Kiel" towards it.



Newspaper Boy (Confidentially to little Captain Podgers on his Wedding Tour). "BANTING ON CORPILENCE, SIR?"

A CLUMSY CLOWN.

It would be a public wrong were this advertisement restricted to the *Ipswich Journal* in which *Mr. Punch* finds it:—

MATRIMONY.

A Steady, respectable, invalided Young Gentleman, between 24 and 32 years of age, whose physician advises him to marry, he having a little income, but not sufficient to keep himself and a wife too in the style he is now living, is desirous of meeting with a Lady with a little further income, who he may make his wife. She must be of a kind and cheerful disposition. Age and beauty no object. Apply, stating age and particulars, L.S.D., Post Office, Ipswich.

Many questions arise to the mind of a cynical and cold-hearted reader of the above, but it offers such attractions to young ladies who wish to be married (which means, we hope, all young ladies who are single) that answers must have poured in by scores, and criticism is useless. Yet why does the interesting invalid describe himself "as between 24 and 32." This is very precise, and yet there is no precision. Doesn't he know how old he is? Why does he say that the age of the lady is no object, and in the next sentence desire her to state it? Did his doctor desire him to write the atrocious English about "the style he is now living," and is the medical man guilty of the passage "who he may make his wife?" And was it the doctor's impudence or the patient's that prompted an invitation to a "kind and cheerful" girl to link herself for life to a selfish ignorant fellow who wants an unpaid nurse with money. *Mr. Punch* laughs at many oddities of advertisement, but there be some which excite his wrath. This would be one, but that he feels that justice will be done on a patient in the hands of the sort of doctor who could "advise" this attempt against woman.

Ecclesiastical.

DR. MANNING, Roman Catholic Provost of Westminster, lately preached, we hear, a most touching sermon. Most of his male auditors were in tears. It was remarked at the time, that "this was not like DR. MANNING's usual style; that it was, in fact, Un-manning."

PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.—"The fellow got well before I came."

A PLACE FOR A PERFECT CURE.

Most of the London Hospitals are named after Saints. There are St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, St. George's—not to mention St. Luke's. To these may be added All Saints', which, though situated at Eastbourne, is connected with Margaret Street.

Hospitals are institutions peculiarly Christian. To be sure, they were invented before the Reformation. But Hospitals are not among the errors of Popery. Neither is All Saints' an error of Popery without the POPE. There is no mistake, Popish or Protestant, about Hospitals.

The speciality of this All Saints' Hospital is, that it is a Convalescent Hospital. For such an institution many a London Hospital Surgeon has cried and wrung his hands. It is, in many of the most "interesting cases," the one thing needful to effect—banish the idea of any allusion to an odious idiotic comic song—a Perfect Cure.

There can be no doubt that money contributed to Hospitals will be found a good investment after railway debentures, and the Three per cent Consols, and even freehold property with a registered title, will have ceased to be securities. Anybody, therefore, who has money to spare, should, instead of fooling it away in the funds, or on land, bestow it on Hospitals, and such like charitable institutions, and would do well to send a good lot of it to All Saints' Hospital.

New Idea in Ethnology.

ACCORDING to a distinguished explorer of Africa, the Makololos justify cattle-stealing by the argument that those who cannot keep their cattle have no right to have them. This is exactly ROB ROY's logic, and suggests an affinity between the Makololos and M'Gregors. What is the orthography of the former clan's name? Should it not be spelt M'Cullolo? That would be very like M'Culloch. Radically they must be the same names. The supposition of an original connection between the Land of Cakes and the Land of Negroes is corroborated by the fact that Scotland, as well as Africa, abounds in BLACKIES.

NOTICE.—The Gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home, without stopping to take his breath, is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.



"MANY AN ENGLISHMAN SEEMS TO THINK HE CARRIES WITH HIM NOT ONLY [THE PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF HIS COUNTRY, BUT THE VERY CUSTOMS, WAYS OF THOUGHT, AND ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS ENGLISH LIFE."—*Times*.

[However, our esteemed Correspondent found that he did not do so when he attempted to cross the Course at the Boulogne Races.

ANOTHER ORGAN-FIEND.

THERE is news from Bohemia (not the "literary" Bohemia, but SHAKESPEARE'S) touching an atrocity, into the details of which we have no intention to enter. Enough to say, that a gallows awaits a ruffian. But in his confession he stated that he had considered two alternatives—the crime for which he is in prison, or the gaining his living in future *by means of a Barrel-Organ*. It may be edifying to the idiots who encourage the organ-seoundrels to know out of what material the gang is recruited. This interesting musician-of-the-future destroyed an old woman, under most aggravated circumstances. Let old women think of this when they are going to fee some grinning, grinding wretch, who may not have emulated the Bohemian vagrant in question, but who, if grown-up, has probably committed some crime that has exiled him.

Advance in Astronomy.

AMONG the Papers read at the British Association there was one on "The Invisible Part of the Moon's Surface." For all that appears to the contrary, that side of our Satellite, at least, may be made of green cheese.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—A Ball-cock in a cistern does not come under the head of water-fowl.

ANTONELLI'S LATEST.

"LET'S make the encyclical letter as pleasant as possible," quoth CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

"Facts are stubborn things," observed his Holiness.

"The ARCHBISHOP OF WARSAW has been torn from his see——"

"There's a joke there," said his Eminence, "if you'd only allow——"

"Vade retro,—no, I mean *perge, perge*.—Dear me! how I am forgetting my Latin," said his Holiness, *sotto voce*.

"That comes of hearing so much French spoken about the place," grumbled the Cardinal.

The POPE refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff. His Eminence proffered his own box.

"Allow me, your Holiness, to assist you——"

"At a pinch?" enquired the amiable Pontiff, jocosely. "Let us continue. What was the last word?"

"From his see," read ANTONELLI.

"Ah! 'The Archbishop has been torn from his see, and the administration of his diocese has been placed in the hands of one PAUL KZEVONSKI.'"

ANTONELLI chuckled. PIUS THE NINTH inquired what it was that so tickled his fancy?

"I see how we might put that, and get some fun out of it."

"Fun!" exclaimed his Holiness.

"Yes. The Church has been despoiled——"

"C'est vrai—I mean *Id verum est*," said the POPE, correcting himself.

"And this Russian PAUL is in receipt of the Archbishop's revenues. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"Very good: then we'd better pleasantly tell the CZAR that this is merely Robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*."

PIUS THE NINTH touched a silver hand-bell.

"CARDINAL ANTONELLI's carriage stops the way," announced the tallest of the Swiss in attendance.

After the usual ceremony his Eminence withdrew.

Then, left to himself, his Eminence penned the encyclical letter.

MICHAELMAS GRAMMAR.—To Correspondent.—The Singular Number of The Portuguese is a Portuguese.

THE BANTING RESTAURANT JOINT STOCK COMPANY (LIMITED).

AN Association under the foregoing title has been formed for the purpose of enabling persons endowed with a hearty appetite, to gratify it without incurring the penalty of corpulence, too generally consequent on its indulgence.

The undertaking contemplated by this Society is that of establishing Dining Halls and Refreshment Rooms, at which the bill of fare shall be framed on the dietetic principles recommended by MR. BANTING.

The Banting Restaurant Company will devote its earnest attention to the preparation of viands which, whilst excluding, as much as possible, saccharine, farinaceous, and oleaginous matters, shall nevertheless administer, in the highest degree compatible with the absence of those savoury substances, to the pleasures of the palate.

Leading Professors of Chemistry and Gastronomy have been engaged to unite their efforts in the invention of Dishes which shall answer the purpose which the Company has in view. By the aid of these scientific gentlemen, the Directors of the Banting Restaurant Company confidently trust to enable the gourmand to combine enjoyment with gracility, and whilst, as the popular phrase is, playing a good stick, to preserve a good figure.

They have not the slightest doubt that the profits of the Company will exceed cent. per cent.

The Capital of the Banting Restaurant Company consists of £10,000,000, in Shares of One Shilling each, of which half the amount has been paid up, and the remainder may be sent to 85, Fleet Street.

Natural Question.

MR. G. H. WHALLEY, M.P., in fact, "WHALLEY the Wise," is to take charge of the vessel to be presented to GARIBALDI! Is it a donkey-frigate?

A THOUGHT FROM OUR TUB.

RESPECT everybody's feelings. If you wish to have your laundress's address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—We read, in a great aldermanic authority, that "a dinner is on the tapis." The *tapis* alluded to is, of course, Gob'lin?

THE SOLDIERS' SCHOOL FOR SERVANTS.



OME, attention! Ladies, if you please. GENERAL PUNCH has a few words to say to you. So, Eyes Front to the General. Now, Madam, call the girls from croquet, if you please. Yes, Captain, you may come with them. Of course you take an interest in what interests the ladies.

It has been reported to GENERAL PUNCH that you have been complaining, ladies, of the

scarcity of good Servants. The complaint is getting chronic, GENERAL PUNCH is sore afraid, and it is not easy to discover what will stop it. Girls object to being servants now-a-days, you say, and they who should be dairymaids like rather to be dressmakers. So when your housemaid MARY left you this last Michaelmas (and why the silly thing should want so to marry that bald baker's man you really *can't* imagine), you found it a hard matter to find a fit successor. What with hunting up advertisements, and calling upon Agents, and seeing candidates who called on you in crinoline and cabs, and writing for their characters, and paying their expenses, you know you never were so worried and tormented in your life; and, but that you persuaded CHARLES to take you down to Brighton, there really is no telling how your health might have been broken. Well then, ladies, would you not be thankful to know where a good Servant was always to be had, or, if not, a good girl whom, being previously well trained, you could soon make a good Servant?

Give your thanks to GENERAL PUNCH, then, and order round your carriage, and tell ROBERT to drive you up to Hampstead to the "SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME." By the rules of this good charity, whose chief patron is the QUEEN (a proof sufficient of its goodness), you will learn, ladies, with other facts relating to the Institution—

"That its design be to nurse, board and educate the destitute female children, whether orphans or not, of Soldiers in Her Majesty's Army, born during the service, or subsequent to the honourable discharge, of the father. And that one of the principal objects of the Home be to instruct the girls so received in industrial habits, and to fit them for domestic service."

Rewards for length of service, ladies, are given by the Home; so that the girls have some inducement not to leave their situations every other week or so, as you say seems now the fashion. If you ask the Matron prettily, she will show you through the Home, and you may see how clean and neat the girls are, and nimble in their work. Their education is as plain and simple as their dress; and the use of the needle, the house-broom, and the rolling-pin is taught more than the use of the piano or the globes. What they learn there they learn well; and though you cannot expect a servant to be perfect in her training at sixteen years of age, you will find the Soldiers' Daughters taught to mind what they are told, and to obey the word of command as soldiers' daughters should. So, ladies, when you want a Servant pay a visit to the Home; and if you feel inclined to extend its useful influence, just persuade your friends and husbands to let you have their autographs at the bottom of a cheque, and send them, with your compliments, to the Office, 7, Whitehall. The more such institutions as the Soldiers' Daughters' Home are patronised and flourish, the more good Servants yearly will be ready to be hired, and the less trouble will ladies have in hunting up a new SUSAN or GUSTA, when SUSAN elopes with the policeman, or the butler and GUSTA take a public-house.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

[*Parentetical Note.*—Since the publication of my first paper on Gwrysthlogwdd, I have received some fifty or sixty communications, by letter, by telegram, by prospectuses, by local newspapers, in which strongly-marked lines were described about certain paragraphs intended for my special notice, and through the various other media afforded us by the enterprising activity of this progressive age, informing me concerning the existence of small retired watering-places of that very character, which it is the highest aim and object of the Limited Company, whose representative I am, to preserve. Should, however, these places become generally known, our great and good object will be defeated. Suppose Gwrysthlogwdd to be the spot required (which, as I have already demonstrated, it certainly is not), then if MR. and MRS. MUNDUS (under this name you observe I playfully, yet with somewhat of a classic dignity, express the World and his Wife), then, I say, if MR. and MRS. MUNDUS come down "to be quiet" at Gwrysthlogwdd, how long will the quiet of Gwrysthlogwdd remain? No; let me receive private information, by all means, about such places, but none of your flaming advertisements, sent hither and thither through the length and breadth of the land. Our Company will quietly buy up any promising village or small town of the required description. We shall establish a quiet hotel, where the servants, chambermaids included, shall be dressed in quiet colours; the bar shall be provided with quiet cigars; quiet pipes shall induce postprandial snoozes. The hired horses shall be "quiet to ride or drive." The only approach to anything like a manufactory in the place shall be a Still; and if the village possess but an unpronounceable name, so that to answer the question, "Where are you going to stay?" or, "Where have you been stopping?" or, "To what place does such and such a road lead?" will be a verbal impossibility, then we shall have arrived at something not very many degrees removed from perfection. I have offered the above remarks in the most charitable and friendly spirit, for it is a grief and a pain to me to see such a chance thrown away by publicity, as occurs in the following advertisement, kindly forwarded to me by a most estimable lady, whose name I have thoughtfully erased:—

PLAS MAWR, Penmaenmawr, North Wales.—A first-class MARINE RESIDENCE, to be LET, for the month of October, containing four entertaining rooms, and fourteen bedrooms, with a private bridge over the railway to the beach. Apply to —, Plas Mawr, Penmaenmawr, Conway.

With four entertaining rooms, one person alone need never be at a loss for society. I should like to see a sketch of the marine residence in water-colours. Then the name! Any attempt at pronouncing it would throw the bold divulger of our secret into strong convulsions.

There are, I believe, masonic words which may not be breathed save in the most hushed whisper. But this—Oh no! we never mention it, its name is *never* heard! The local government should issue a law against penning or in any way engraving the title. There should be no chance of the place being "written up," because no penny-a-lining scribbler should be allowed to write it down. Alas! it is another's, it never can be mine!

I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for the lengthiness of my parenthetical remarks; but, as you see, the grave necessity of the case must be my excuse for this introduction. I have done, and resume.]

12, *Midnight.*—The Collegians have retired to what they call rest. I cannot get a wink of sleep. After a few turns I begin to know where the sharp nails and screws are in the iron bedstead. By lying on my left side angularly, I find that these inconveniences may be avoided. When I say angularly, I mean as if I was sitting; so that an imaginary line drawn from my chin to my knees would form one of the sides of a triangle containing a right angle. Occasionally oblivious of consequences, I produce one side of the triangle, and come in contact with something unpleasantly sharp. Being no Stoic, I cry "Oh!"

"Don't make that infernal row!" growls GORILLA from a dark corner, where he has a comfortable sofa.

"Throw something at him," suggests J.

SCISSORS, who has been accommodated with a regular portable bed, turns himself sulkily about, and asks why the blank I don't go to sleep?

I begin to explain the reason. "The fact is," I say—

"Oh! *do* hold your row," growl the three in chorus.

I cannot get to sleep. Clocks, that I had never heard before, are now ticking supernaturally loud. It seems as if I was in a watchmaker's shop. Somehow or another the Collegians don't mind it, and drop into the arms of Morpheus without any difficulty. For the first time this evening they are quiet. Quiet! did I say? SCISSORS has commenced snoring. Such a snore! I really thought at first he was choking, and in my agitation to render prompt assistance, sat upon the sharpest nail—I should certainly say *the* sharpest—with which I had as yet met. Confound OWEN, the Boots!

Some one grumbles out something sulkily from the corner: it sounds like a horrid threat. I must be still as a mouse. Absurd simile! I could swear I hear a couple of these little brutes scrambling about under the fireplace. Possibly imagination! Let me hope so.

It strikes One, solemnly. The church tower takes the lead, and is followed, at intervals of two or three minutes, by four diffident house clocks. A miserable piece of mechanism on the mantel-piece of our room, makes a great fuss with a disjointed nondescript bird, and then finishes by striking two. SCISSORS gives a single snore by way of correcting the eccentric little timepiece, and all is again quiet. A rat

begins scratching inside the wainscot. There are mice; and in the room. I detest rats and mice.

The moon is shining in through the chinks of the shutter. Another of the party has begun to snore, in a different style too, and alternating with SCISSORS. Is there anything more annoying, more irritating, than snoring? Snuffing and smoking may be selfish habits; but oh, the selfishness of snoring! The rat in the wainscot has been joined by other rats, and the walls are alive. I shut my eyes, and try to, as it were, play at being asleep. The effort makes me more wakeful than ever.

I even try, by way of furthering the illusion, a sort of amateur snore, but give up the attempt as entailing physical suffering, and a probability of waking my companions. Was that a blackbeetle on the floor? I have heard dreadful stories about blackbeetles. There is no crime I believe that a blackbeetle will not commit. Supposing that one should get into my boots! I am somewhat nervous about stretching out my hand to lay hold of my boots, lest a blackbeetle should crawl on to my fingers. I will leave it to chance.

The church clock strikes something or other, I am unable to say what, perhaps a quarter to some time, or half past. I make a reference to my own watch, which having stopped at eleven on the previous night, is of not much use to its owner. The boards begin to crack, at intervals. So do the chairs and the other articles of furniture. The rats are enjoying themselves. I wish it was daylight. I try to count ten backwards and forwards. As a mental exercise it has its advantages: considered as a method of inducing sleep, it is a failure.

Dear me, how strange, J. is getting up. I inquire after his health. He takes no notice. He walks to the window with his watch in his hand. "My dear sir," I say. He opens the shutters. This strange white figure standing bolt upright in the pale moonlight makes me feel very uncomfortable. He's walking in his sleep!!! I'm in a cold shiver. At this moment recurs to me a horrible story about some traveller who was stopping at a monastery and forgot to lock the door of the cell in which he was placed for the night. I recollect that a sleeping monk walked into this cell with a knife, and—ugh! What is that he has in his hand? Oh! only a watch-key; he can't do much harm with that. He is winding up his watch. He sighs heavily. He must be very cold about the legs. I wonder the others have not been awakened by the moonlight. Yes! they have been disturbed, and are now moving. SCISSORS is the first. I try to attract his attention to the condition of his friend. He understands me: at least he gets out of bed and walks across the room. Heavens! He doesn't understand me. He approaches the window. Good gracious! is it possible? He too is walking in his sleep. What are nails in a bed to this? I have seen the nuns in *Roberto* at the opera, and the statue in *Don Giovanni*. I remind myself that I am no believer in ghosts. It won't do. I think of Amina, and try to whistle an air from the *Sonnambula*. My lips are parched, and I feel as if I was going to be very ill. I whisper across, fearfully, to the GORILLA. Perhaps he knows how to deal with his friends in this state, and will kindly awaken them. The GORILLA rises. I beg him, over the edge of my blankets, to be cautious. He heeds me not. Ha! ha! The horrid truth breaks in upon me, stronger than the pale moonlight! They are all walking in their sleep! What on earth shall I do now?

"COLD CURATE."

EXTRACTS from elegant Epistle of young Lady in the Country, to her friend in Town:—

* * *

The Parsonage, Shepherd's Vale.

PAPA is so much in want of a little Cold Curate you can't think, dear. Till last winter we always had a cheap and abundant supply, but now, for some reason or other, we can only get it by paying a very high price—at all events, more than Papa thinks we ought to pay * * * Papa is a little near in trifles, not that he denies me anything, in proof of which, he has just bought me such a sweet pair of bay ponies with silver bells, which tinkle as I drive. * * * but he don't like spending much on his cloth. * * * The Curate is a shy bird, and the scarcity is by some supposed to be owing to the hardness of the ground, and to game-keepers of Manors keeping such sharp watch over their Lordship's preserves, so that little birds have no chance of picking up much there * * * Our neighbours, the MISSES LOVELAWN, are exceedingly fond of Curate, but prefer it warm * * * it is so nice at tea * * * and is such a relish to the muffins * * * the tongue is in general very tender, and is considered a great delicacy * * * Curates are not like turtle cutlets, and you seldom hear people complain of their being too rich * * * with respect to its habits, it naturally endeavours to secure a nice roosting-place in the church, to which it is much attached, but rarely succeeds in feathering its nest * * * You can hardly wonder therefore at its looking with hungry eye at the black bird's comfortable couch over its head, and envying the downy one. * * * Though I don't care much for Curate myself (it's too dry for my taste), I think something should be done to improve its condition, and make it more plump and partridge-

like * * * LORD PALMERSTON, I have heard HORACE say, is a keen sportsman, couldn't he direct his people to throw a few bread-crumbs now and then to the poor little expectants, as it is quite distressing to see them moping on one of the branches of a great tree, and looking as they would like to, but dare not hop the twig. * * * The old rooks, of course, would show caws against it, but P. would be commended by all who have any feeling for fledglings. * * * The Curate, we all know, has a soft bill, and a long one sometimes to provide for. When you look at his innocent little beak wide open, you may fancy him saying, "Pray don't make game of me—I cannot dig, and unless a smart shower brings out the grubs, I shall find it very hard to get a living" * * * Remember me kindly to HORACE, and believe me yours affectionately,

CHARITY LAMBSWOOL.

P.S. Have you got, dear, as you promised, BLANK BLANK's work on Croquet? If not, please obtain and forward it by book-post immediately.

ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.



is hardly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to state that he is incessantly besieged with applications for employment. Such applications are for the most part foolish, inasmuch as the great creature himself walks about the world in a coat of darkness and with a gold pen of swiftness, and when he beholds anybody who is worth summoning and setting to service, that person is promptly apprised of his good fortune. Still, people will pester *Mr. Punch*. When they turn out muffs, as they usually do, and are dismissed from the presence, they go away and sulk in public-houses and elsewhere, and write paragraphs in country newspapers, declaring *Mr. Punch* to be a monster. He smiles, and continues to instruct and delight mankind. He usually preserves and files

such petitions, for reference and amusement in the after-days, and in some slack time he may entertain society with some sketches of its would-be teachers. Meantime, having received an application of a higher order than usual, and one which comes from a further region than even Bohemia, in fact from India, he is inclined to publish the document, for the sake of its originality and of its poetry. He suppresses the name of the writer, but assures him of *Mr. Punch's* distinguished consideration. How better to serve his correspondent than by printing his letter, *Mr. Punch* knows not, but would add that the eminent Indian must be satisfied with this glory, and need not forward any of the "disertashins" mentioned in the private portion of his letter.

To the Honourable Lord, MR. PUNCH, of London.

HONORED SIR,

HAVING heard the fame and skillfulness of your honor, and being vacant of two or three employments in which, if some are filled by unworthy persons, by this reason they are equal of emptiness, I therefore pray and beg importunately humbly and respectfully to your goodness for raining pure water of perfect kindness with the thunder of charity in the field of my lot, which is enclosed with the walls of rules and regulations, and fertilised by various glances of handsome and delicious fruits of profitable and skillful knowledges which are just now explained and affirmed by proverbial phrases among wise men, and will adduce the heart in a fixed time. As gold without heating, man without society, field without ploughing, and so on, are not able to take out easily a experimental hopes.

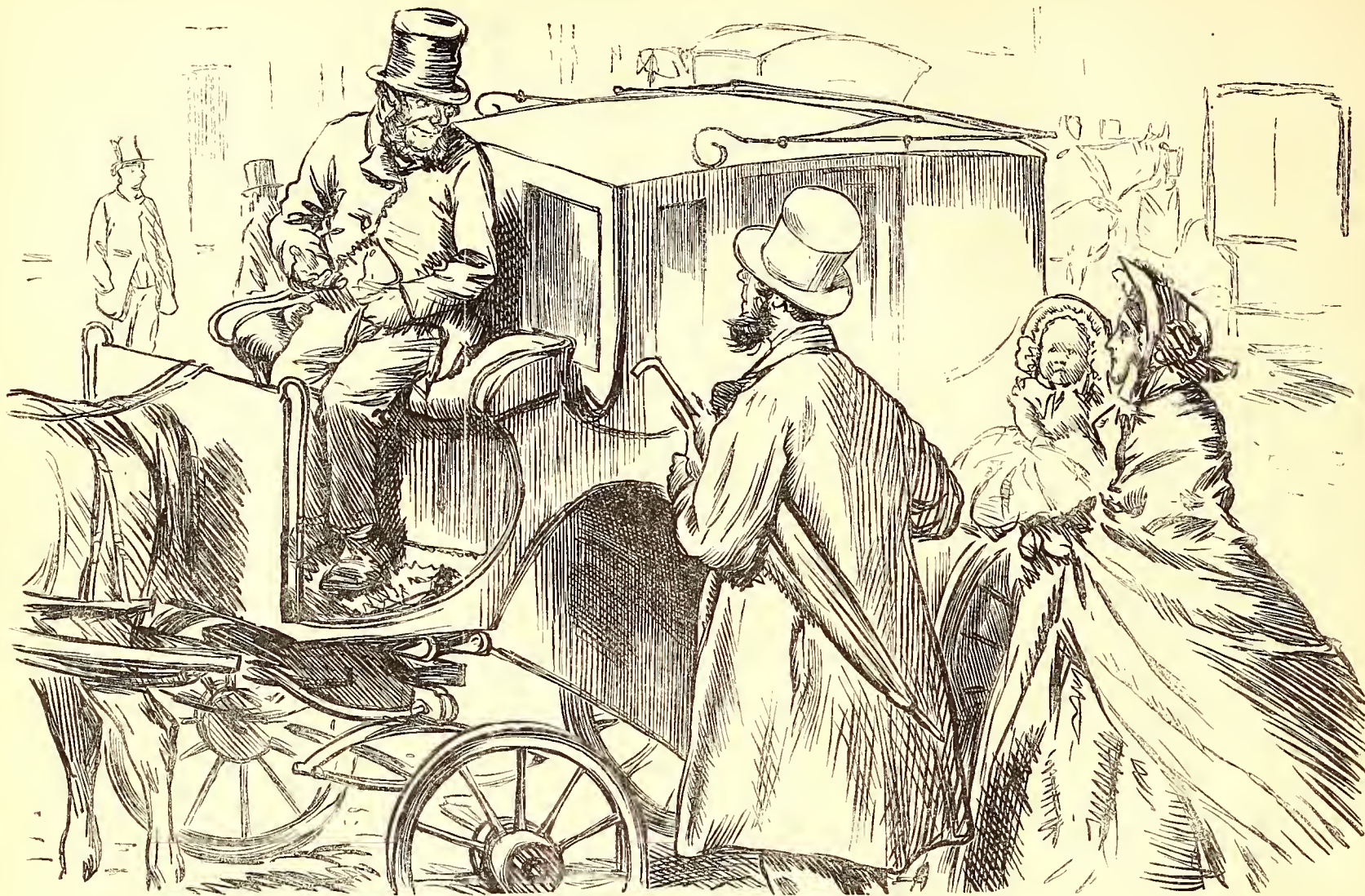
These intellectual hints are quite enough for intellectual and wise men.

If your honor cherish this poor pious one with bread, then I hope The Source of innumerable Shows will be pleased enough to grant a good recompense to your highness especially generosity against worthy men which is plainly inspired in indubitable and holy words.

As you mete same measurement is ready for you.

I shall be very glad to pray your honor's long life and good prosperity. I have few certificates which manifest my external character and ability. Yours true and faithful

LAL BAL ALLA BALOO.



“ONE TOUCH OF NATURE,” &c.

Mr. Spriggles. “HALF A CROWN? HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT? WHY IT’S UNDER FOUR MILES; YOU DON’T RECKON ANYTHING FOR THIS BABY, I SHOULD HOPE!”

Cabby (Father of a Family himself). AH! I DESSAY YOU AND YOUR GOOD LADY DON’T RECKON NOTHINK OF ’IM NE’THER, BLESS ’IS LITTLE ’EART, EH, MUM?” (in a Beaming manner to Mrs. S.). [Claim allowed.]

MOTHER GOOSE ON MODERN SCIENCE.

THAT British Ass—what?—for the good of Science—that Association, Ass-tronomy, geehology, and all that nonsense, botheration! That met at Bath—ay, go to Bath! or Jericho, or wheresoever;—A nasty good-for-nothin’ lot, I never couldn’t bear ’em, never!

Don’t talk to me of the earth’s age bein’ so old as they makes out it. I say I cau’t, I shan’t, I won’t, I don’t believe a word about it! And has to all them mouldy bones and things they finds in them there strater, I don’t consider, no not I, sitch rubbidge wuth a rotten tater.

Taters in diggin’ there’s some use; but what’s the pleasure or the profit

To dig up skellingtons, all bone, with every mite of meat clean off it? Earth’s crust, indeed! a pretty pie with them ingrejuents inside it. No, thank you, none of that for me; don’t take the trouble to divide it!

Antipathy of Man besides, and then all that there row and rumpus About Dewelopment and things as we was never meant to compass! They jingles and they jangles just like empty old tin pots and kettles, And comes to nothink in the end, but one another’s minds unsettles.

Ah! well there, now, ’tis my belief, which I defy it to be shaken, That one of these days they’ll find out that they’ve been all on ’em mistaken, And clever as they thinks theirselves, appear to be complete tomnoddies, Forced to go back to what folks thought of old about the ’evinly bodies.

The world flat, like a paneake, or about the shape of this round table, Beueath the crystal firmament, stoek still, its movin’ all a fable. The Suu a runnin’ of his course, just as he looks to do it, raly From East to West, which likewise I desire to do my duty daily.

Suppose we turns out arter all right in relyin’ on our senses. I should so laugh at all that there philosophy and wain pretences, If our ideers of them there things was found eorrect, and theirn delugious. Ah! we old women yet may put the wise and larued to confugion.

THE LAST HAUL OF THE FISHERMAN.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Rome. Feast of St. Michael.

THE other day CARDINAL DE BONNECHOSE presented his Holiness the POPE with the 150,000 fr. in Peter’s pence, which had been collected in France. Receiving the money, the Holy Father immediately saug out, *Tu es optimus sodalis quem vidi hodie*. Whereupon the eeelesiasties in attendance on the Sovereign Pontiff immediately with one aeoord struck up the response, *Ille est optimus sodalis quem Sanctitas sua vidit hodie*. The POPE again, raising his tuneful voice, sang, *As in præsentis*. They responded, *O quam bonum est!* His Holiness then ehanted, *Dedit nobis centum et quinquaginta millia librarum Gallicarum collatis obolis Petri*. The priestly ehoir harmoniously replied, *Jubilate!* Once more raising his voice, the Sovereign Pontiff intoned, *Nimirum ille bonus est sodalis*. His sacerdotal train replied in unison, *Et sic dicimus omnes nos*. They did not go home till an early hour.

Panscotism.

DEAR M’PUNCH, In a column of fashionable intelligence the other day I met with an annoucement that COUNT PIPER, Ambassador from Sweden at the Court of Spain, had left Cataldi’s Hotel. I need hardly say that the name of the distinguished COUNT PIPER proves him to be of Seottish strain. Let us be proud of a diplomatist whose forebears were evidently clansmen.

I am, your loving Countryman,

The Donkey and Thistle, Oct., 1864.

CATNACH.



RELIEVING GUARD AT THE VATICAN.

FRANCE TO ITALY. "YOU MUSTN'T LET NOBODY OUTSIDE ANNOY THE PARTY INSIDE; AND YOU MUSTN'T LET THE PARTY INSIDE ANNOY NOBODY OUTSIDE."

FROM OUR ILL-USED CONTRIBUTOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

St. Hilda's, by the Sea.

THE above is not the name of the place where I am, at least not the name given in the maps of the present day, although I dare say that in the chart carried by the vessel which took the nuns, in *Marmion*, on that delightful voyage (when the young ladies told competition stories about their Saints), this spot was called *S. Hilda, Virgo*. The reasons why I abstain from giving the modern name are two-fold: first, I do not wish you to know where I am, as you would bother me for manuscript; and, secondly, I like the place so much that I do not want to bring it into publicity, and cram it with Cockneys. I assure the latter that it will not suit them. There are no ridiculous amusements, and nobody makes three toilettes a day, and struts about to flirt, and show fine clothes. And, moreover, the bathing is perfectly decorous.

I am about 250 miles from the Temple, in lat. 54. 29. 24, and 36. 39. W. L. I ascertained this myself with the aid of a sexton and a quadron, at high water, when the sun's attitude was couchant, and the globe was highly rectified with spirits, which were also highly rectified, for I verified the calculation by drinking them, without sugar, as recommended by MR. MECHI.

We do not do anything here, except eat and drink, and drive up and down the most awful hills into the most delightful scenery. Eating and drinking are very good, and I am shocked to discover what awful cheats the London fishmongers and poulterers are. I get for sixpence fishes for which my metropolitan fish-seller would charge me two shillings; and as for grouse and partridges, the price I pay here makes me shudder to think of the wickedness of Town. I cannot get good cigars here at any price; but the same remark applies to the Metropolis; for though I admit that there are one or two places in London where you can, by favour, obtain a tolerable weed for tenpence, I consider that a price which no married man ought to pay in the present condition of Venezuela Bonds and Great Wheal Virgins. Beer excellent, and scarcely any foot to the honest bottles. Furthermore, my experience of the landladies is exactly opposed to my reminiscences of divers insolent, greedy, cheating harpies under whose clutches I have come during various sea-side sojourns. The houses are clean, the lodging-letters smiling and civil, your dishes and liquors are left intact, and you are charged for nothing but what you have had, and for that in strict moderation. Therefore I am exceedingly desirous to keep off the Cockneys, who are unworthy of such treatment, and whose objectionable ways would soon spoil our Eden.

We have some drawbacks, however. There is a harbour, which is picturesque at high water, and it is a pleasing sight to sit at the end of the pier and see an armada of fishing boats go forth to fetch me my whittings. But at low water, this harbour, into which *St. Hilda's* is, I suppose, drained, is about ten times more abominable in the eyes of my nose than was our own beloved Thames during that awful summer when we Templars had to sit with closed windows, and the glass at 90°, and when, you may recollect, you were taking drams all day long, at intervals of seven minutes or less. I declare that it is worse than Marseilles. On the rock whose haughty brow frowns o'er old ocean's foaming flood, and where the aristocratic part of *St. Hilda's* is situate, you do not perceive this atrocious aroma; but descend into *St. Hilda's* commercial, or linger on the quay to study your amphibious fellow-creatures, and you will temporarily agree with some old philosopher that the sense of smell was given us as a punishment. This heresy you will repudiate on climbing the heights again, and scenting the glorious ocean, which rolls in straight from the North Pole; to which latter fact I attribute a wooden kind of flavour which I sometimes detect in the air.

Another drawback is to be found in the Noises. Now I am not one of your fastidious people who cannot bear to hear a child cry—on the contrary, I rather like it, because the row probably shows that somebody is educating the child, after the fashion recommended by the wisest and most moral of men, SOLOMON I. If the child howls because it has fallen down, I am also glad, because it cannot be seriously hurt if it can bellow, and slight pain will teach it carefulness, and save it from future damage. But the howling of the brats at *St. Hilda's* is something preposterous. They bellow on no need or provocation whatever. It seems suddenly to occur to them in the street that it would be a neat thing to begin to yell, and they carry out the idea with splendid energy. If you see three together, two are sure to be crying aloud, and the chances are that some sturdy mother (moother they call her here) comes up and gives the third excellent reason for joining in the vocal trio. I believe that the habit is the relic of some old Pagan superstition, or some old device for frightening away the Danes, who were very troublesome to *St. Hilda*, and burned her out of house and home ever so many times. But worse than the children are the canine population, as a penny-a-liner would say. The juveniles go to sleep at night, but the dogs never do. And everybody keeps a dog, and there are scores of dogs who keep themselves, and when they are not fighting they are baying the moon, and when there is no moon they bay the gas. I have not slept once for eleven days and nights, I believe, in consequence of this hideous nuisance, and I must have a remarkably fine constitution to be able to endure so long a Virgil, vigil,—what do you

call it? However, we are bound to be missionaries wherever we go, and I have hinted to the authorities here that there is such a thing as a Dog-tax, and that MR. GLADSTONE would be very much pleased with them, and would probably come and stay here for a season, if they would take up all stray dogs, and examine any claimants as to the existence of a certain document called a Dog-tax receipt. There are excellent tan-yards here, also, and dog-skin makes very good gloves. I trust that there will be a reform in this particular before I come again, as I fully intend to do.

In other respects I heartily approve of *St. Hilda's*. There is a church (horribly churchwardened with galleries) on the highest of hills, and you can ascend it by one of those awful roads which frighten you in nightmares. Or you may climb up exactly as many stairs as there are feet in the Monument, London. Or you may go by a wide, but easy circumbendibus. You will be amply rewarded, not only inside the church (which is served excellently), but by the sight of some glorious old ruins, and by the perusal of the following epitaph. I alter all the names, but give the inscription as sculptured:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

TOBIAS SAINTSREST,

WHO WAS KILLED ON BOARD H.M.S. "SPY,"

BY A SHOT FROM A SPANISH GUNBOAT,

OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR, NOV. 2, 1807,

AGED 30 YEARS.

ALSO,

JOHN BROWNJONES,

WHO DIED AUG. 3, 1827, AGED 56 YEARS.

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED OUT OF REMEMBRANCE BY

REBECCA,

Their Surviving Widow.

There, Sir, I think that is original. I do not know that I ever before saw a couple of husbands bracketed off together by the widow of both. The arrangement seems to me compact and economical.

We have our circulating libraries, of course, and our newspapers, which arrive from London exactly in time to mingle with our dessert, and fearfully stupid your London newspapers are. I never saw such dulness. Is there no fun to be got out of the police-cases, or the proceedings of country justices, that we are asked to read essays on Education and Friendly Societies? There ought to be a Sensation Editor, to give out work for the recess. As for our readers, I fear that there is the same love of what is amusing, the same dislike for what is instructive, that we have observed among our feminine population in London, and to which I attribute the comparatively slight success of my own admirable Anglo-Saxon novel, and my beautiful *Tales of Ancient Madagascar*. "Ah," I exclaimed one day, after listening to the demands made by a score of pretty girls at the library,—“Ah,” I said, in a melancholy voice, “do not compose works, dear EVE BEDE—write books. Tell us of some lovely blue-eyed fairy girl, who fell in love (as she sat in the train) with a splendid giant colonel, with a red beard, and melancholy eyes, on seeing him knock, with one blow, the very life out of a railway porter who accidentally ran against him. Tell us how they met at a castle near the crags, and how she learned that he never would marry during the life of a beloved grandmother, on whom he doted, and who was always with him. How the blue-eyed fairy, hearing that the aged lady loved mushrooms, schemed to feed her with toadstools, but a wedding-ring that fell from the old finger into the dish, changed colour, and betrayed the trick. How, failing by poison, the blue-eyed angel went out for a walk with the old woman, and pushed her over a cliff. But her spectacles were saved by a pensive fisherman. Blue-eyes marries the splendid giant, but he wearies of her, and her love turns to hate. The fisherman has her secret—he draws much money from her. He shall have one secret more. Let him rid her of her hateful giant, and name his reward. The splendid giant loves fishing from a boat—let him have it for the last time. That death-struggle in the boat was awful; and but for the ghastly wound received unawares, and but for the dying lobster that clutched the hand of the gigantic husband, the fisherman had been rent in pieces. But he vanquishes, and what reward does he claim? The hand of the blue-eyed fairy! She consents, with that fatal smile of sweetness, and they are wed. But, on the bridal eve, what finds she on her pillow? The Old Lady's Spectacles! Ha! The dose she had prepared for the ambitious fisher descends her own alabaster throat, and the grandmother is avenged. The giant has been picked up—he is not dead—and he forgives the misled fisherman, who turns out to be his own foster-brother, and they enter a monastery, and live a pious and penitential life as BROTHER GOLIATH and BROTHER PRISCATOR. Write that, dear EVE BEDE, and young ladies, who turn from *Romola*, justly remarking that it requires one to know Florence from Naples, and that one reads for pleasure, not geography, will fight at the library, like little tigers, for your third volume.”

A crowd had collected as I delivered the above eloquent sarcasm, *ore rotundo*, and the honest folk listened with patience, thinking that I was

some kind of religious teacher—there are several of the class here, who break out at the shortest notice. But I observed symptoms of an intention to annotate the sermon with the remains of certain deceased herrings, so I darted up an inclined plane, at 45° (here called a street) and vanished. I do not know whence I shall next date, but if you wait you will know.

Yours defiantly,
EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.



FAST YOUNG LADY,

IN PRIVATE CONVERSATION WITH HER LOOKING-GLASS.

"IF I SHOULD MEET AS GOOD LOOKING A FELLA AS YOURSELF, I'LL TURN BENEDICT."

LARGE AND SMALL GERMANS.

SOME question has been raised whether the German Society was quite right in coming forward to provide MÜLLER with legal assistance. Of course it was. The German Society represents the great German nation. Every merely accused person is presumed to be innocent. The fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence has often been proved. How is the German Society to know that MÜLLER is not as guiltless as the unborn babe? But even suppose they believed him to have killed, not to say murdered, MR. BRIGGS. What then? MR. BRIGGS was only an Englishman. How much is an Englishman better than a Dane? What is one Englishman to thousands of Danes? Is there any essential difference between MR. BRIGGS's watch and chain and the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein? Is there any difference at all between deliberately and wilfully causing the massacres of Dybbøl and Sønderborg to obtain possession of those duchies, and deliberately and wilfully slaying MR. BRIGGS for the sake of his watch and chain, except the difference between thousands of Danes and that one Englishman? It is as yet doubtful who slew poor MR. BRIGGS, but nobody doubts who slew the poor Danes. Loyalty demands that the Germans should defend the KING OF PRUSSIA from the same accusation as that alleged against MÜLLER. Their loyalty would be justly regarded as flunkeyism, if they had refused to perform the same service for their poor countryman, MÜLLER, as that which they render their precious King.

VOLUNTEERS.

PRESS Reporters are to form a new corps: they are to be placed on the same footing as Regulars, and will be known as the Penny-a-line Regiment.

A REAL AMERICAN POEM.

It has been remarked by people who have nothing to do but to make remarks (a kind of people we hate), that the American War has produced no poet. Usually, when a nation is stirred to its heart, the feelings of that heart find vent in song. But with nothing save the most blatant doggerel have the American writers as yet celebrated any of the brave deeds which both sides have performed in the Three Years, that is, Ninety Days, War.

We have, happily, an exception to make to the general rule. A Poet has arisen in the North. He is worthy to sing its praises. His latest outburst has just reached us, and with the purest desire to do justice to a great and gushing being, we reproduce his work for a world's admiration. It matters nothing to *Punch* that the Poem is an attack upon England. We can venerate genius, no matter whether it sings our eulogy or our condemnation. We call on the world to read and admire the Poem we are going to reprint. The name of the author—we admit that the name is not euphonious, but is TUPPER exactly music, or is CLOSE harmony?—the name is BUNGAY—GEORGE WHARMINGPANN BUNGAY, of New York. He is, we believe, one of the editors of the *Tribune* (MR. HORACE GREELEY's paper), and is a person without what is vulgarly called education, as appears from an autograph before us in which he spells August "Agust," and "certainly" as he would pronounce it, "ceartainly." He is also, we understand, the editor of a New York "religious paper," called the *Independent*. It is to the honour of our American brethren that they set little value on a man's position or worldly learning, and respectfully submit to his teaching, provided the stuff is in him. And that the stuff is in BUNGAY, let this noble war-song testify. It is in honour of the *Kearsarge*, a Federal frigate, which it may, even at this distance of time, be remembered, sank the *Alabama*, a Confederate vessel.

"HAIL TO THE KEARSARGE.

"Hail to the *Kearsarge*, castle of oak,
And pride of the heaving sea!
Hail to her guns, whose thunder awoke
The waves, and startled with lightning
stroke
The nations that should be free!
Hail to her captain and crew!
Hail to her banner blue!
Hail to her deathless fame!
Hail to her granite name!

"The British lion may cease his roar:
For his darling privateer,
At sea a pirate, a thief on shore,
Now lies a wreck on the ocean floor,
No longer a buccaneer.
Hail to our Yankce tars!
Hail to the stripes and stars!
Hail WINSLOW, chief of the sea!
Hail to his victory!

"Haughty BRITANNIA no longer can boast
That she rules the ocean waves;
Her fame is dead, and its sheeted ghost
Stalks disrowned on her chalky coast,
Mocked by Columbia's braves.
Hail to the queen of the sea!
Hail to the hopes of the free!
Hail to the navy that spoke!
Hail to our hearts of oak!

"Cheers!—'Two Ninety,' the robber, is
dead!
And SEMMES, the pirate-in-chief,
A swordless coward, defeated, has fled,
Bearing the curse of the sea on his head,
To England, the home of the thief.
Hail to our holy cause!
Hail to our equal laws!
Hail to our peace to be!
Hail to all nations free!

"GEORGE W. BUNGAY."

We have only to thank MR. GEORGE WHARMINGPANN BUNGAY for the first true poem of the war, and to congratulate the Federals on having in their ranks a bard so trumpet-tongued and fearless. We rejoice to see the fame of the *Marseillaise Hymn*, of KÖRNER's *Death-Song*, and of CAMPBELL's *Nelson and the North* so nobly emulated in the Western world.

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY MEDICAL OFFICER.

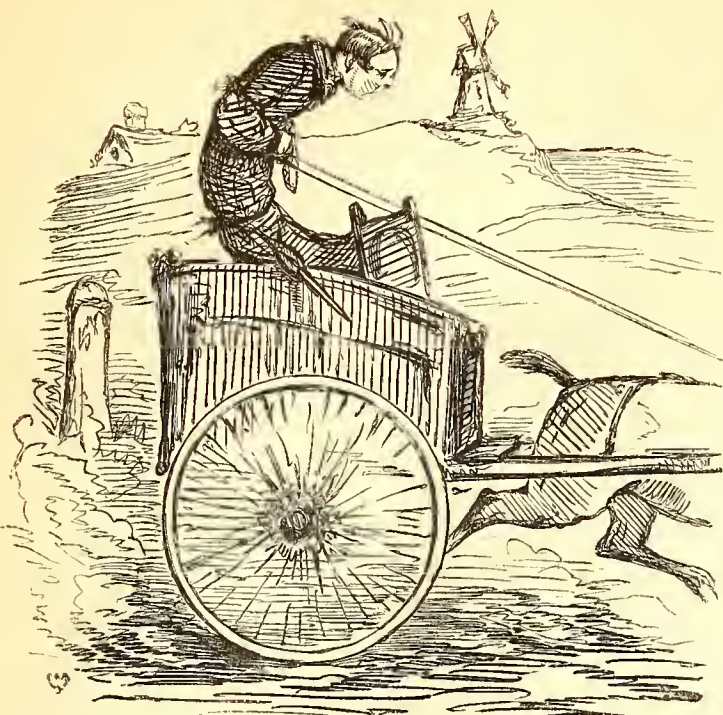
THAT learned body, the College of Physicians, has appointed, so we learn, a committee to "inquire into the condition of the army medical officers." We are delighted to hear it, and wish the committee a happy deliverance in due time: but it occurs to us that the inquiry is somewhat extensive, and not particularly well defined. It is, however, clear that the investigation has one limit; it cannot be into the conditions of the army medical service (the which we regret, for it needs looking into), since the Fellows would have said so had they meant it. We infer that as the College is medical, the committee medical, and the conditions which they understand medical, this must be a Medical Board inquiry into the conditions of the bodies of their brethren, which are at times exposed to danger, and into the conditions of their minds under the wrongs which they suffer; and we hope it will aid in improving the conditions of their purses.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

THE POPE is said to be thinking of making MONSIGNORE MANNING a present of a new hat, a red one. The selection of the Doctor for this gift is understood to hinge on his possessing all the Cardinal virtues. Who would not wish to be in his shoes, or rather stockings?

NEW NAME FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.—Water Babies.

PERILS OF HIPPOPHAGY.



CERTAIN Correspondence has been sent us in a mysterious way for publication, and from which we select the following. Omitting some personal compliments to our dog *Toby*, for which he returns his best bow-wow, we present these curious emanations of feline genius to such epicures as have a taste for the subject to which they refer, [and capacity to digest it:—

From MR. GRIMALKIN to MISS TABITHA.

MY DEAR TABBY,

I SUPPOSE you read the French papers? They are somewhat deficient perhaps in freedom of tone, but the *feuilletons* so much admired by your sex are exceedingly well done, Government, I believe, giving every encouragement to that branch of journalism.

Well then, it appears by those amusing ephemera that

a Society has been started, whose avowed object is to infringe upon our vested rights. How, say you? Why, by taking that noble animal the Horse from the purveyor's barrow, and attaching it to the gourmand's *carte*. Not satisfied with the heterogeneous diet (including frog *à la mode*) to which he has been accustomed for ages, Monsieur *de cuisine* now is sharpening his pliant knife over steed steaks, and making sauce piquante for colt chops or fillet of filly.

The fashion of course will travel with steam speed to this country, and we may anticipate that the *pièce de resistance* will be haunch of hunter, at the next gorgeous banquet of the Mayor.

Nor will it be long ere Parliament is required to repeal its antiquated Bills of Fare. The Speaker's dinner will soon be tainted with Hippophagy. Then who can tell what effect upon a liberal party may be produced by three coursers and a dessert? I fear that B—O— will be stimulated to horse play; R— will bolt with the bit between his teeth; and C— attempt astonishing leaps, before eventually subsiding into a ditch.

But this is not all. Conservatives perhaps will, like Chameleons, take their colour from that on which they feed. Picture the jibbing of D—Y when people want him to trot briskly up Constitution Hill. What a crib-biter D—I may become if a foreign Secretary is placed in his manger. N— of course will rear and lash out wildly if a juvenile Guy Faux crosses the road; and as for Bishops, they will certainly shy if they catch sight of any men at work in doing necessary repairs to a Church. I tremble to think of the Irish Member—he will certainly turn out a roarer, and prove a greater annoyance than the wildest goose of the Commons.

Depend on it, my dear Tabby, this new-fangled Hippophagy will complete what factious oratory has sometimes nearly accomplished, and bring legislation to a dead-lock; official reticence will be greater than ever. A Minister will take advantage of its demoralising influence, and when bored by a volley of questions, will answer with an official curtness, that no one can cavil at, though singularly suggestive of a neigh.

Here I pause, for methinks I smell a rat,

Three Colts Lane.

Yours, &c.,

GRIMALKIN.

From MISS TABITHA to MR. GRIMALKIN.

MY DEAR GRIM,

You look at Hippophagy chiefly from a political point of view. It is alarming enough certainly under that aspect, but much more so if you go below stairs and see what costly dishes the noble animal you refer to will drag after it, when taken from the barrow and attached to the *carte*. You know, dear GRIM, by personal observation, how fastidious our modern menials are—how scornfully they repudiate any connection with the cold shoulder, and turn up their eloquent noses when they have made a hash of it. What delicious *morceaux* will they deem themselves entitled to under the new dietary! MARY and JANE will stipulate for those expensive luxuries—Pony pudding and Galloway dumplings. MR. COACHMAN will not be satisfied with anything less than saddle of Charger, and collared Cob. JEAMES perhaps will languidly confess that he prefers his Jennet a little high, and MRS. HOUSEKEEPER STILTON will of course reserve to herself the Thoroughbreds as included in the culinary sweets of office.

Then what is to become of us? Are we to be put upon veal cutlets and such like insipidities, until we haven't courage enough left to look a mouse in the face? No, my dear GRIM, I'll never submit to such indignity; and if Master persists in exchanging his dishes for mine, I shall emigrate without notice to the Isle of Dogs, where I hope to meet with more generous and gentlemanly behaviour.

Surely, GRIM, our superiors, *par excellence*, being omnivorous, might be content with what they've got, and leave us in tranquil possession of our Arabians. If their jaded appetites pine for a change of aliment, let them, instead of coveting our dainties, ruminate over the Mule's poor relation, of which they have recently made such an Asinine show.

Philosophers may say what they please; but I contend that Hippophagy is most revolting, and if we had an Ossian amongst us, its advocates would tremble at the indignation of the mews.

Yours, &c.,

TABITHA.

Cuteaton Street.

P.S. A great deal has been lately written about deterioration in racers, &c. Take my word for it, GRIM, and I am a pretty good judge, it is all pooh, pooh, nonsense. I feel certain that my table is supplied with much better meat than any which, forty or fifty years ago, my great-great-grandmother enjoyed. There is a tradition in our family, that when *Eclipse* came to us, the poor beast, what with age and work, was as tough as a drum-stick. Look at the cattle that are now brought to our market—they are, if not quite as tender, almost as young as a lamb.

HAT FOR HAT.

By Correspondence from Paris we are informed that CARDINAL DE BONNECHOSE has delivered to PIUS THE NINTH a sum of 150,000 fr. arising from Peter's pence. One good turn deserves another. The POPE has given DE BONNECHOSE a hat, and DE BONNECHOSE has repaid the gift in kind. He has presented his Holiness the hat which had been sent round on his Holiness's behalf, with a hatful of money in it. The Holy Father has truly made a good thing of BONNECHOSE.

NO POPERY.

AN old lady of our acquaintance is so terrified at Brother IGNATIUS and his practices that she has given up bead-work and playing at POPE, had the cowl taken off her chimney, and will not go to the Crystal Palace, because the Company have a Rosary. She sent for her lawyer and made a new will, on hearing from a favourite nephew, who was on a tour in Cornwall, that he had just been "doing Penance." The unfortunate man was left out through omitting the letter *z*.

Musical.

A CELEBRATED Composer wrote to a friend, Requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; *key of G*." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the Composer's house for luncheon at *One, sharp*.

NEW APPOINTMENT.

To the Office of Astronomer Royal, the EARL OF ORRERY. The Star-Chamber is to be reopened and fitted up for his use.

A Fact for the "Morning Post."

It is wrong to suppose that the Ladies' Walking-stick originated at Biarritz. On the contrary, we are assured by a Frenchman that "*l'Impératrice l'a tiré directement de CANNES.*"

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

In the Heathen times of the Ancient Principality, the Welsh God worshipped on the top of Snowdon, was Ap-ollo.

ORNITHOLOGY.

THE Bird that possesses the most brilliant plumage of all the feathered tribe is, we believe, the Duck o' di'monds.

A WALKING PARADOX.—MR. BANTING has achieved greatness by growing less.



HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL.

Old Lady. "ARE YOU NOT AFRAID OF GETTING DROWN'D WHEN YOU HAVE THE BOAT SO FULL?"
Boatman. "OH, DEAR, NO, MUM. I ALWAYS WEARS A LIFE-BELT, SO I'M SAFE ENOUGH."

FLUNKIETTES AT SCHWALBACH.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

THE opinion, which you lately felt yourself called upon to express, that the example of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would be followed by the great majority of the female sex, if her Imperial Majesty were to take to wearing rings in her nose, may be considered, by some unthinking persons, to have been based on an exaggerated estimate of the proclivity of women in general to imitate that illustrious lady. Your estimates, Sir, are always framed with a scrupulous regard to accuracy, and are invariably verified. Full justification, at least of that one which I refer to, has already appeared in a letter from Schwalbach in the *Patrie*, describing the habits, peculiarities, proceedings, and attire,—giving, in short, the natural history of Her Majesty, as observed at that medicinal watering-place. The writer of this interesting memoir says:—

"The water of the Weissbrunnen, among its other qualities, is said to be injurious to the teeth. Therefore, before the arrival of Her Majesty, the ladies made use of glass tubes, by means of which they could drink the water without having to fear that while recovering their health, they would lose their teeth. Since the EMPRESS swallows each glass of water as a draught, those tubes have been thrown aside."

For aught that it was possible for the ladies at Schwalbach to know, Sir, the EMPRESS drank the Weissbrunnen water out of a tumbler, without the precaution of using a tube, just because she did not know that it was injurious to the teeth, or even from a possible want of solicitude for their preservation. I suppose that Nature has blessed Her Majesty with teeth of pearly whiteness, adamant durability, and chemical composition proof against all corrosive agencies. But those ladies cannot be sure that this, which may be, is so. They must know that Imperial dignity is not superior to human nature, and that there is an idiosyncrasy that simply ignores the tooth-brush. Those, Sir, who would risk the ruin of their teeth rather than not imitate a personal eccentricity on the part of their idol, would little hesitate, by the same rule, to disfigure their noses.

Allow me, Sir, to add to the foregoing remarks, the observation, that if your wives and daughters would be half as regardful of reason as they are obsequious to fashion, they would render you, as husbands and fathers, objects of a sentiment more approaching to envy than that with which you are at present contemplated by

The Hermitage, Oct., 1864.

SMELFUNGUS.

THE DISEASE OF STEALING.

AT one of the late meetings of the Social Science Congress a Paper was read on penal discipline, with reference to which:—

"LORD TEIGNMOUTH suggested oakum-picking, and supported his view by the opinion of BISHOP BERKELEY, that tar-water was a cure for all diseases."

In the opinion of LORD TEIGNMOUTH, then, theft is merely the manifestation of a disease. Very well; but if oakum-picking is a cure for that disease affecting pickpockets, members of the swell mob, and common thieves of both sexes in general known to the Police, would it not be likely to be equally efficacious in the case of a fashionable lady affected with the same disease under the name of kleptomania?

Dreadful to Contemplate!

(From an Old Lady Correspondent.)

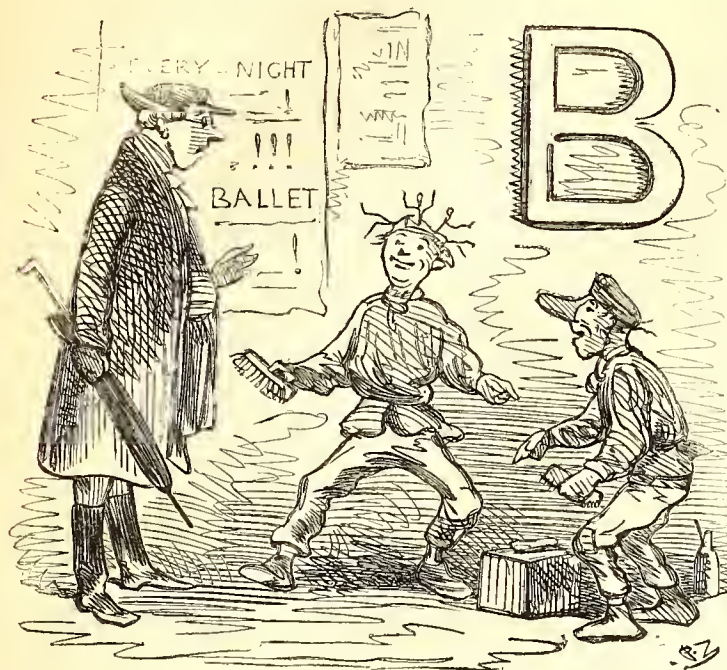
THE HOME SECRETARY is going to demand from the different Governors of the gaols in England a return of all the prisoners placed under their care within the last two years. Gracious! London will be deluged with criminals! We shall all be garotted!!

OUR FIRST AND SAXON GREETING TO THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—
 "Drink, Häel."

COURSE OF READING BY THE SEASIDE.—The Study of WINCKELMANN.

AN AWFUL OPERATION.

('Being an Account of a Wonderful Crop.)



ELOVED, CALM, EVER-PLACID PUNCH,—Even in these days of Sensation I was not prepared for the horrible tortures practised by—shall I say men? Yes, by men upon their fellow-men in the cause of civilisation, in the obtrusive advancement of science, and under the pretence of conferring benefits—ineestimable benefits—on mankind. “Oh, Thingummy” (I forget the letter of the quotation, but the spirit is the point),

“What crimes do they not commit in thy name!”

Notes of admiration

are wanting to me; all the available ones, of the only size really adapted to my meaning, are used on the largest Posters about Town. Those of a lesser note fail me. But I will multiply them—I will raise them to the nth!

Sir, I have undergone an Awful Operation!! I tremble while thinking of the past!!! Have I been racked? Worse than that!!! Drawn? Worse than that; aye, worse than if I had been caricatured by photography into the bargain. Quartered? Worser—a deal worser!!!! Tight Boots? No. Thumbscrew? No! You will never guess. Oh, Mr. Punch, tell it not in Gath, if you ever go there, but I, your beautiful, your own, your own correspondent, have had my Hair cut!!!! Cut by—I am not going to use strong language—but am going to say, cut by Machinery!!!! Never, never again, Mr. P., not even if my locks grow long, matted, and ragged, as did those of Peter the Wild Boy, or Peter the Hermit, or some Peter or other. However, I’ll no more be a re-peater of this name, but come to the point at once. Point! that word recalls the scene from first to last. “Did I want the points”—he, the hairdresser, called them *pints*—“off? or would I ‘ave a deal off?” I chose the latter. No sooner was I vested in a garment—something between a gentleman’s summer dressing-gown and a lady’s bathing-dress—of that grotesque pattern with which, of late, the pictures of a facetious singer styling himself “The Cure,” have made us sufficiently acquainted,—no sooner, I say was I bound in this extraordinary wrapper—like a volume of STRYPE—and had taken my seat in front of a large looking-glass, than the operator began arranging certain apparatus that filled me with apprehension, and made my hair stand right up on end, all ready for cutting, like quills upon the fretful what-you-may-call-him. He first pulled ropes from the ceiling, after the manner of one about to imitate M. LEOTARD on the *trapèze*. These ropes were fitted with a peculiar pair of scissors, made, as I take it, on the model of those used in the opening of a Pantomime, when His Majesty KING HUMGUFFIN sends for the Court Barber to trim him; on which occasion the usual result is that the Court Barber is trimmed by His Gracious Majesty. I assure you that to have seen my hairdresser’s talented assistants dance into the room, footing it to some lively measure, with huge cans labelled “Hot Water,” “Soap,” “Bear’s Grease,” would not have been to me a matter for much surprise. However, they didn’t. Such a proceeding would have savoured of a joke; and that this, my friend, was *no* joke, I do most solemnly declare! Two more ropes held a circular comb: a young man took his place behind my chair; then there were, to use another stage phrase, “Wheels heard without,” and, with a whirr-whirr-whirr, like the deafening sound in a small manufactory, or in the Polytechnic during the hours of exhibition, the ropes began to move rapidly up, up, up, down, down, down, backwards and forwards, and round and round, the scissors commenced snipping the air, and the comb, as it appeared to me, began circling round my head, like the fearful stuffed nondescript bird at Astley’s, which is worked by a string over the prostrate body of the agonised dummy MAZEPPA. Suddenly, the young man controlled the gambols of these wild creatures, and directed them at my head. At my head, literally, not my hair. Bah! they disdained *that*, tearing through it like buffaloes through a prairie, and seizing upon my scalp with the ferocity of a Red Indian warrior.

“Here! Hi! Take ‘em off!” I cried.

“You find ‘em a little ‘ard at first, Sir?” inquired the young man blandly.

“Hard! I should rather say I—” whirr, whirr, whirr,—off again. “Hold! Stop!”

The young man takes this opportunity to explain:—

“You see, Sir, our Proprietor only patented ‘em last week, and we ain’t got quite into the way of working ‘em: it’s a little awkward like at first.”

Awkward! Ha! ha! Good, that. My hair was lying about the floor in little twisted knots: what remained on my head resembled—hang me, if I know *what* it

resembled, except the tufts on MR. PECKSNIFF’S head, or the comic wigs in which the Brothers WEBB appeared as the *Twin Dromios*. And oh! my poor skin!

“Should he take any more off?” inquired the young man—the *youngest* man, I subsequently found, who had not long been out of his apprenticeship.

“Trim it evenly,” said I; “and, for Heaven’s sake, in the old-fashioned way.”

He smiled.

“I should prefer doin’ of it in that way myself, Sir,” he whispered in my ear, “but Master says we *must* use this ‘ere apparatus, so as in *this slack time of year* we may get our ‘ands in for the Seasing.”

This comes of stopping in Town unfashionably! Oh, cursed fate, that didn’t give me to the moor!

“There,” said I, “just brush it smooth, and have ‘done.”

“‘Ave it washed, Sir? Gents mostly ‘as it washed.”

“Yes, by all means.”

“Hand will you ‘ave some Medicated Balsamic Regenerator, or our Emollient Capellarian?”

“Some of the Capellarian,” I answered, in the off-hand manner of one accustomed to the regular use of that expensive pomade.

It is always as well to give your hairdresser this idea, or, if you show the least indecision or ignorance on this subject, he will be down upon you, all in the way of business, with tender inquiries as to whether “you wouldn’t like a bottle of the Balsam?” or, more persuasively, as if it cost nothing, “Shall I horder you a pot of the Capellarian?” If you show any signs of weakness or wavering, he will put it in a more forcible manner—“You *should* ‘ave a bottle of our Tittivator,” or, decisively, “You’ll take a bottle of The Regenerator, then, with you, Sir, to-day,” and this, mind you, settles the question. If you don’t buy his master’s wares, on which the young man doubtless gets a per-centage, and justly too, you cannot but feel that you have fallen in the opinion of the hairdresser; not that this is of importance when you are once *out of his hands*, but while in the power of a man who holds the scissors over you, it is politic to make him think as much of you as possible. Boldly, therefore, profess a thorough knowledge of all the unguents in the shop. “The Medicated Balsam is your constant companion: without the Tittivator,” say you, “no person’s toilette-table can be complete. The Capellarian is the delight of your mornings—the Medicated Balsam the solace of your declining day.”

Now for the wash. The ceiling opens above my head; a pipe appears; a brazen tube like the neck of a watering-pot pointing downwards, taking my hair for the flower-bed. I am about to ask “what this is,” when—ssssh—squish—down it comes and I am deluged with the fragrant Capellarian. This is not so bad. Before I can recover my breath, whirr, whirr, whirr go the wheels again, and two fierce iron or brazen arms appear from somewhere, armed with the stiffest of rough towels. I try to avoid the blow from the one on my right, and am caught with wonderful precision on my left ear by the other. Both arms begin to pummel me; whirr, whirr, go the wheels; everything seems in motion, the looking-glass, I fancy, dances, the cries of other struggling victims rise from various corners of the room, the little comb laughed to see such sport, the brush runs away with the scissors, the young men execute a war-dance—whizz, whizz, whizz—I don’t know whether I stand on my head or my heels, until I find myself in the front shop before the counter, paying money to a cheerful-looking lady in black.

Lovers of sensation should be made acquainted with this fact, viz., that, for all the above mentioned excitement, performed exactly as described, you are only charged One Shilling; ay—and, what is more, in that small sum is also included *Shaving by Machinery*, if you feel inclined to stop for it. I didn’t; and, therefore, am still able to sign myself

PROFESSOR HAIREY.

A Capital Job for the Conjurers.

WE are happy to announce that several of our best conjurers are engaged in the discovery of the means whereby the Spiritualists accomplish what they grandly term their “manifestations,” but which sceptics have been heard to speak of by a shorter name. The Wizards of the North, South, East, and West will work together in this task, and the result of their labours will be published in a pamphlet, to be called, out of compliment to the Brothers DAVENPORT, (with of course the leave of MR. LEVER) *Davenport Done*.



TOUCHING APPEAL

TO THE CHIVALROUS FEELINGS OF DE VAVASŒUR.

"KETCH HOLD O' THE DIST FOR A MINUTE, SIR, WILL YOU? IT'S A BURNING MY FINGERS!"

DON'T SAY NON POSSUMUS!

(VICTOR-EMMANUEL to the POPE.)

OH, May it please your Holiness

Behold me at your knee!

Vouchsafe unto my lowliness

United Italy!

Oh, speak the word this happy day

That concord shall restore!

Oh, come to terms, say "Yes," and say,

"Non possumus" no more!

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,
And cease to say "Non possumus," how happy I should be!

St. Peter's patrimony fair

Shall still be all your own;

And I'll engage to keep you there,

And guard you on your throne.

Your States, that gave themselves to us,

Ourselves their debt shall pay:

So don't reply "Non possumus,"

But gently answer, "Yea!"

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,
And cease to say "Non possumus," how happy I should be!

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE.

A TERRIBLE gunpowder explosion (not to be spoken of lightly) has occurred near Erith. Passing from painful details, let us notice certain consequences. Divers Assurance Offices refuse to compensate those whose property has been injured. We consider this the height of Assurance. If damage sustained by an explosion is not damage by Fire, we should like to know what is. Men of business, as every day's City Article shows, are the most unbusinesslike people going, but surely they will not be done out of their assured rights. And many jurors have made one believe that they had been empanelled from Earlswood, but we should like to see a Twelve idiotic enough to declare that gunpowder can explode without a fire. Anyhow, we advise a trial where the offices are worth Powder—and shot.

WHEN is a Candle likely to be angry?
When it's put out, to be sure.

SPORT AND SPORT.

THERE is a sweet bird, much of which was eaten on the 29th of last month, a bird which is usually accompanied at table by apple-sauce, in addition to sage and onions. A maxim of ancient wisdom and proverbial philosophy declares that the condiment which is proper for the female bird of this description is also proper for the male. The moral rule which corresponds to this canon of cookery is not always so religiously observed as it might be by those administrators of the law who are for the most part deservedly called Justices, but who, in some instances, can be so termed only with ironical justice.

At the Marylebone Police Court, the other day, a boy named HENRY RADFORD was cited by one RUTHERFORD, an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, before MR. MANSFIELD, charged with cruelty to a cat.

The boy, at play with a lot of other boys, had tossed the cat some fifteen feet into the air, whence it fell and broke its back.

RUTHERFORD said, "that it was not usual for the Society to take up cases against children under fourteen years of age, but they considered this to be a case so peculiar that they felt bound to prosecute." The peculiarity of the case, according to the evidence adduced to prove it, appears to be comprised in the foregoing statement. Sentencing the puerile prisoner:—

"MR. MANSFIELD remarked that it was a pity boys could be found who were so cruel. He would commit the prisoner to the House of Correction for one month, with hard labour."

It may be presumed that the cat was not thrown into the air by MASTER HENRY RADFORD simply to test the truth of the popular saying, that a cat will always fall on her legs. The Magistrate was surely satisfied that the child meant to hurt the cat.

Of course it is necessary that boys under fourteen should be taught that it is wrong to break a cat's back. But any respectable, if ragged, school is fitter to instruct them in humanity than that of the House of Correction and hard labour.

No doubt there is a difference between shooting stags, or hares and rabbits, so as to break their bones, and wantonly killing cats. But there is also a similarity. The difference is that, whereas venison, hare, and rabbit are good for food, cat is not, whatever foreigners may say to the contrary. The similarity is that the stags, hares, and rabbits on the one hand, and the cats on the other, are killed for sport. The gentry of England have certainly an excuse for shooting game, which street-boys have not for killing cats. When a nobleman kills several hundred hares in a battue, to be sure he shatters the spine of many a poor puss which is just as sensitive as one of the feline species. But then poor puss, the rodent, is edible, whereas the carnivorous poor puss is carrion. We know that my Lord bears that steadily in mind while he is out shooting, and considers, with just complacency, that he is not practising wanton cruelty on animals. Still he kills them for amusement; so to speak, for fun. Therein lies the resemblance between the noble sportsman and the street-boy. If the resemblance is close, is the difference so wide as to make a grandee worthy of having his amateur-butcher-work recorded in the journals to his glory and renown; but an urchin, for amusing himself in the same but a very much smaller way, deserve the treadmill?

At it Again!

SAYS the Roman Correspondent of the *Star*, "The remains of the Baths of DIOCLETIAN, and the best ruins left in Rome, are to be cleared away." Now, really this is too bad. The Baths of DIOCLETIAN can not be in the way from London to Chatham or Dover, and the Company must be exceeding its powers. We shall ask for an injunction.

NOVEL EFFECTS.

IN consequence of the popularity attained by the Sensation Stories, many romantic young ladies have gone off with their grooms. We are, however, happy to learn, that, in every case, the happy objects of their choice have been highly respectable Bride-Grooms.



CLEVER DOG.

Young Finsbury (after a Morning's Rabbit Shooting with some Country Cousins). "HULLO, WICHARD, DOES THIS LITTLE QUADWUPED BELONG TO YOU? BECAUSE——"

Richard. "YES—SHE'S A CLEVER LITTLE THING; SO I GENERALLY TAKE HER——"

Young Finsbury. "BECAUSE, 'STWIKES ME, I'VE BEEN SHOOTING AT IT ALL THE MORNING!"

MARRIAGE IN LAW LIFE.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that the honourable Law Craft is about shortly to be united to Equity, sole surviving Daughter and Heiress of the late Honest Man, formerly of Paradise Place, and whose loss many years ago was so deeply felt, and so universally lamented.

We extraet from Debrett the following interesting particulars:—

The Craft family is one of great antiquity. In 100, Norman Craft having come into possession *per fas et nefas* of the estates of Crass Saxon, formed an alliance with Lady Verbosity, by whom he had issue, 1st, Common Law Craft, and 2ndly Statute Law Craft. From these stocks are descended the great Delays, which figure so conspicuously in forensic circles. Between the Crafts and the Equities, a feud existed for many generations, similar to that between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, but with far more disastrous consequences, if we may credit the Reports in legal circulation. It must however be admitted that although no branch of the Equity family was ever perhaps passionately enamoured of the Crafts, an alliance would long since have been formed between some of their members, had not the banns been forbidden, by certain parties who had expectations from the Crafts.

On what moral ground they opposed the union of Law Craft and Equity, it is difficult to understand, unless that, looking at the Table of Consanguinity, they thought them to be too nearly related. We may observe *en passant*, that some of these interested parties were in the cabinet line, and had actually worked at the Bench.

At length, however, a reconciliation has been effected, owing in some measure, we believe, to the kind offices of SIR J. P. WILDE, of Divorce Court, Westminster, whose frequent interference between man and wife has not met with its customary acknowledgment, his judicial countenance having no scratch at present on either side of it. SIR J. P. W., we understand, will give away the Bride; and WESTBURY, of Old Square,

Lottery Office Keeper, and celebrated as a seller of chances, patronised by HER MAJESTY, will furnish the *trousseau*, which includes an elegant selection of cases surmounted by the Royal Arms. The nuptials, it is anticipated, will be honoured by the presence of the eminent Physician DR. BROUGHAM, to whom the Law Crafts are considerably indebted, the Doctor having frequently been called in to prescribe for his old friend's lameuess, and by whose judicious regimen the Patient's system has been braced. We sincerely hope that conjugal harmony will give a new toue to his constitution.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A GOVERNESS?

AFTER the warm weather we have had it is quite refreshing to meet with something cool, and really we have seldom met with anything so cool as this:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, in a Young Ladies' School near London. She will be required to teach English, French, music, and to have £50 at her command, which will be returned by instalments.—Address, &c.

Not a word is said about the salary this governess will have, and we incline therefore to think that she will not be paid a shilling for her services. On the contrary, indeed, it seems that she will have to pay the sum of fifty pounds for the privilege of teaching English, French, and music: for although the mouey, it is said, "will be returned by instalments," no guarantee is given her that such will be the case.

Maxima Debetur Reverentia.

WE had heard that America was languishing for an aristocracy. A proof of the statement comes by the last mails. "Ladies are about to be employed, at Philadelphia, as Reporters." This will make it necessary for all the speakers to be gentlemen.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. II.—GWRYSTHLOGWDD (CONTINUED).

I FULLY expected that in the morning I should find my hair turned white, as did those celebrated prison locks in a single night. My mental relief, when the three somnambulists safely returned, each one to his own couch, may be, if you will allow me the use of a novel phrase, "easier imagined than described." Unable to close my eyes or my ears, I endeavoured to amuse myself with my note-book. With the results, the Limited Company have been already made acquainted.

3.30 A.M.—Day breaking: evidently too early, as this morning's light is getting confusedly mixed up with last night's moon, the effect being to make the paper of my note-book a pale blueish colour, and I am writing this very line in a large round-hand scrawl, not unlike what I have been informed are Spirit characters, which will be perhaps illegible by broad daylight. Spirits, indeed! Pooh! I can just see to write POOR in capitals. And yet in this strange hazily-lighted hour, the no man's land between Yesterday and To-morrow, my imagination can picture Unsettled Existences on the confines of space, Beings neither altogether unearthly nor entirely ethereal, Incomprehensible Agencies capable of visiting us mortals even in our own rooms! . . . What's that? Oh, nothing. Isn't it, though? Can Nothing open that door which I could have sworn had been locked by SCISSORS? Yet the door *is* being opened without any visible cause. Perhaps it's the wind; perhaps it isn't. I will get out, and boldly examine the phenomenon. On second thoughts, I think I'll do nothing of the sort. I can hear my own heart beating loudly under the blankets. I am now altogether under the blankets. The notion occurs to me of burglars. I have heard some bold persons say that they'd rather meet flesh and blood at night than Spirits. Supposing that Burglars are flesh and blood, I think I'd rather meet Spirits. Shall I rouse the Collegians? Let me see. It would take a minute at least to wake them; another minute for them to gain a clear idea of their frightful position; and in the meantime what would the burglar, or burglars, be doing? Is any man at any time, in any way, under any circumstances, justified in imperilling a life, called, merely by courtesy, his own? Under favour of the blankets, beneath whose folds this colloquy between caution and temerity was carried on, I decide in the negative. As a chivalrous hero, I picture myself leaping forth to the combat; as an unmuscular Christian citizen, I breathe as quietly as possible, and allow one eye to peep out, over the blanket, as a cautious reconnoitring party.

Something is moving about somewhere—crawling, as far as I can make out; puffing occasionally, blowing slightly; proceeding for a very short distance at a great pace, then stopping altogether for the space of a minute, then setting off again in another direction. Is it the savage dog? No; nor does it sound like a cat. I know I shall be very ill to-morrow morning. Will these fellows never wake? The creature, whatever it may be, is on the floor at the foot of my bedstead. I feel a tug at my blankets. More blowing and sputtering, and uncouth sounds, like partially-formed words. Oh! if I do but live over this, farewell to Gwrysthlogwdd, the Haunted Watering-Place! A bump on the floor, and another pull, ever so much more violent than before, at my blankets. I am in a cold perspiration. Ha! Something terrible has happened in the passage outside! There are footsteps, and female voices. The Landlady, quite dressed, followed by a maid, enters the room with a light. "Sorry to disturb me," she says. Sorry! Bless her! I am delighted to see her. "Oh, MRS. OWEN, there have been such terrible—"

"Here he is, mum!" cried the maid, jumping forward towards the end of my bed.

"Oh, SARAH, how could you leave him?" said MRS. OWEN, reproachfully.

SARAH! Leave him! Him! Whom! Was I dreaming? Were they talking of *me*, in my presence? Had the events of the night turned my brain? or was I in a trance? SARAH was on her knees, as far as I could make out, struggling with some resisting power on the floor by the foot of my bed. "What a monkey it is!" said MRS. OWEN.

A Monkey! What an escape I had had! perhaps from a juvenile Gorilla, presented to the place by some seafaring man, amenable only to the voice of its recognised keeper, SARAH! I remember EDGAR ALLAN POE's horrible story, founded on fact, of an Orang-Outang, who committed atrocious acts with a razor, and I shuddered, gratefully.

Where was the imitative caricature of Man? Still on the floor. I would not attract his attention, lest he might break from his SARAH, and fly upon me. Those animals are so uncertain.

"Do get the blanket out of his mouth, SARAH, and take him away," said MRS. OWEN.

Take him away, by all means! What! swallowing a blanket! Does the creature unite to the mischievous tastes of a Monkey the digestive capacity of a Boa Constrictor? Is it a monster only known in Wales—one-third Monkey, one-third Boa, and the remaining third Constrictor! Horrible!

"A naughty icky sing that wants to feel its tootsy-pootsies and go a walking it does," said SARAH.

"Hey, what? Fondling a brute like that! Why surely, MRS. OWEN—"

"It's just your time that you wanted to be called: the clocks is wrong, Sir, church one and all," said MRS. OWEN, throwing back the shutters and letting in broad daylight. "But I'm sorry as the little 'un should have worried you, Sir."

This was said to me: the others were gradually turning and waking.

"The little 'un? the monkey? the boa constrictor?"

"Lor' no, Sir: you ain't arf awake: it's BABY here," she answered.

Yes: in SARAH's arms, wriggling to regain the floor, was a large-headed wo-haired infant.

"He's just a beginning to walk, the young monkey, and when his nuss's back's turned (you musn't leave him again, SARAH) he'll just crawl in and out anywhere."

Did the Landlady and the nurse tell the story to the Collegians and the Tourists, who, within an hour, were all bustling about the place preparatory to starting upon their several expeditions! I do not know; but as I drove away from the inn, in a springless vehicle much patronised by the natives, the crowd waved their hats (which considerably frightened the horse and myself), and a detestable excursionist brass band of amateurs struck up an air to which J. W. H. sung loudly an absurd song commencing "I would I were a Baby!" which caused such shouts of laughter among the giddy Tourists, as rang in my ears biliously for half an hour afterwards, and only ceased altogether when we were half way on our road to Bangor. At Bangor I found my portmanteau.

Note.—I hear that Gwrysthlogwdd is always, during the summer, in this state of excursionist commotion, and therefore, cannot be recommended to the Limited Company as *The Quiet Watering-Place* of which I am in search.

A PUZZLE IN THE PORK TRADE.

BREVITY is said to be the soul of wit, and in point of saving penmanship perhaps it may be said to be likewise the soul of business. But to a non-commercial mind there is something vastly puzzling in the curtness of this notice:—

TO CHEESEMONGERS.—WANTED, by a Young Man, as **SECOND WINDOW**, used to the Pork and Rabbits. Willing to make himself useful.—Apply to A. H., &c.

We have read this over twice without guessing what it is that is wanted by the advertiser. At the first reading we fancied he desired a situation, but, on our next perusal, we perceived that what he wants is to be "as second window," and we cannot understand in what manner a man can make a window of himself, although we certainly know some men who are easy to be seen through. Then pray who or what on earth is it that is "used to the pork and rabbits?" and which and where are "the" pork and rabbits he or it is used to? Perhaps some of our readers who are idling out of Town, and have nothing else to think about, may answer these queer queries: but for ourselves we must confess that we have neither time nor wish to speculate about them.

THE NEW VICEROY.

THE amiable LORD CARLISLE is succeeded, in Ireland, by LORD WODEHOUSE. We have been carefully studying DON, and also WALFORD, to discover, if possible, that some injury or insult has been inflicted on Ireland by the appointment of the new VICEROY. We can find nothing to the purpose in the books, but inasmuch as LORD WODEHOUSE is far too able and useful a man to be wasted on a moribund Sham, we have no doubt that Irish patriots will see in the selection a proof of some deep and subtle plot against Oireland.

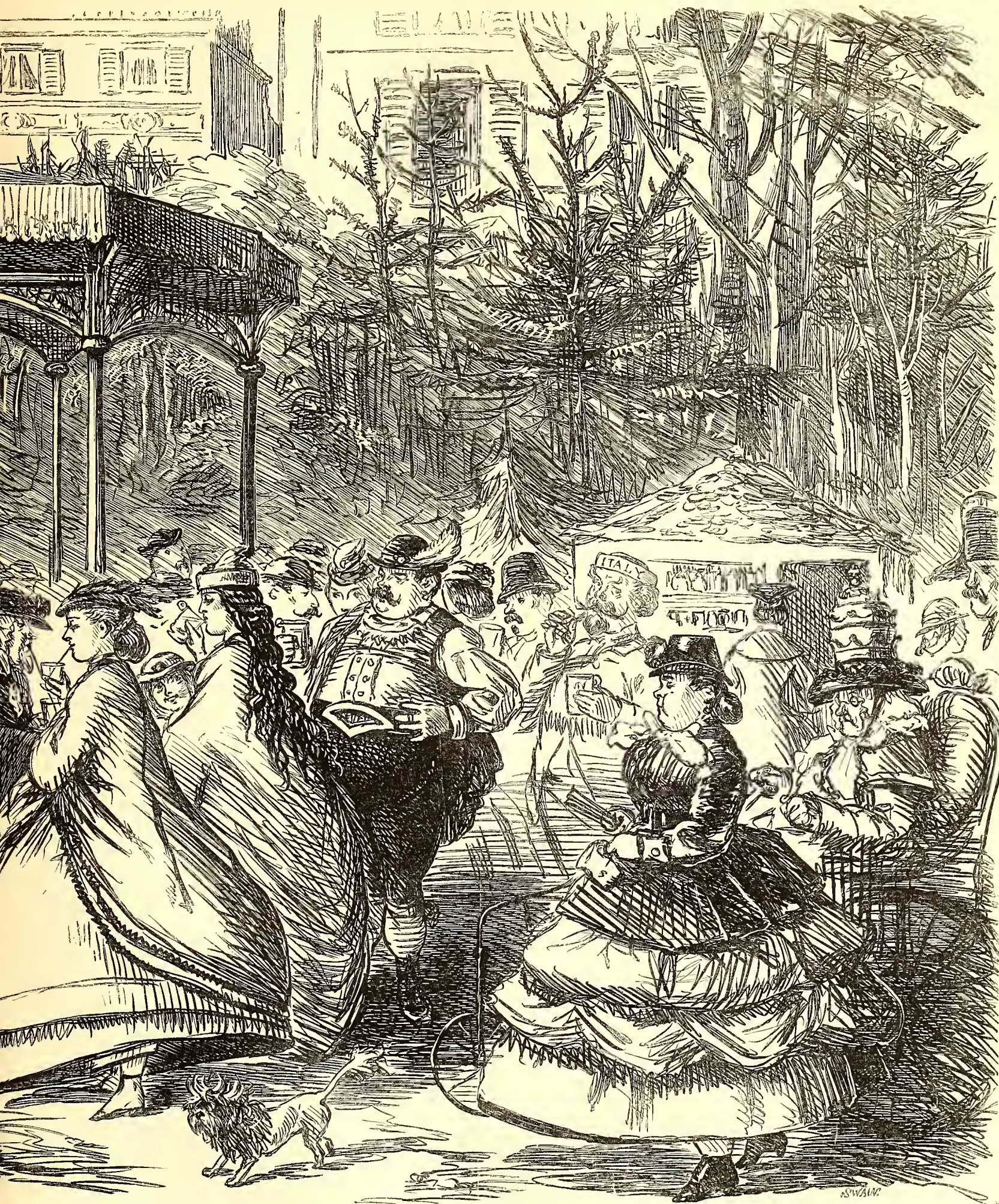
[Ha! what is the brutal *Punch* talking about? No insult! We read the damning records of British feudalism. We see that this Saxon aristocrat had the impudence to be born in the foul year 1826, the year for ever memorable in the annals of oppression, when the Irish currency was regulated to the English standard! Spirit of Liberty, must we bear these things? And how long?—*The Nation*.]

Real Charity.

GENERAL SHERMAN has respectfully informed the inhabitants of Atlanta that out they must go. But he adds, that as soon as peace is declared, he will divide with them "his last cracker." MR. STANTON, not to be behindhand in kindness, telegraphs that he has been manufacturing crackers all through the war, and that any he may have on hand, when the rebellion shall be put down, shall be at anybody's service. This is noble, though it reminds one a little of the orders of the Scotchman, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, after the dinner: "If anything is totally uneatable, let it just be given to the poor."



THE WEINBRUNN
And a Liberty taken with



N-SCHWALBACH,
Several Crowned Heads.

A SIBYLLINE LEAF.



UMBUG or Spiritualism, which has been a little flat since MR. HOME ceased to fly, may be said (in the language of the Trade Circular) to be "looking up," now that the Brothers DAVENPORT are making "a sensation" out of their cap-board—by the way, why don't they get into "a Davenport" when they are about it?—and have even found their way into a place that is likely to be still more profitable to them than their cap-board, namely, the columns of the *Times*. PROFESSOR ANDERSON may outdo all the marvels of all the Mediums by what he is content to call by its right name of jugglery, legerdemain, or sleight-of-hand. So described, his ingenuity and dexterity are legitimately employed in tricking our senses, and no one has a right to call him rogue, or to begrudge the shillings he extracts from the pockets of the crowds who fill St. James's Hall. But when "media" are substituted for mechanism, "spirits" for sleight-of-hand, and the mystical jargon of uneducated impostors for the clever jugglery of the Wizard of the North, *Mr. Punch's bâton* must be out and rapping rogues on the head, and gulls and dupes on the knuckles. There lies before us a circular—the last and about the biggest dose of "flapdoodle" that has been shovelled into British spoons by Transatlantic tricksters of the Spiritualist sort. It is headed—

"THE GREATEST DISCOVERY EVER MADE,

Is the *MEDIATION WRITING* direct to, and from, the Spirit World, in One Minute! without any Mechanism, except Pen, Ink, and Paper."

Admire on [the threshold the punctuation and phraseology of the Spiritually-inspired compiler. The Seers, in these respects, seem on a par with "the Sperrits." We have long been aware that the latter, as a rule, are hazy about their spelling and grammar. It is clear that *ÆACUS*, *MINOS*, and *RHADAMANTHUS* have not as yet established any Board like the Civil Service Commissioners, or not one in a hundred "Sperrits" (as the Mediums reveal them to us) could ever have passed into their shadowy realm. Or it may be, perhaps, (and this seems most reconcileable with the observed facts) that the only Spirits allowed to communicate with the Mediums are those incapable ghosts who, being unable to pass their examinations for spiritual situations, on the ground of gross deficiency in "the three R's," are left in limbo, out of employment, and reduced to eke out a discreditable livelihood by rapping, hand-showing, accordion-playing out of tune, mis-spelling, and the other degrading performances with which they are now so humilatingly associated.

This communication to the large world of geese and gulls, which we reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, in every point except the Sybil's name, goes on—

"MRS. BOUNCE BUBBLER, SIBYLE MEDIUM,

Has the extraordinary gift of holding communions and conversation, for any length of time, and anywhere, with the departed in the Spirit World, who are not dead,

but living, to give the most delightful intelligence of the Spirit world they have passed into, since they have left the earth; who hail with joy, being able to write to their loved ones on the earth, to identify themselves to their bereaved friends."

Alas, poor ghosts! If this is to be the style of spiritual correspondence, surviving relatives, we would suppose, must blush, rather than "hail with joy," when the departed take "to identify themselves to their bereaved friends." The universal prayer for the dead ought to be "*requiescat in pace*" more than ever, and, above all, "may our friends' ghosts be strictly forbidden the use of pens, ink, and paper."

Now for MRS. BUBBLER's theory of this "extraordinary gift:"—

"Now if this be true, surely it is the greatest phenomenon ever heard of, and opens the widest field for inquiry and consolation ever known; For what can be more charming than to write to our beloved ones just gone from us, and in a few minutes to receive an answer, telling us they are actually more alive now than when on the earth, because they have left the dead material body, and as St. Paul declares, are a 'spiritual body,' and are elevated to that sphere they have earned on the earth.

"What can be more reasonable to the scientific mind than to believe the higher spheres, or planets, are inhabited, as well as our planet the Earth? And as we know man has got the power of sending his message from one city to another, is it not reasonable to believe, that God has given his progressive Spirits, who are in His keeping, in the Spirit world, the power to communicate from one sphere to another sphere, as easy as man can from city to city? If this be denied, it gives more power to man than God! Man's power is mechanical electricity—God's power is Spiritual Electricity—which as far surpasses the electric telegraph, as heaven surpasses the earth! and is a law of nature not yet understood, but is revealed to me, through this marvellous writing, which swallows up death in victory! through which many prophecies are written to me!"

We commend the caution of the qualification "*If this be true*"—"Great virtue in an if!" But what is far stranger than "the gift" itself, is that it should be given to such hands as the FORSTERS and HOMES and BUBBLERS.

But the "Sibyle Medium" is not sordid, nor selfish. She does not desire to keep the gift to herself. She has the will and the power to dispose of it to others—for a consideration. At least she can teach all to "write to their loved ones;" though, it is to be noted, that she does not undertake they will receive answers—which one would have supposed the important point. She promises to teach us "to call spirits from the vasty deep;" while she leaves us to ask, with *Hotspur*, "But will they come?"

"I here declare I have no desire to keep so great a privilege to myself, because I have the power given me to teach others—either believers or sceptics!—to enable them to write to their loved ones, quite independent of me, after I have taught them; who can investigate the truth of this statement for themselves—for what we can do ourselves, we know to be true—teaching others will be the best means of making this great gift known."

And now for the list of MRS. BUBBLER's spiritual acquaintance. It is large, and decidedly mixed. Death, like misery, evidently makes men "acquainted with strange bedfellows;" and not the most heterogeneous "crush" at a scientific London *conversazione*—not even a Saturday night at Cambridge House itself—ever exhibited a more queerly compounded "lot" than that which enjoys the privilege of exchanging raps or notes with MRS. BUBBLER. The only assemblage to compare with it is the famous one in the Groves of Blarney—

"The Haythin Gods and Goddesses so fair,
Bould Plutarch, Niptune, and Nicodamns,
All standin' stark naked in the open air."

"I can commune with the Spirit nearly as soon as it has left the body! Time is no barrier: for no Spirit can resist my call! I have the communions of Adam, God's first man, who has given an account of the universal law, which God gave him; also Father Abraham, Noah, Moses, Aaron, Solomon, Lorenza, St. Paul, St. Peter, John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Josephus the Jewish historian; Pilate, Herod, Amphion, King of Thebes; Daniel and the other Prophets, Stephen, Timothy; the Sibyls of the Delphi Temple, and others; Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Pope, Milton, Lord Bacon, Lord Hastings, the great Sir Isaac Newton, who gives a philosophical explanation of this mediation writing; Swedenborg, who contradicts much he has written; John Bunyan, Titian, the great painter, communicates a full account of his method of painting; and Van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, gives me his secret of oil painting, so the secret of oil painting by the old masters need never be lost again. Shakspeare, Byron, Burns, and Thackeray, write poetry to me. Shakspeare has written his own life from the Spirit world, because I have written him all that has taken place at Stratford relative to himself. Napoleon Bonaparte, Howard, Hall, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Francis Burdett, Bloomfield, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Bedford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Whately, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Clyde, Robert Owen, Miss Catharine Sinclair, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Franklin, Lord Auckland, Hon. Miss Eden, Lady Craven, George the Fourth, King of England, and many others; three communications from the Duchess of Kent, to write to her daughter the Queen Victoria; a great number from our lamented Prince Consort, who has come spontaneously ever since he left the earth, requesting me to write to his beloved Queen, which I did on the 16th November, 1862. And it is by his request I now make it public for the consolation of the world."

One fact here communicated is painful—to say the least of it. SHAKSPEARE has had the whole history of his own Tercentenary humiliation inflicted upon him by MRS. BUBBLER. He knows of the squabbles that beset that luckless undertaking; is cognisant of the names of his principal Tercentenary worshippers; and must be aware (we fear) of the statues promised and the deficit actually realised. He has sent back his "Life" in return. MRS. BUBBLER is bound to publish it.

The quintessence of all the wit and wisdom of this highly distinguished list of Mrs. BUBBLER's own correspondents can be had cheap;

and the fees for communication with the other world, are, on the whole, decidedly moderate.

"A Book will be published with the communications of all the illustrious characters, as soon as the subscription list is filled up. Subscription, 7s. or 10s., according to the binding. The title is given from the Spirit world—'THE SPIRIT WORLD: OR THE SPIRIT OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.' Which will be the most wonderful book ever published—all written by inspiration!

Communions and Seances held in London, Croydon, and Family Residences.

	FEE.	
Teaching to write	5 0 0	
(No Fee accepted until taught.)		
Private Communion for one only	1 1 0	
Communion for three	1 10 0	
Evening Seance, not to exceed seven.	1 1 0	

Communions sent by post, by sending right name, or names, and where died, to secure identity (postage stamps enclosed) 0 0 0

Engagements from homo, with carriage expenses, in addition to the above fee. Three days' notice will be required to meet engagements.

"All letters for reply to be addressed to MRS. BOUNCE BUBBLER, Greenhorn Road, Croydon, Surrey.

"To learn to write independent of me, requires from one to three days only, an hour a day."

"N.B.—Take care of this Circular for a friend, as no other will be issued.—This Circular is printed on the two inside pages, that it may be framed if desired."

There, MRS. BUBBLER, Mr. Punch has framed your circular, as it deserves, in its own brass!



VERY LIKELY.

Salt (high and dry for five hours). "HUNGRY, ARE YOU, SIR? WILL YOU DO AS I DO? TRY A BIT OF BACCA, AND YOU WON'T FEEL HUNGRY, LONG."

HONOUR TO SCOTLAND.

MR. P. B. SMOLLETT, Member for Dunbarton, addressing a Meeting of his Constituents at Helensburgh on public affairs, made an incidental remark on MR. MACKINNON, Member for Rye, whom he described as "a gentleman who always sits behind the Ministers with his knees on their backs." He said:—

"MR. MACKINNON, I dare say, is a very good gentleman: he calls himself, I believe, the head of the clan Mackinnon, therefore I suppose he is a Scotchman; but it would puzzle a conjuror to know the reason why he should be raised to the peerage, except that he had been instrumental in destroying LORD RUSSELL'S bill."

This sentence is capable of bearing two constructions.

MR. SMOLLETT may have meant to say that, inasmuch as he believes MR. MACKINNON to be the head of the clan Mackinnon, and therefore supposes him to be a Scotchman, he dares say that MR. MACKINNON is a very good gentleman, but thinks that the merit of being merely a good gentleman does not entitle him to be made a peer.

Or he may have meant simply to say that, although for the reasons above stated he supposes MR. MACKINNON to be a Scotchman, nevertheless, Scotchman as MR. MACKINNON is, he still does not deem him worthy of being raised to the peerage.

By the former construction of the words above quoted, MR. SMOLLETT would be understood to imply that a Scotchman, as such, may be presumed to be a very good gentleman.

By the latter construction of those words, MR. SMOLLETT would be taken to intimate that although the advantage of being a Scotchman is certainly not of itself alone sufficiently meritorious to give a man any claim to a seat in the House of Lords, it is, nevertheless, of itself considerably meritorious.

Whatever MR. MACKINNON may be, there can be no doubt that MR. SMOLLETT is a thorough Scotchman.

TO THE UNPUNCTUAL.—THE Royal Humane Society offer a reward to any gentleman belonging to the abovementioned class, who shall succeed in saving a train.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-SONG.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE never was a prim(m)er,
There cannot be a slimmer,
She boasts that MRS. TRIMMER
Was a relative of hers:
What her antecedents were,
Too supine, I do not care,
But her name is L-MPR-ERE,
Which a pedagogue prefers.

At a Social Science meeting,
Of Education treating,
By her side I got a seat in
The balcony above:
Dressed in slate, her profile caught me,
And potential glances taught me,
(Though she neither wooed nor sought me)
The sweet rudiments of love.

Soon my heart to me dictated,
And the verb I conjugated
Which since woman was created,
Has been whispered in her ear;
With a blush and interjection,—
In her voice a soft inflection—
She offered no objection
To its taking place this year.

An Aldus—of the rarest—
And a treatise on the Aorist,
Were my presents to the fairest,
With, I knew her tastes, some dates;
Gifts like these she scanned with pleasure,
And delighted above measure,
Gave me back an uncut treasure,
"Roman Cookery," with plates.

Perfect bliss my present state is;
By my side my future mate is,
Telling me, deep in the "Atys,"
She's a pupil in her eye:
When this ring—I'm on the rack till
We are one—is on her dactyl,
We shall start and not be back till
December passeth by.

Not a particle of crinoline,
Not a fraction of a hoop is seen
On the classic form of JOSEPHINE,
Steeled against the use of cane:
When her thoughts are not on tenses,
Her theme is our expenses
When scholastic work commences
At Concord House again.

Somewhat passive in demeanour,
I acknowledge that I've seen her
(With every wish to screen her)
In another sort of mood:
'Tis imperative to school her,
And be a little cooler,
Or else she'll be the ruler,
After Christmas time at St—oud.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.—As a proof of the severity of the season, it was remarked that, during the late cold winds, several crocuses peeped up in the flower beds, mistaking October for March.



INCORRIGIBLE.

Clerical Examiner. "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

Incorrigible. "BILER, SIR."

Clerical Examiner. "WHO GAVE YOU THAT NAME?"

Incorrigible. "THE BOYS IN OUR COURT, SIR."

CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION.

IN Reviewing the Exhibition, which as we learn from our Vienna Correspondent, is by Court direction now drawing to a close, we are struck by the boldness of outline which distinguishes the great Works of our modern female Artists. While complaining with pretty petulance that they are excluded from many fields of professional competition, these lovely and powerful Draughtswomen have confronted Man upon his own ground, and made him deeply sensible of his comparative insignificance. It is not speaking hyperbolically to say that their works in steel have swept everything before them—including dust in several volumes.

Resolved to carry out her magnificent designs to their fullest extent, woman has triumphed over obstacles which some of our boldest engineers might have shuddered to approach. When STEPHENSON was required to throw a tubular bridge over an arm of the sea, he had no misgivings of his success; but had he attempted with feminine temerity to carry single-handed a hollow cylinder over Ludgate Hill, for example, he would have found himself in fearful straits indeed. Yet this undertaking is performed every day by Miss SMITH with smiling impunity.

The Roman invasion left us some mighty monuments, which the more recent conquest of Britain by woman has completely cast into the shade. He whose egotism dictated the celebrated note of exclamations, "*Veni—vidi—vici*," darkened this fair Isle by his overpowering presence; but historians will agree that, looked upon simply as an extinguisher, CÆSAR must bow to Crinoline.

No candid observer will deny that Man is a patient and much suffering creature. Arrested in the public streets, impeded in his daily

PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

AT length we have an English Opera Company, and it opens in a becoming manner, with true English music. We rejoice to learn that the reproach that we are not a musical nation (observing what musical nations *are*, some folks may, however, think the reproach a compliment) will now be done away. The Season begins with a masterpiece of the celebrated English or rather Irish composer, DENIS AUBER. He Frenchified his name, in accordance with fashion, but he was an Irishman, and his real names were DENNIS O'BARE. His opera of *Masaniello*, with which the Season begins, was originally called *Robert Emmet*, and was based on a story of the Irish rebellion, but the scene was transferred to Italy, in order to avoid political agitation. We almost regret that now that Ireland has no grievance (except the English names of the streets in Dublin) the opera has not been restored to its original form. The next English revival is *Martha*, the genuinely British work of MR. FLOATER, who, like O'BARE, varied his name to FLOTOW. The fact that the only remarkable thing in this work is the "*Last Rose of Summer*," shows its Anglican origin. Of the third English work, a novelty called *Helvellyn*, we know nothing, except that it is written by a first-rate British musician, MR. MACFARREN, and ought to be as successful as either of the operas that are to precede it. Let us add—and with loud plaudit—that the new management announces that "there is to be no charge for booking places, nor are the *employés* or boxkeepers to be permitted to take any fees on any pretence whatever." Did we say that Covent Garden is the place, and ALFRED MELLON the Conductor? Come, those are English features, anyhow. Roo-i-too-i-too-ey!

How to Observe.

It is pleasing to compare the habits of different nations. In Java an empty flower-pot at the window means that inside the house is a young lady who wants a husband. In England a full flower-pot at the window means that inside the house is a young lady who has got a husband,—and sells his old trousers.

AYES AND NOES.

BRIGHTON will, *Mr. Punch* earnestly hopes, be soon represented by an able and accomplished gentleman who has no need of eyes to instruct him in statesmanship. But if Brighton return a candidate with no eyes, its neighbour Hastings ought, by all accounts, to return one with no nose.

walks, crushed, worried and prostrated at Opera, Ball, and Conversazione, hitherto scarcely a murmur has escaped from behind his long-enduring vest. But now that the hour of his deliverance draws near, it is possible that a spirit of retaliation may spring up within him. After having been so long kept at a chilling distance from BEATRICE and bliss, who could marvel if, with vindictive cunning, he should tear a leaf from the book of Beauty when it has been haughtily thrown aside? Suppose for a moment that, animated by a Mephistophelian impulse, he were to envelope his majestic form in a mantle curiously embroidered with fishing-hooks, long enough and strong enough to hold a barbel? Dare she, whose huge example made him err, fling even a feather at her humble copyist? Nemesis answers, No. Vain then will be her tears, her penitence, her agony; for as surely as fashion leads to folly, so with painful certainty will BLANCHE be—caught at last.

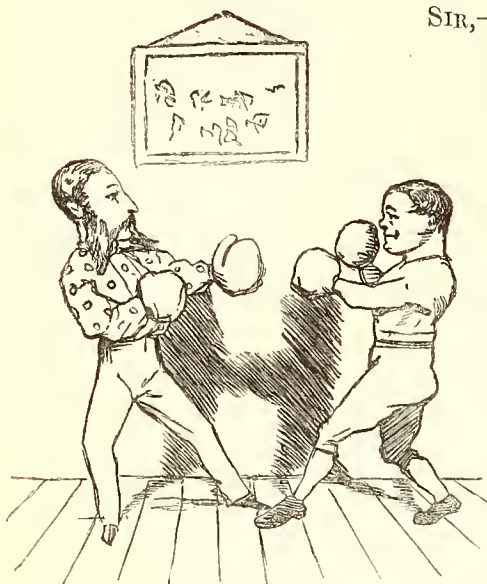
In conclusion, let it be remembered that he is deserving of honour who makes two blades of grass to flourish where but one grew before. What compliments then may *Punch* not anticipate, when by repealing a preposterous inclosure Act, a bevy of Beauties is enabled to rotate upon ground where before it was utterly impossible to plant together a Brunette and a Blonde?

The Knot Untied.

THE DAVENPORT Brothers, whose extraordinary "manifestations" have been so well shown up by the REV. A. S. DOBBS, are attended by three of their countrymen, who act as their expositors. These gentlemen are taken for Yankees, but it seems more likely that they are Confederates.

JAMES MACE AND PAUL CULLEN.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—Has yours is not a sporting print shall cut it short on that head, only that I meant flogging. But in regard to a letter which have been sent to papers by a party sineing himself PAUL CULLEN, objecting to the fight which nobody asked him to see, beg to say that cheek is cheap, and fine words butter no parsons. Twice in that letter he have called me a "foreigner," and beg to say am proud to be considered as such *by him*, but if aloud a chance would shew the foreigner could get Home pretty quick on the conk of said CULLEN, if he wold put in an Apearance, as the wits say in my Parlour. Has for "Gladiator" which is

another of his slang, that is neither here nor there, but am given to understand they was disreputable Romans like himself. If he means his mark at the hend, like this X, to insinuate a Cross as my intention, he is (*language slightly unconventional*), but if he is only an Ignoramass, which have his letter wrote for him by another Party and him make his mark, he is only an object of pitty by inserting wich will oblige

Yours respectfully

JAMES MACE (*Pugilist*).

LICENCE FOR EXETER HALL.

LAST week the Public Houses were licensed by the Magistrates. In the report of the proceedings we find this statement:—

"MR. POLAND applied for a renewal of a music licence to HENRY POWNALL, ESQ., J. CORDUROY, ESQ., SAMUEL HAYDON, ESQ., PAUL AUGUSTINE KINGDON, ESQ., JOHN FISH POWNALL, ESQ., and BASIL WOODD, ESQ., for Exeter Hall.
"The licence was granted."

This is true, but the report is a very inadequate representation of what took place before the worthy Magistrates, and *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to supply the omissions.

On the licensee being asked for,

MR. PUNCH, Q.C., rose, and begged leave to say a few words. He appeared on behalf of the British Public, for whom he held a general retainer. He was not about to oppose the application, unless unsatisfactory replies should be made to certain inquiries which he should make. He entirely approved, indeed, of Exeter Hall being used for musical purposes, being himself very fond of music of the higher class.

THE CHAIRMAN said that any information as to the learned gentleman's private tastes could not be otherwise than interesting; but as there was a good deal of business before them—

MR. PUNCH was the last person to interfere with the progress of public business.

THE CHAIRMAN. But you are interfering with it.

MR. PUNCH was in the habit of addressing much higher tribunals than that before which he had then the honour of appearing, and must say that unless counsel were allowed a certain discretion—

THE CHAIRMAN. Counsel is now displaying indiscretion.

MR. PUNCH must respectfully observe that though the learned Chairman was no doubt all that was estimable in his private capacity, it would be difficult for him, *Mr. Punch*, to convey in forensic language the depressed estimate he had formed of that learned person's judicial intelligence.

THE CHAIRMAN said that they did not sit there to wrangle with counsel.

MR. PUNCH concurred in that remark, and was glad the learned Chairman comprehended that he sat there to be instructed by counsel, and to be preserved from absurdities into which persons fell who did not enjoy that advantage.

After this little ordinary scene, business was resumed, and *Mr. Punch*, remarked with his usual good humour, that if he had said anything offensive to the worthy Magistrates, he heartily forgave them, and dismissed the matter from his recollection. He had always regarded the Middlesex Magistrates as the palladium of British liberty and the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. He would now proceed to say, or rather, in conformity with his friend DEAN TRENCH's suggestion, would go on to say,

that no possible exception could be taken to the performance in Exeter Hall of the masterpieces of HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, and others. But he wished to ask MR. POWNALL a few questions. And first he would ask that gentleman, against whose character he had nothing whatever to say, whether Exeter Hall was not always crowded on oratorio nights?

MR. POWNALL. I believe so.

MR. PUNCH. Inconveniently crowded, from the number of tickets issued being in excess of that of the seats provided?

MR. POWNALL. We have nothing to do with that. It is between the managers of the performances and the public. Besides, English people like a crush, and I am told, though of course I never go near such places, that nothing fills worldly and wicked theatres like a statement that nobody can get in.

MR. PUNCH. Very well, Sir, very well. The answer savours slightly of the worldliness you are so desirous to disclaim (especially as your rent is paid by the aid of the shillings of persons who are unable to obtain what they believed they purchased) but business is business. But now, MR. POWNALL, answer this. What facilities for egress are provided for these great crowds?

MR. POWNALL. That is between the architect and the public.

MR. PUNCH. I must have a better answer than that.

MR. POWNALL. Well, Sir, if people walk down-stairs becomingly and quietly, as they ought to do after hearing sacred music, they will get out as they came in; that is to say, in perfect safety.

MR. PUNCH. Do you believe that the performance of sacred music miraculously preserves a building from fire?

MR. POWNALL. I am not prepared to say that I do.

MR. PUNCH. There have been, I believe, fires, or alarms of fire, in churches and chapels, where religious and decorous feelings must be stronger than even after a concert, and yet people have rushed out frantically, and have been trampled on or crushed.

MR. POWNALL. I have read of such afflictions. I have heard of similar judgments on people in theatres.

MR. PUNCH. What reason have you for believing that no such event can occur in Exeter Hall?

MR. POWNALL. I never said that it could not occur.

MR. PUNCH. Very well, Sir. If it should, is it not notorious that the vomitories of Exeter Hall are insufficient for the release of a terrified multitude?

MR. POWNALL. A multitude should sit still until the nature of the casualty can be ascertained, and explained, and in all probability it will turn out to be a trifle. But if it be necessary to leave the Hall, it is the multitude's own fault if it rushes, and crushes, and tumbles.

MR. PUNCH. A very just observation, Sir. Are you aware that the architect of the theatre near the Hall, the Adelphi, has provided so many exits that, as was lately shown, an audience can be turned into the streets in five minutes?

MR. POWNALL. I have read such a statement. Do you expect the Trustees of Exeter Hall to copy the devices of a theatre?

MR. PUNCH. You have no right to question counsel, Sir, but I reply that those holy and virtuous men copy those devices to the extent of taking money obtained by offering every attraction to the public. Your rent is made out of singers and players from the Opera, led by the great Opera Conductor of the day, and one of your greatest nights occurs when your lyric theatre gives the works of the author of *Don Juan*. Are you not theatrical managers?

MR. POWNALL. Sir, I heartily thank you. I am not narrow-minded, and you have convinced me. That we, the Trustees, do not ourselves sell tickets is nothing. We share the gains, and *qui facit per alium facit per se*. I have to say, on the part of myself and colleagues, that we feel how frightful would be the responsibility in case of accident, and our architect shall be requested to visit the theatre—MR. WEBSTER'S, I believe—and examine his improvements with a view to their adoption at the Hall. *Philadelphieion* shall learn from the *Adelphi*.

MR. PUNCH. I said, Mr. Chairman, that I had no intention of opposing this licence, I now beg to add, *valent quantum*, my most earnest assurances that I hope it may be granted.

THE CHAIRMAN. Recommendation from *Mr. Punch* is—

MR. PUNCH. O, I am sure you are—

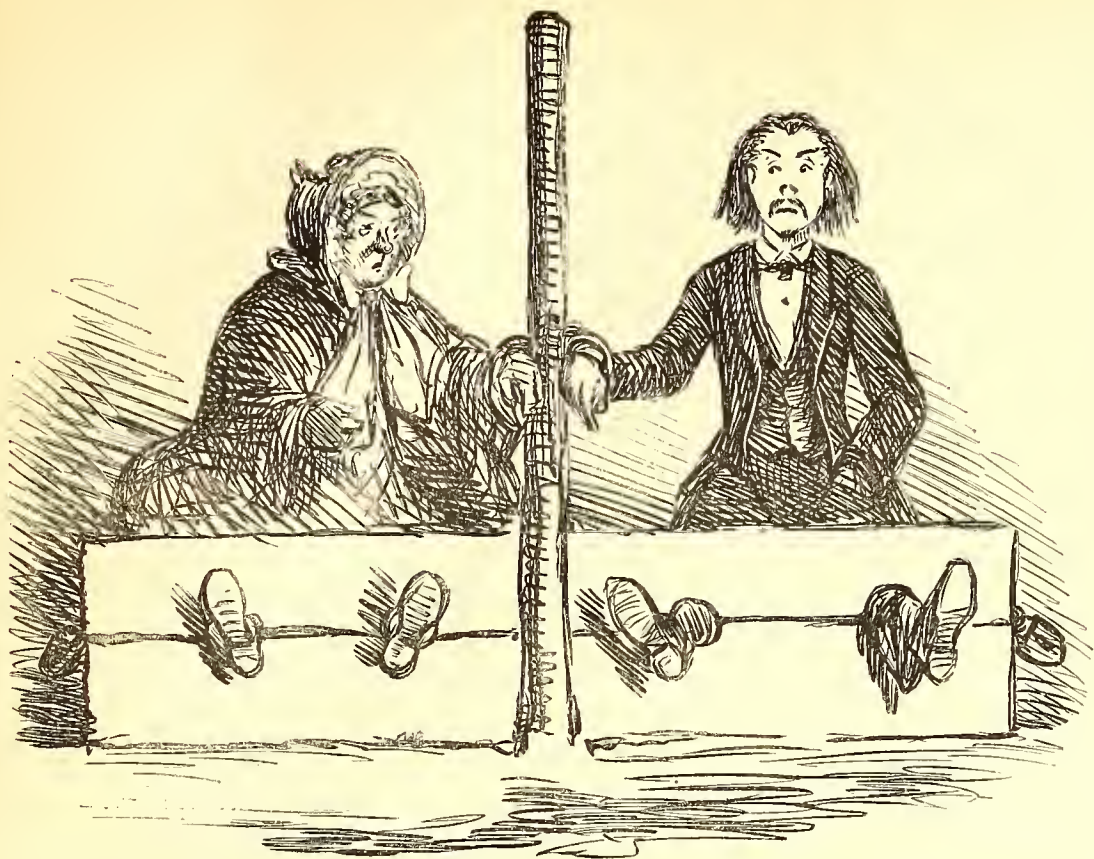
Licence granted, and the case of the Pig and Scissors, Ratcliffe Highway, called on.

"Wer't his Neck-verse at Hairibee."

IN the balance sheet just extorted from the notorious COLONEL WAUGH, is the item, "By Church account, £7,256 8s. 5d." What it means we know not, but sundry whom he has ruined would probably not be sorry to see him in the position in which culprits used to demand Benefit of Clergy.

PAPAL PERFORABILITY.

LETTERS from Rome state that "the POPE was impenetrable with regard to the Franco-Italian convention." By other accounts we understand that his Holiness is much bored with it.



AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED FOR THE MEDIUM HUMBUGS.

PLACE THEM IN AN APPARATUS LIKE THE ABOVE, AND KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL THE SPIRITS RELEASE THEM.

Old Female Medium (a favourite of the *Spiritual Magazine*). "OH, DEAR, MR. GAMMON, DON'T YER WISH THERE WAS SOME SPERRITS PRESENT?"

SOMETHING LIKE ENGLISH.

THE possession of the power of speaking and writing the British language with accuracy is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. This is certain. But it is by no means so certain that this power can be acquired at any of the recognised British schools of learning. We do not suppose that there is an Eton or Westminster boy who can write a grammatical note of three pages, and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has lately told us that the University men are for the most part awful dunces. Being constantly applied to for advice as to the placing of youth, *Mr. Punch* has been somewhat bothered. But a card which has just been sent to him from Bonn, induces him to think that the true well of English undefiled is to be found in that city. If mere shoemakers can write in the beautiful manner exemplified in the following document, what wonders of composition must the professors of the University perform. Until further notice, therefore, *Mr. Punch* thinks that anyone who wishes his son to write really good English (many persons get on very well without the accomplishment) had better send the youth to Bonn:—

PETER NOSVOTNICK

shoemaker-master

IN

BONN

BONN-STREET No. 323.

performs all the kinds of footclothings in a good and durable work of hand and those are also ready to view and to pleasing reception in his shop of goods; therefore he begs the respectable public for a favourable calling at him.

Punch's Telegrams.

Rome, Oct. 18.

OFFICIAL confirmation has been given to the statement that the POPE will refuse to reorganise his army.

His Holiness has announced that, for the preservation of the Temporal Power, he intends to rely wholly on Providence.

The Holy Father has declared his confident expectation that the French garrison will be replaced by angelic legions.

THE POET OF CROQUET.—MALLET.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE QUEEN.

(From the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.)

"QUEEN CHRISTINA, after an exile of many years, has arrived at Madrid." She will, of course, be under police surveillance, and will, it is hoped, do nothing to forfeit her ticket-of-leave. It will be interesting to observe how far the theory of the regeneration of offenders is vindicated in the case of this personage, but we regret that the experiment should be tried at the expense of the Spaniards, who have recently been making advances in morals, and who must feel like the Australians upon the subject of "exiles." It is stated, however, that she will soon be removed to the Asturias, though Annabon, on the west coast of Africa, is a Spanish possession that might seem a more desirable reformatory. The Queen is said to lend a willing ear to the counsels of her priests, but we are unable to attach a gratifying significance to this representation.

WELL HIT.

THE bitterest bit of satire which we have lately read, concludes a notice, in the *Home News*, of a piece recently produced:—

"The language and allusions are very coarse, the incidents are riotous, and the acting is extravagant. Nearly every character is allowed to appear in several disguises, and the plot is slight and absurdly improbable. *The piece was successful.*"

Those last four words, taken in connection with what precedes them, make as good a dig into the intelligent and fastidious British public as we desire to see. It is comforting to find, now and then, a critic who has no reasons of his own for puffing a theatre. We should have a better drama if all who write theatrical notices were as plain spoken as our contemporary.

RUSSELL'S RULE OF TWO.

"The Vienna journals publish advices from Athens, stating that EARL RUSSELL had addressed a note to the Greek Cabinet, declaring that England recognised no factions in Greece, and condemned anarchical demonstrations. EARL RUSSELL further stated that in case of necessity England would, in conjunction with France and Russia, take measures for the maintenance of order and the strengthening of the reigning dynasty."

THE reasons are patent for non-intervention

When Tartar on Pole sets his hoof;

Or, when Pruss to rob Dane shows the barefaced intention,

Our policy still's "stand aloof."

But if Hellas turn restive, with France we will crush a

First effort to break the King's peace;

What's sauce for such large geese as Russia and Prussia,

Isn't sauce for small ganders like Greece.

OUR EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

You foreigners who talk so much nonsense about the haughty aristocracy of England, read the following extract from a daily record of their movements:—

"The EARL and COUNTESS OF WARWICK and family, arrived on Saturday at their house in the Stable-yard, St. James's, from Bingham Villa, Richmond."

There's humility for you! Which of your Saints ever showed a brighter example of the virtue so named than that of leaving a lordly Villa to go and live in a Stable-yard? Eh? Ah, but then, you will say that this change of residence was dictated not at all by lowliness, but proceeded from predilection for the horse; from the sympathy with that noble animal which characterises the British nobility; so that the preference of the Stable-yard to the Villa was merely an indication of the Stable Mind.

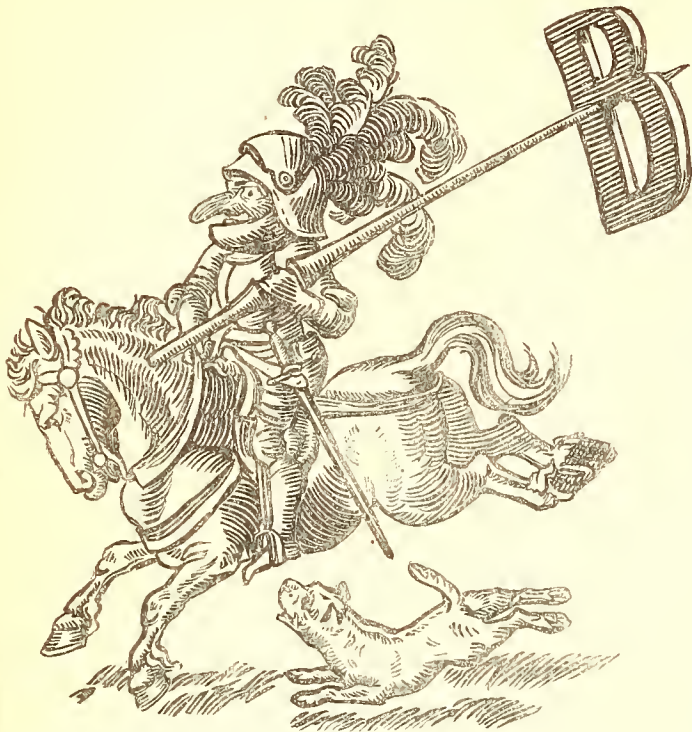
Alexander ab Alexandro.

"It is stated that a Scotchman, at Greenock, is to have the honour of contributing a considerable portion of the machinery for the Suez canal works."

A Scotchman, of course. Who should understand the desert but SANDY?

A QUESTION FOR THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—Ought not the surplice of a Rural Dean to be a smock frock?

DOGS WORTH HAVING.



LESSINGS on the ingenious! Our friends the French, who are always inventing something which their friends the English have invented, worn out, and discarded for years, have just discovered a new institution called the Turnspit Dog. It is paraded with their usual graceful invitation to all the world to behold the triumph of intellect. Some Englishmen have read GAY, and may remember:—

“He said, and following
at her heel,
With cheerful heart he
mounts the wheel,”

and therefore, they
may be able to re-
strain their admiration
at the new discovery.

But let them not be supercilious—’tis a Briton’s fault—and let them read this, cut from *Le Sport*:—

“Rien ne saurait remplacer la régularité, la douceur, l’intelligence du mouvement que le chien imprime au tournebroche. Il y a de ces animaux qui finissent par ralentir ou précipiter la marche du cylindre selon le degré de la cuisson, et qui s’arrêtent lorsque le roti est à point.”

There, now! We never heard of such accomplishments on the part of British Turnspits, and what is more, these four-footed French cooks do what we have been for years endeavouring, in vain, to persuade English bipeds to do. We shall send over for some puppies, and make a fortune by hiring them out to the Clubs.

SPOILING THE GAME.

BROTHER IGNATIUS wears a monk’s gown—
(A strait-waistcoat were suitabler wear):
Brother IGNATIUS shaveth his crown—
’Twould be well were his whole head shaved bare).

Brother IGNATIUS scorueth a tub—
(A *douche* his delirium might cool):
Brother IGNATIUS his own back doth drub—
(Pity rod was spared on him at school).

Brother IGNATIUS maketh a speech—
(Does *he* only dish “tongue” without “braius”?):
The Bristol Church Congress their duty to teach—
(’Mong Church hobbies, why not give *his* reins?).

Brother IGNATIUS would monk’ry revive—
(Is *his* monkeyry sole in the Church?):
Hopes our faith by *St. Benedict’s* rule to make thrive—
(Is *St. Barnabas* left in the lurch?).

Brother IGNATIUS is hissed and howled down—
(When did two of a trade e’er agree?):
Brother IGNATIUS incurs PUSEY’s frown—
(*In re* “monk,” why go farther than he?).

Brother IGNATIUS would lead us to Rome—
(Surely Oxford might suit his monk’s bent):
Brother IGNATIUS would drive the wedge home—
(With the thin end why not be content?).

Brother IGNATIUS from reason would turn—
(Pray with *us* what will reason’s chance be?):
Brother IGNATIUS COLENSO would burn—
(And the faggots who’d pile high as we?).

Brother IGNATIUS would have Church infallible—
(So would we, but the Church must be ours):
But Brother IGNATIUS is stiff and unmalleable—
(We’ve the root, and he sighs for the flowers).

So lest Brother IGNATIUS frighten our game,
(When we’ve just got the salt on their tails),
Howl him down, hit him hard, and ery horror and shame,
And kick him beyond our Church pales.

“ODD’S SNAILS.”—*Antiquated Oath.*

PHYSIOLOGISTS, your ears. *Galignani* has this for you:—

“Snails are now eaten at Parisian taverns and public-houses, not in hundreds of thousands, but in myriads, and *gourmets* assert that they possess a delicacy of flavour which exceeds that of the oyster.”

It is a pity that the Social Scientifics have separated, as we should have liked to present a paper on the subject of this paragraph. It is now understood that human beings acquire a certain portion of the nature of that on which they feed. Persons who eat many oysters hate to be shaved. Persons fond of pork always keep their rooms in a litter of slovenliuess. Persons who delight in goose get to believe in Dr. CUMMING. Suppose that the Parisian nature should assimilate itself to that of the Snail. Suppose—it is a very wild idea, doubtless—that Parisian women should learn to stay, like snails, in their own houses. And suppose their imitators on this side of *La Manche* should imitate them in that. How husbands would save in the articles of cabs and white cravats! The notion has so inspired us that we have ordered a new brooch, with an enamelled snail on it, as a present to the wife of our cheque-book.

NURSERY RHYME.

AIR—“What are the Little Girls made of?”

WHAT is an Englishman made of?
Roast beef and jam tart,
And a pint of good Clar’t.
And that’s what an Englishman’s made of.

What is a Frenchman, pray, made of?
Horse steak, and frog fritter,
And absinthe so bitter,
And that’s what a Frenchman is made of.

[Therefore, my dears, you must be kind to a Frenchman, and give him some of your nice dinner, whenever you can, and teach him better. Wipe your mouths, you little pigs, do.]

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Those you get at a City tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.

ASTROLOGY AT FAULT.

(To ZADKIEL Tao Tze.)

ZADKIEL, your next year’s Almanac’s just out,
And so are you, who ne’er divined the drought.
The weather by the stars could you foretell,
Then you might prophesy events as well,
With some degree of rational pretence,
At least without transparent impudence;
And he who looks for that to come to pass
Which you announce, were not an utter ass.
But if you can’t, with planet-reading eye,
See if the Seasons will be wet or dry,
Then, whosoe’er believes your Almanac,
He is a Simpleton; and you’re a Quack.

Question for the Peace Society.

SAY the accounts, “The Federal cavalry force has exactly doubled this campaign.” If the man deserves honour who makes two blades of grass wave where there was but one, what shall be said unto the man who does the same by two blades of steel?

AN ECCLESIASTICAL LINE.

THERE is no truth in the report that the REV. MR. LYNE or Brother IGNATIUS is to have at any time the entire spiritual charge of Newcastle, which would thenceforth have been known as the only Newcastle-under-Lyne.

Question for the Church Congress.

Extension of the Episcopate.—If the BISHOP OF ELY wants a Suffragan why does he not employ that eminent Ecclesiastic, so well known to all on the Eastern Counties’ Line, we mean, of course, Bishop Stortford?

TALIA FATUR.—We hear of a new farce on the subject of the BANTING régime. The name is to be taken from that of MR. ANDERSON’s tremendous Surrey spectacle, and is to be *A Fight with Fat*.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS OF PHYSIOGNOMY.



ERTAINLY among the prettiest of the many pretty playthings for grown-up people in these latter days, are Portrait Albums. Filled with sun-painted visiting-cards of our friends and relations, they constitute mines of sentimental wealth, attachment and affectionate remembrance. With those of the great, the good, the learned, and the pious, mines of reverence and admiration. Of other remarkable characters, mines of curiosity. Besides your mine whose ores are SMITH and JONES, and kinsfolk, you may have your mines of statesmen, divines, lawyers, soldiers, bards, philosophers, and men of science, popular writers, preachers, actors, and artists, expert fiddlers, wonderful acrobats, and eccentric oddities. You may have your mines of uncommon fools, become common in the print-shop windows. In your Portrait Album you may have a National Portrait Gallery of your own, a Gallery of Physiognomy. If you please, your

Gallery of Physiognomy may be just such a one as the Chamber of that name at TUSSAUD'S—formerly the Chamber of Horrors.

Headed "MÜLLER," advertisements have many times appeared in respectable papers offering to send portraits of that celebrity on the receipt of certain postage-stamps. In the window of a picture-shop in Cheapside, his likenesses are arranged round a central figure in the form of rays. They are only one shilling a-piece. Here

may be a foundation for your Portrait Album of Physiognomy. But perhaps you will defer your purchase till MÜLLER has been tried, for, should he be acquitted of the murder of Mr. BRIGGS, he will cease to be an object of thrilling interest, and subside at once into a small German tailor.

Were you convinced of MÜLLER's guilt, however, you would do well to get his photograph before any possible increase of its price. MÜLLER, hereafter, may, as the working-man says, be riz. You might buy the prisoner's portrait on speculation. In the mean time, to assist you in the formation of your Gallery, enterprising photographers might supply you with accurate views of the existing casts of the heads of PALMER, RUSH, the MANNINGS, GREENACRE, COURVOISIER, and other heroes and heroines whose relics repose in gaol, and whose claim to the renown which is as yet questionable in MÜLLER's case, has been confirmed. By proper arrangements between photographic artists and the police, authentic likenesses of all distinguished murderers might be secured. Whether MÜLLER shall ultimately be placed in your Album or not, let not MÜLLER's crowned countryman be omitted there; the pious Sovereign who solemnly thanked Heaven for having been suffered to slaughter the Danes. Add VON FALKENSTEIN, the plunderer of Jutland. To the chief assassins of the age add also all the other eminent felons, and rogues, and thieves, that you can obtain. Then, in your Portrait Album of Physiognomy you will have a mine of ruffianry and rascality among whose treasures your little boys and girls may dig to the great development of their higher feelings.

The Great Bottle-Stopper.

SOMEBODY Else's Correspondent informed us that great preparations were in progress for the inauguration in Cork, on Monday last, of the statue to the apostle of Temperance, Father MATHEW. The statue of Father MATHEW not only ought to have been inaugurated, but should also have been carved in Cork, for a reason which we will not insult our readers by explaining.

AN EARLY DANCING MOVEMENT WANTED.

MY DEAR MRS. FITZ-BROWN,

OF course, like every other loyal British subject, you have been reading with deep interest the accounts of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES' recent trip to Sweden with his charming wife. How delightful it must be when one takes a little tour to have reporters at one's heels wherever one may go, and to know that all one does will be jotted down in note-books and published in big print!

In our Prince's dancing, my dear Madam, you and all your charming sex must take the deepest interest, if only for the sake of feeling everlasting envy of those whom he has honoured for five minutes with his hand. You must be also vastly charmed by the descriptions of the dresses worn at these Royal dances, and must feel immense delight in being told that at the Ball which was given to the Prince by the QUEEN DOWAGER OF SWEDEN—

"The PRINCESS OF WALES was dressed in rose-coloured tulle, interspersed with white Honiton lace, and her head-dress was formed of white and red flowers and berries, mingled with diamonds."

But what charmed your humble servant even more than this was to learn that—

"The way was soon led to the Ball-room; and it should be mentioned that, in accordance with Swedish custom, the entertainment began and ended early. There had previously been a dinner, to which, beside the Royal personages now in Stockholm, and their suites, the members of the Legation, CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK, CAPTAIN BOWER, and CAPTAIN SUTTIE, were bidden; and the hour appointed for this dinner had been half-past four. The Ball, therefore, was actually opened very shortly after eight o'clock, and it was completely over by midnight."

Woman is, they say, an imitative creature, especially where Queens and Princesses are concerned; and I wish with all my heart that you and other English ladies would imitate this Swedish fashion of giving early parties, and of suffering your guests, as at the Ball of the QUEEN DOWAGER, to come and go away at reasonable hours. I regret to tell you my own dancing days are over; but, as the father of a family, I often have to dance attendance at a party, while my wife is waiting to take our daughters home; and it would be a great boon to me and other heavy fathers, whose toes, although in shape "fantastic," are not so "light" alas! and lively as they used to be, if the Swedish hours for dancing were thought fashionable in England, and we could leave a ball ere midnight, and by one be snug in bed. I hardly know a greater torture than for parents like myself to be deprived of their night's rest in the manner we have been, since people took it in their heads that it

was not proper to go to "evening" parties until twelve o'clock at night. The Waits at Christmas-time are a great nuisance, no doubt; but they are nothing to the nuisance of the waits that we poor parents have to undergo at parties, while dearest JENNIE has her sixteen after-supper dances, and darling JULIANA cannot think of going home without having that last waltz.

Pray, then, my dear Madam, do follow the Swedish fashion when next you give a dance, and use your strongest influence to make the custom general. Think how many wretched parents will bless you for increasing their chance of a night's rest, and how many happy daughters will be all the healthier for keeping earlier hours. To quote the poet—somewhat altered:—

"Early to dance, and early to bed,
Makes a girl healthy, and keeps her cheeks red."

Depend upon it, Madam, sleep deferred maketh the young sick, and there is nothing like late hours for sallowing the complexion. Turning night into day is a practice against nature, and it is no great wonder that nature makes us suffer for it. As a rule, I think that men prefer red cheeks to yellow ones. So let the early dancing movement be followed here in England as it is in Sweden, and your daughters will more readily obtain partners for life, while your poor old husbands, ladies, will not be tired to death when they are dragged out to a dance.

Believe me, my dear Madam, yours with the assurance of my highest admiration, if you help in this good work, PATERFAMILIAS PUNCH.

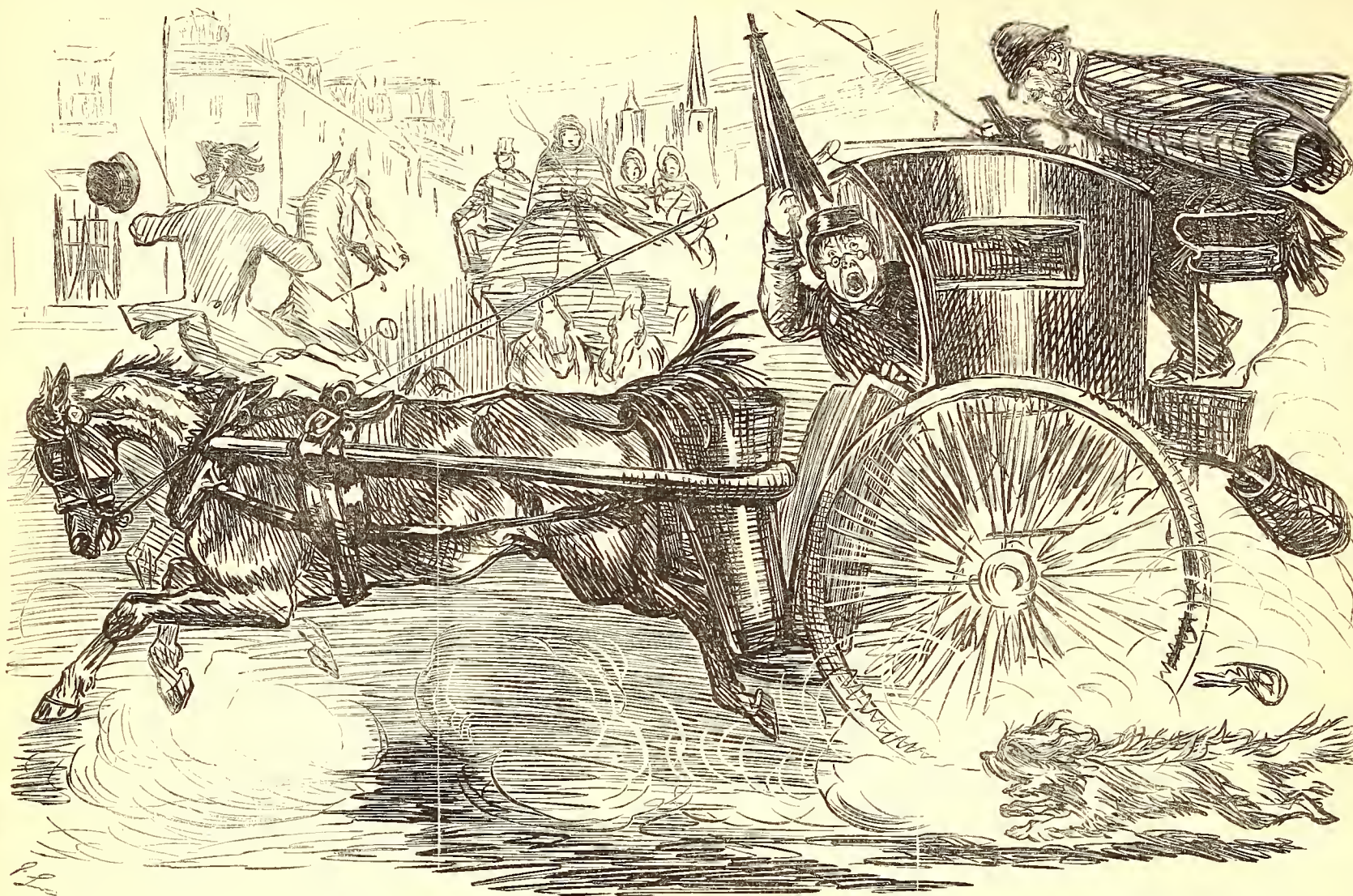
P.S. Officers are vastly popular in ball-rooms, perhaps because they generally are the last to leave them. But were I to mention one whom, if he acts up to his name, I should most welcome to my house, it would be GENERAL EARLY.

Lines to Brother Ignatius.

HENCE, IGNATIUS! Go to Mass.
Fly to Popedom, friar, fly.
Thou dost bear an *alias*;
Better thou wert *alibi*.

FINE ART INTELLIGENCE.

WE are given to understand that there will shortly be produced a beautiful coloured portrait of *The Cormorant's Uncle*, being a companion picture to that which lately has appeared of *The Kingfisher's Haunt*.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Old Party (in Hansom). "HERE! HOLLO! HI! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT, FOR? STOP! LET ME OUT!"
Cabby. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL STOP 'IM DIRECTLY, SIR—I DRUV A FIRE ENGINE FOR TWO YEAR!!"

ROYAL NOTIFICATION.

WE had not intended to allude to a certain matter, which is in a sense private, although in another sense public, by reason that an Act of Parliament is a motive agent, or rather a hindering one, in the business. But as the affair is now the theme of newspaper paragraphs, we reluctantly touch upon it, for a purpose:—

"We are informed," says the *Queen* (newspaper) "that the Royal Marriage Act has become most oppressive to a certain member of the Royal Family—a lady who has endeared herself to the hearts of the British nation as much by the frankness of her nature and the kindliness of her heart as by her remarkable and peculiarly Saxon personal charms. This lady (so it is stated) is now sought in wedlock by a gallant young soldier of noble birth, and she is not reported to have frowned upon his suit. The consent of her Majesty is alone required to make the couple supremely happy; but that consent is for the moment withheld."

As our gracious Sovereign never does anything but for the kindest reason, we are compelled to conclude that the consent required to what seems to be a most proper marriage is withheld only until assurance has been given that such a union will not disappoint any young Prince of the House of PUNCH. We therefore hasten to state that while we are second to none in affectionate admiration of the Lady whose happiness is said to be in question, we have other views for the marriageable scions of the illustrious family of which we are the head, and that nothing would give us, and our people, more pleasure than to see the contemplated arrangement carried out with the sanction of the Sovereign. All happiness to the gallant VISCOUNT CUCULLUS.

The Cure of Souls at Homburg.

ACCOUNTS from Homburg state that a cabal has been raised against the clergyman of the English Church thereat. The LANDGRAVE OF HOMBURG probably knew what he was about when he permitted the erection of that Church; but he has a pecuniary interest in another place there, which it is the business of the Church to prevent people from going to.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION'S LAST PERFIDY.

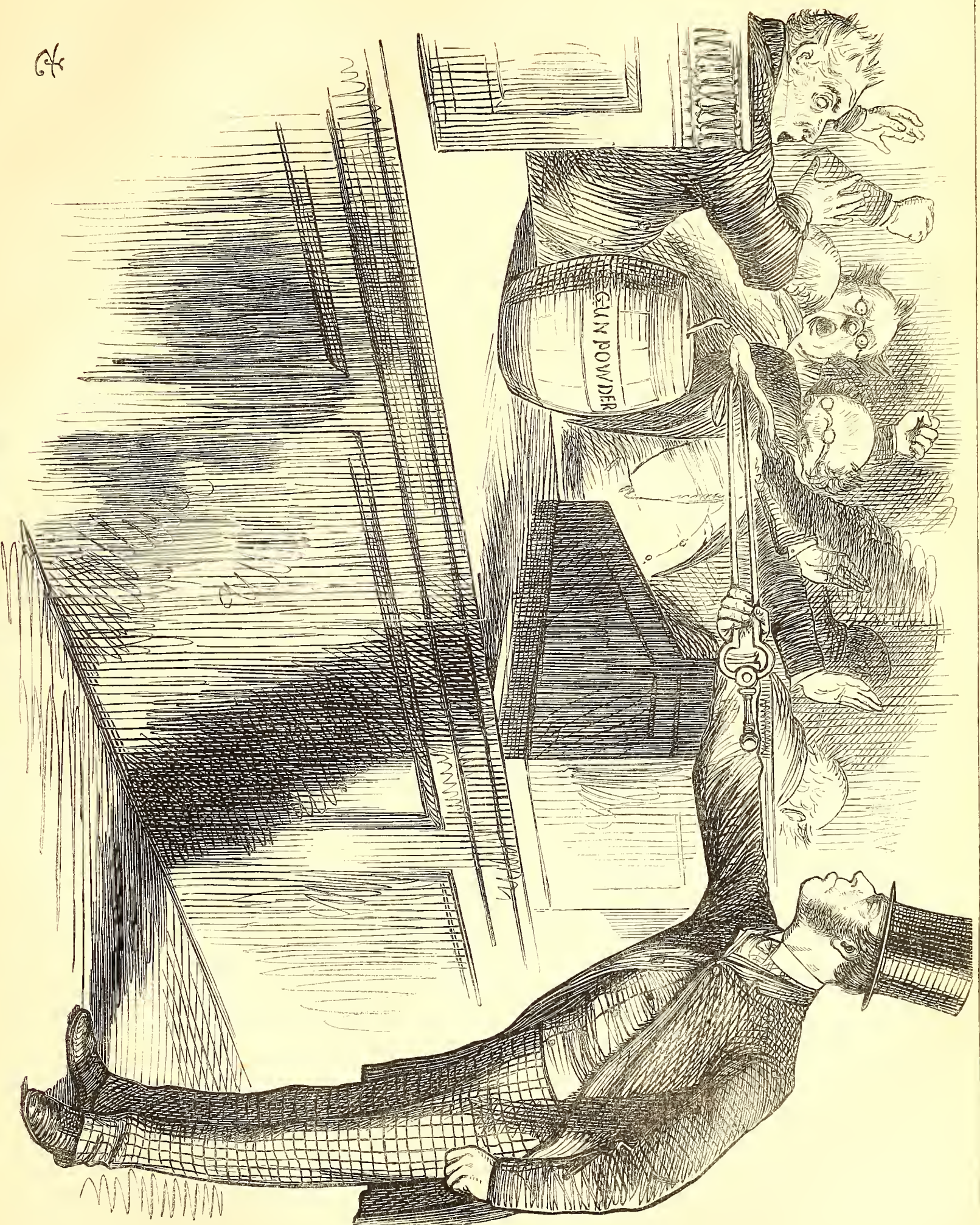
THE satirical Paris papers publish the following telegram as received from Suez:—

"Intelligence from New Zealand to the 6th August, announces that the Maories, had made their submission, and given up their land as a token of sincerity. Heavy fines had been imposed upon them."

Here will be another count in JACQUES BONHOMME'S Act of Accusation against JOHN BULL. The Maories make their submission to JOHN, and, as a token of sincerity, resign their land to him. What return would French JACQUES have made them in JOHN BULL'S place? *Grâce*, welcome, and the value of the land. How does JOHN requite their concession? By taking the land which they have submitted to sell, and not only not paying them for it, but imposing heavy fines on them into the bargain—indeed, a hard one for the Maories. JACQUES would certainly have reason to call JOHN a rascal if he were really responsible for such conduct as this. Why, it is almost as bad as that of the KING OF PRUSSIA'S army in Jutland.

A VEGETABLE HAIR-DYE.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that numerous pretty young ladies are at present driving themselves about that Capital in basket carriages, many of them having what "we must politely call 'golden hair.'" If *Macbeth* should be performed there just now, with LOCKE'S music, it might be deemed expedient to omit that passage of very plain English, delivered by one of the witches, in contributing to the cauldron a certain quantity of a young lady of that description. However, the plurality of golden-haired young ladies in Paris is, according to the authority above-quoted, factitious. The hair of most of them is golden only in the sense of gilt. It owes that peculiar colour to the *coiffeur*. Golden hair is fashionable in the French metropolis. May we venture to say that carrots are in season there? In London this autumn they have not yet come up.



QUESTIONABLE POLICY.

SUFFERER BY GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION. "YOU STATE, GENTLEMEN, THAT AN EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER IS NOT FIRE; PERMIT ME TO PROVE TO YOU, BY DEMONSTRATION, THAT——" (*Insurance Directors Collapse suddenly.*)

R

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. III.—FRESHCHURCH.

How it ever occurred to me to choose the Isle of Wight, I don't know, except, perhaps, it was at the recommendation of an old gentleman who got into the train at Chester. To him I detailed my miseries.

"Why," he asked, unhesitatingly, "Why don't you go to the Isle of Wight?"

Well, I couldn't answer him. Why didn't I go to the Isle of Wight? Why hadn't I gone there long ago? He really appeared so personally hurt by my neglect, that I felt inclined to beg his pardon; but didn't.

From my Diary.—I recollect having been taken to Freshchurch, in the Isle of Wight, at the early age of ten. The subject of our present memoir—I mean myself—was accompanied by his respected parents, who, I know, loved quiet no less than does their unhappy child. Well do I remember Freshchurch! (I make this note in the railway carriage, which is joggling about from side to side, most unpleasantly.) We lived in a pretty little cottage facing the sea, and backed by the loveliest scenery in the island. There *was* a village—a quiet, miniature village—whose chief feature, in my recollection, was the shop of a General Dealer, who, in one emporium, united the trades of butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, haberdasher, tailor, grocer, and, on my word, I know not what beside. The goods seemed to have sympathised and intermingled their separate flavours with one another. The shop had a brown holland smocky-frocky-printed-calico-treacle smell, and a peculiar closeness of its own, which, mellowed by the presence of ground coffee, tallow candles, and large cheeses, produced a compound scent, pleasant enough, perhaps, in the nostrils of its proprietor, but slightly overpowering to a chance customer. Here my nurse used to buy me a spade and sand-boots: the former lasted me for a fortnight, the latter for two days. As far as I remember, we were the only visitors there. Delightfully quiet. Yes! I would get out at Southampton, and steam over to Freshchurch, Isle of Wight, *via* Ryde.

Ryde.—I find that I could have gone on in the boat to Freshchurch. No matter—I can drive over. Pretty country, if I recollect aright. During a walk up and down the inclined planes of Ryde streets, I come to the conclusion that I am the only member of the male sex on shore. Within my recollection I have never seen so many ladies in a town. And so pretty! Had some cherry-brandy at a pastrycook's. Such a pastrycook's! The Queen of Hearts! She made some tarts, and I had the pleasure of eating them! Heigho! Here is my fly, with my portmanteau. Away! for Freshchurch, and tranquillity! Ho! During my drive I congratulate myself on my admirable forethought. In years gone by, the Dolphin was *the* Inn, the small, old-fashioned hostelry of Freshchurch, wherein my father used to occupy a pleasant apartment, "number forty." So I had sent on a letter, only yesterday, to the landlord of the Dolphin, ordering "number forty" to be reserved for me.

Freshchurch.—Is it, indeed? Very much altered. "Werry much so," says the flyman. "'Ere's the Dolphin." Then the Dolphin has grown pretty considerably—that's all I can say. And here is the Landlord, who has grown very considerably; has, in fact, been changed altogether. Yes, I am the gent for number forty. "Take Forty's luggage up." A great ringing of bells. Hate bells. I wish they wouldn't do that on my account. Neat chambermaids flash before me: a muscular Boots shoulders my portmanteau, and disappears. The Dolphin, impersonated, and myself are at the door. What is that I see from here? A pier? A pier! Dear me. And people landing, too, from a steamboat, and other people looking at the people landing. "Yes," says the Dolphin, with pride, "Freshchurch is quite a gay place now." Gay! You don't say so! He *does* say so, however, and, what's worse, evidently speaks the truth. There are three steamers at the pier-head now. A bell rings. Rush of people. Another bell. More people running to the boat. Horrid excitement. Bell again. And may I ask does that—ahem!—bell *often* ring? "Oh, yes; pretty well." What does he mean by "pretty well?" "Well," the Dolphin explains, "it gives notice ten minutes afore a boat's a going to start: then it rings again to let passengers know as there's only five minutes more afore they go: then it rings—a good long'un—to fetch up the stragglers at the last moment: that's all." Oh, that's all, is it? "Well, the look-out-man's obliged to ring when any boat's a-coming in." And are there often boats a-coming in? "Oh, mostly every quarter hour or so." Oh, this is charming. Gracious! there's another bell! What's that for? "That's for the navvies to leave off work: it rings to bring 'em to it in the morning, and then for their meals during the day." Yes, Sir," says the Dolphin. "What with the churches in the town, and the boats, and the workpeople, we're pretty well off for bells." Yes, I should think they were!

And this is Freshchurch! The romance of my boyish years has vanished! Now I look about me, I see there's a Marine Parade, and a Cliff, and a Sea-view Terrace, and a Belvedere Mansion, and all is green, white, glazed, bilious, vulgar, and bustling. There are

Coastguard-men on shore, and men belonging to the Customs on the pier, and there's a toll-keeper with a creaking wicket-gate. I suppose he has a bell too, somewhere, just to ring when he's nothing better to do. "Will I have a goat-chaise?" Pooh! go along, little boy! The goat has bells on its abominable harness. I wonder my landlord hasn't bells in his cap. P'raps he has: on Sundays. There are donkeys and Bath chairs; "and," my Landlord informs me, "we've got an excellent —" I stop him—I know what you're going to say—no watering-place is without it—a Band! "Yes, that's it," he says. I thought so: and they play at four o'clock, don't they? "Of course." Ha! ha! I knew it. On the pier? "Yes." Naturally. This is the style of thing. And perhaps there's an opposition band? Eh? Don't tell me there isn't. I am becoming ironical. He does *not* tell me there isn't; because in fact there *is*. It plays in front of the Dolphin? "It does!" Charming!! Glorious!!! Oh, Freshchurch, how art thou fallen!

I continue my pleasantry. Are there fireworks in the evening? Oh dear, yes, he should think there were, rather. Oh, the Dolphin would think there were, rather. Eh? Very good. Rockets, and squibs, and wheels? "Oh yes," says the waiter, "and a couple of caanon, and a Storming of Sebastopol, with a hexplosion!" A hexplosion, indeed! About what time? I ask, calmly. "Oh, atween eleven and 'arf-past." Ah! just when I like to be getting off to sleep! Delightful! And of course there's a ball now and then? "A ball! There's one every other night at the Assembly Rooms" (Oh dear! there are Assembly Rooms, too!), "and there's a dance in the Dolphin's Blue Room, when there ain't any other ball a-going on." Charming! And public pic-nic parties, and yachting parties, and archery meetings, of course? "Oh, of course, lots of them." I could have sworn it. And Volunteer Reviews? Eh? "Ay, and Naval Volunteer Reviews and Artillery practising, too? And then there's the Tivoli Gardens, with a theatre, and swings, and games, and such like. Lor', Sir," says the Dolphin, "you can't be dull here." Oh, no, you can't be dull: you can't even sleep, I should say! "Then, once a month, there's the Mammoth Circus—" Eh? What? No, don't say FLICKSTER's? "Yes, FLICKSTER's." What, with little BOOLU, BLUE BEARD, and the Elephants? "That's it. Do I know it?" Do I? Was I not driven away from Winklebeach by it? "Well, they'll be here to-morrow morning." Will they? Then my resolution is taken. "They come always, it appears, about race time." Race time? Yes, the Dolphin informs me that in *his* opinion I am rather in luck's way, as I've just arrived when the horse races and yachting matches are beginning. "The Joekeys and Sporting gents arrived this afternoon. They always patronises the Dolphin. Rather lucky as you ordered your room in time, Sir," observes the waiter, "as number forty was sure to be taken. Dinner, Sir? Yes, Sir; there's honly a hordinary at six." I abominate public dining. "Well, I could have it after the gents was done! But we always does a hordinary—a *tarbul don't* as they calls it—during race week." The waiter wouldn't recommend, he says, my dining *after* the gents was done, as there, perhaps, wouldn't be much left, and that not very hot. Cheery prospect! I'll think over the matter. "It's quarter-past five now, Sir." Very well, I'll dine at the "hordinary." Now to my room. I'll sleep here to-night, if the bells and the fireworks'll let me, and by the first boat to-morrow morning I'm off, or I'll know the reason why.

"Number forty, Sir? Yes, Sir. Chambermaid, show Forty to his room." "This way, Sir." Rather small this room, eh? "It's the old part of the house, Sir." And, dear me, a smell of stables, I fancy. "Well; it *may* be," she says. Why so? "Because—in fact, the stables are just underneath." Oh, indeed! "Yes, Sir, the racers have got 'em, now and the jockeys." Well, I'll have another room. "Can't change now, Sir, as we're quite full. All the rooms is taken during the race week." Hang the race week! Number forty ain't used as a bed-room generally, it seems; being appropriated to harness. "We only gives this usually to the Trainers, or such like gents, as likes to 'ave an eye on the 'orses." Yes, but I'm not a trainer, nor a gent as likes to 'ave — "No, Sir, but you sent word on as we was to keep number forty specially for you." Ah! so I did. Pleasant.

6 P.M.—Alarm bell rings. Goodness! Fire? "No, Sir, it's the hordinary." I am ready.

"Distinguo."—Pascal.

LUNCHING with] CARDINAL WISEMAN, the other day, *Mr. Punch* observed,

"We are restoring all the old Cathedrals, you see, Eminence."

"Are you?" says his Eminence. "*We haven't received any.*"

We applauded his wit, and then read him a hundred pages of the *Book of the Church*, to prove to the brilliant Catholic that though he thought he had us, he hadn't.

DANGEROUS.

Caution.—The other day, a lady, while stooping over her Sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.



"ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY."

Art Critic (at it again). "HAW! I WRITE THE ART CRITI——"

Artist (forewarned). "THANKY, NOT THIS MORNING, CAPTAIN; NO NOTICES THIS MORNING, THANKY!"
[Cadger retires in dudgeon.]

INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WE had the pleasure of reading in the French journals that—

"The EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH returned to St. Cloud in time to give an interview to PRINCE HUMBERT, who subsequently left Paris for Italy."

What passed at this interesting interview was as follows:—

The Empress (to the Prince on his entering). Good evening, Prince, I hope that you are quite well?

The Prince (bowing). Perfectly well, I thank your Majesty.

The Empress. The evenings close in early now.

The Prince. They do, at this time of the year, your Majesty.

The Empress. And I think it is growing colder.

The Prince. I seem conscious of a certain coldness, your Majesty.

The Empress. I must not detain you, Prince, from the attractions of Paris, as your time is so limited, and as I am a little fatigued with a journey which (*avec intention*) I was obliged to hurry—

The Prince. I have the honour to wish your Majesty a good evening and repose.
[Bows, and exit—then, outside, to his equerry.]

Now for some fun, you sober old sinner.

The Empress (to the Emperor). I have received the interesting Piedmontese, Sire. Louis Napoleon. Humph!

The Shequestrian.

BY MR. E. T. SMITH'S lucid advertisement we are informed that "*the price of the upper boxes has been reduced to 1s. 6d., to wear bonnets and undress.*" This last arrangement is doubtless out of compliment to the unadorned beauty on the stage. The above notice must be taken as a warning, on the part of the thoughtful lessee, to all Ladies, who might have, otherwise, been misled into giving their blushing countenances to this remarkable exhibition. ¶

WHAT fragrant herb would suggest an eccentric Comedian? So(u)thern-wood!

HOW LUCKS DIFFER.

Reflections on a Chancellor of the Exchequer by an Ex-Ditto.

WHAT is't in party-life's toss-up,
Against me turns luck's scales,
That ever when the toss comes "heads,"
My cry should have been "tails?"
With such rare arts and gifts to shine
Upon the winning side,
What ill-star on the losing one
Decreed me to abide?

Why, when through public life I've been
A thing for fate to cuff at,
Has fortune GLADSTONE loved to pet
As me she loves to buffet?
The cream of office still to skim,
Who, partial powers, is he?
Why fall your half-pence all to him,
And all your kicks to me?

I am as glib of tongue as he,
As loose in party's tie,
As ready Principles to dodge,
Consistency defy:
From Oxford's School to Manchester's
If he have changed his ground,
From Radical to Tory camp
I've boxed the compass round.

If in his Greek, as I allow,
He goes ahead of me;
All mine, *per contra*, is the great
Caucasian Mysterie!
If in his *Church and State* he traced
A line, from which to stray,
I've kept the pathway I chalked out,
A youth, in *Vician Grey*.

To darken counsel we can both
Multiply words at will,
But then to prove that black is white,
I claim superior skill.
In tossing off a budget-speech
We both may claim to shine,
But then *he* works with surpluses,
While deficits are *mine*.

And then among "the people," he
Is free to take his swing;
My clients are bucolicals—
A very different thing!
"Popular rights and Progress"—
There is a text for spouting!
Only compare his Bolton tour
With my late Berkshire outing!

His scene's a chafing, cheering Hall
Of quick-eyed craftsmen full,
Mine a poor board with farmers lined,
Beef-brained, beef-bellied, dull.
His matter's at his finger-ends,
Docketted, dated, filed,
While I must talk on what I know
No more of than a child.

It's easy to make points on trade,
Manners and Legislation,
But how be witty on Manures,
Drills, Root-crops, and Rotation?
GLADSTONE has straw to make his bricks;
Poor Hebrew, I have none;
And if I try a shot at sheep,
It's a miss, ten to one!

On cropping, roots, and cereals,
I might be at a loss,
But if there is one thing I know,
It ought to be a *cross*.
The BENTINCK lot when they are riled—
E'en *their* tongues wrath makes keen—
Say, sometimes, all my public life
But one long *cross* has been.

On crosses, then, I thought I might
My former audience school;
Telling how Downs with Cotswolds joined
Would give a longer wool.
Just as the novelist in me
With politician crossed,
Has raised a power to talk and scheme,
That else the world had lost.

I thought to win a breeder's fame,
But, ah, my fate was hard!
An unidea'd TRUMPER came,
And trumped my one trump eard!
And WALTER 'gainst me took his text,
"Longer wool, coarser mutton;"
And my advice bucolic minds
Declared not worth a button!

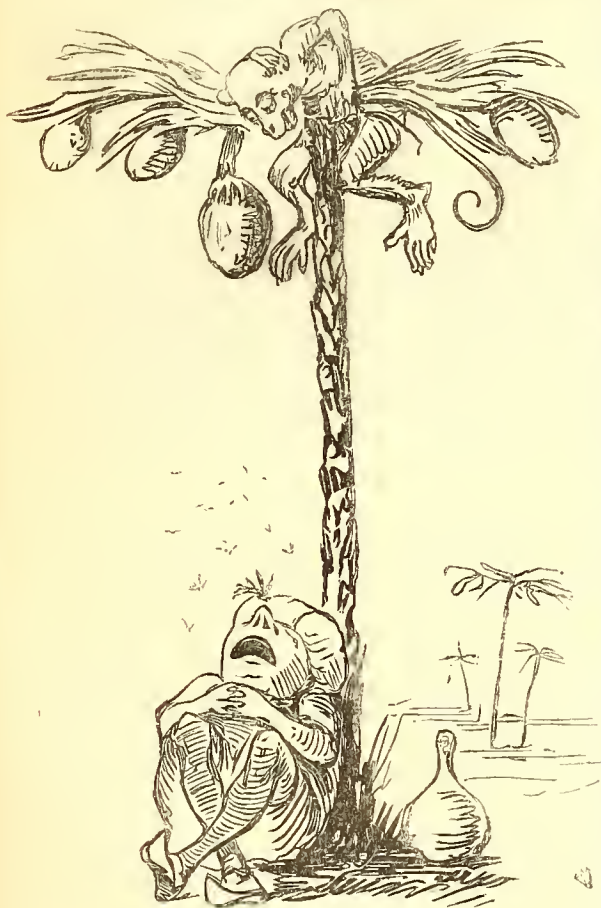
Is it for this the brown top-boots
And the broad brim I don,
And for the British Farmer's part,
Dress myself to "go on?"

While GLADSTONE need not change his coat,
Gag, nor make up at all,
Has but to show his real self,
To get a stunning "call!"

I vow it is enough to try
One's patience and one's pluck!
Two men so very nearly matched,
Yet such uneven luck!
Large houses, large returns he draws,
As simple GLADSTONE still,
While I perform a round of parts,
And the nett profit's nil!

If I had still my life to live,
My fortune yet to make,
"Honesty is best policy,"
For motto I might take.
But as I've not, why *Vivian Grey*
Must end as he began;
Cross black and white, and the result
Is my Caucasian man!

THE "PUGS" ON PAT.



TRAVELLERS, with their "impressions" and "recollections," are the most abominable of social nuisances. It is a miserable thing to sit at dinner near anybody who has been anywhere, and has not the good manners to suppose that you are as well-informed as himself. The secret revenge which you can always take, by inventing scenery, and asking him whether he does not recollect it, and of enjoying his lying assent, is something, but even this amusement becomes a bore. But when a new type of traveller gets for the first time into new scenes, his notes thereof have a freshness and value. The London pugilists went to Ireland the other day to attend a fight, which was prevented, either by the police, or because a MR. COBURN was afraid of being outrageously lied by a MR. MACE. The gentlemen of the Ring took their literary gents with them, and one of them has this to say about Dublin:—

"The gentlemen whom we met were quick, apprehensive, and cultivated, and the ladies pretty, soft-eyed, and graced by a degree of refinement and modesty, as a rule, not to be seen even in England—that garden of girls. The car-drivers, the porters, and the waiters are witty, dirty, lazy-looking, and familiar to a disgusting degree; and the first-named drives his jaunting-car, smoking a filthy pipe *vis-à-vis* with gentlemen—and ladies. A few Irish car-drivers, bringing their manners and their appearance to the streets of London or Paris, would be thrashed twice a-day for their filth and perfect indifference to modern civilities. The priests saunter abroad, fat, sly, and hypocritical; and, in fact, Dublin, viewed at an off-glance from the streets, has the most unpleasant appearance."

These impressions of a newly discovered metropolis are instructive, and we specially delight in the muscular Christian's declaration, that as matter of course his friends would thrash car-drivers if they did not mend their manners. As regards the priests, we are not sure that the healthy eye of a literary fighting gent may not have judged these gentry accurately, but there may be a spice of ill-feeling in the sketch, as PAUL CULLEN, one of the Irish priests, wrote a letter against the fight, and was rather severely reprimanded in our columns last week by the gladiator who meant fighting. However, we conserve the description, as it is written in a better style than most of the twaddling, sentimental, "graphic" sketches by modern travellers.

THE THIEVES' CONGRESS.

(From our own Reporter.)

Prigsborough, Tuesday Afternoon.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.]

THE Inaugural Discourse of the Associated Thieves' first great Annual Meeting was delivered by the President, MR. PATTER. He dwelt at some length on the analogies subsisting between theft and industry as practised in business and the learned professions, and on the mutual relations between the Barrister and the Prisoner at the bar. Having observed that the practice of holding annual conferences was becoming adopted by all great communities with interests of their own to defend, MR. PATTER showed the expediency of adopting the same custom on the part of the predatory profession. He pointed out the necessity of combination and organisation to meet the growing antagonism of Society, and concluded by recommending his hearers to hang together.

THE TREADMILL.]

MR. FAKEAWAY then read a paper on the Treadmill, which he denounced in strong language. Relating his own experience of unproductive labour, he said he felt like a blessed squirrel in a cage. The pillory had been done away with, and why not this here invention, which was equally a disgrace to the hage? They should try to get up a petition agin it to Parliament among the benevolists and philanthropic beggars.

THE CRANK.

The abovenamed engine afforded a handle to MR. TWITCH, who complained that it was stiff work. He objected to the definition given by the scientific gentlemen commissioned to report on prison discipline of hard labour, as an amount of exertion sufficient to "quicken the respiration and open the pores." He didn't like sitch lirony. Why did they not write plain English, blow 'em!

OAKUM-PICKING.

A short but indignant protest against oakum-picking was delivered by MR. PICKSEY. He said that it ruined the fingers.

THE REDUCED DIETARY.

MR. ROBBINS gave a minute account of the alterations for the worse which had lately been made in the diet-scale of her Majesty's gaols, which he had deplored, representing the present prison-allowance of nutriment as "werry BANTIN'-isin'."

MECHANICAL APPARATUS.

MR. LOOTY exhibited a recently-invented jemmy and centre-bit, and some skeleton-keys; also a new and ingenious contrivance for picking pockets.

THE PUNISHMENT OF WHIPPING.

This sore subject was pathetically enlarged upon by MR. SLINK, in a discourse which created painful interest. He feelingly expressed the deep disgust with which he was compelled to acknowledge that the lash had nearly put a stop to garotting. The success which had thus attended whipping would, he sadly feared, lead to its extension to other offences, to larceny perhaps, or even swindling. Very likely indeed an Act of Parliament next Session would award that 'orrid punishment to a poor cove who honly tried to frighten a rich old Swell out of a little blunt by threatening to accuse him of so-and-so. The statement of this apprehension was received with sensation and cries of "Shame!" "Oh, oh!" and "No Punishment!"



CONSIDERATE—VERY!

Master George (alluding to the New Governess, who happened to be within hearing). "CROSS, DISAGREEABLE OLD THING, I CALL HER!"
Miss Caroline. "OH, GEORGY! BUT WE OUGHT TO GIVE WAY TO HER; RECOLLECT, DEAR, SHE'S A VERY AWKWARD AGE!"

HIGH BREEDING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Moo-oo! MR. BULL! This Scotland of ours is a braw contree, I'm thinking, an' between oursel' it's na for England to compare with it. Thae Southrons in their ain e'e are a bonnie race, na doubt, but there's mair strength in the Hielands, baith in mon and beast. Moo-oo! Ye maun ken that I'se a Hieland coo mysel', and I'm just proud o' my birthplace. I cam' of a braw familec, as may be ye'll perceeve frae the beauty of my wreetin', and I hae ta'en a mony preezes for guid breeding at the Shows, whilk baith my mither an' my gran'mither I'se tauld hae done afore me. And hereaboot the siller isna gied for gettin' fat, as at thae Soothern shows it maistly is. Na, na, see noo what the *Illoos-trated Lunnun News* hae said of us:—

"We hear from Skye that MR. STEWART, of Duntulin, has again carried off a large number of Prizes at Portree. There is no nonsense at these Shows, as the Highland cows and their calves walk twenty miles to them and back again, and think nothing of it."

That we walk forty miles an' mair is true enough, my sarty! but how the callant could hae kenned that we "think nothing of it" is mair than I can guess. A mouse may e'en luik at a king, but she canna reetly ken what he is thinking of, ye see, an' although a mon may speer at a coo while she is ruminating, it wad puzzle him to say preceesely what her thoughts may be. But our walking to the Shows an' bock again sae weel is proof that we are na sae fat as show cattle in England, an' that our preezes, d'ye ken, arena gied for muckle flesh but for somethin' boney fidey. Thae Southron coos, I'se tauld, are pit upon a railway an' carried to the shows, for they hae eat sae muckle that they canna even waddle. Hegg, hegg, Sirs! I'd like to see your famous prize coo *Butterfly* walkin' mair than twenty miles afore being ex-heebited. Moo-oo! She'd mak' a pritty exhibeetion of hersel'!

Aweel, though I'm gay gleg at mealtime, still I never was a glutton. Sae my legs are hale an' strang, an' arena worn awa' by muckle weight o' body. I'se na sae young as I was oncc, an' na sae bonnie a pedee-trian. But I'll challenge any prize coo at the Smithfield Show ta year, to walk frae Lunnun to the Land's Eend wi' a calf apiece beside us.

Moo-oo-oo! thae *Butterflies* wad sune be out o' breath, I'm thinking, unless they first had the precaution to gae through a course o' Banting! Sae na mair at the present frac your humble servant JEANNIE.

P.S. Moo-oo! I'se thinking that as Scotch coos are sac nimble on their legs, the Coo that jumpit ower the Moon, my sarty! maun hae been a Hieland one.

WHO WILL TEACH THE TEACHERS?

In the *Times* the other day, among other odd advertisements, we came upon the following:—

HOME EDUCATION.—The wife of a London physician, having a country home 18 miles from town, wishes to RECEIVE a YOUNG LADY, to educate along with her own daughters. Terms £100 per annum. References given and required.

To educate "along with" her own daughters! What a charming phrase! Are we to understand that the lady who advertises will herself be the teacher of the young lady she receives? If so, and if the English language be taught under her auspices, would it not be wise for her, before her school commences, to go back to school herself?

An "Infallible" Remedy.

THE POPE "recognising the gravity of the present crisis, has ordered public processions." His Holiness could hardly take a surer step to dispel gravity than by getting up a ludicrous cceremonial. Shall we lend him the Lord Mayor's Show?

SOMETHING SPICEY ABOUT MACE.

JEM MACE and his friends, we hear, lately wished to charter a West Indian steamer for their pugilistic purposes. The Steam Company, however, objected, on the ground that the boat was only used for carrying the Pacific Males.



TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

Little Girl. "OH, AUNTY, BABY'S MOUTH IS SO FUNNY—IT'S JUST LIKE YOURS BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF BED—NO, NOT ONE TOOTH!"

NATIONAL THEATRE, DENMARK.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MESSRS. FATHERLAND AND FUDGE.

The New German Play of "THE ROBBERS."

THIS barbarous Play, which surpasses *Titus Andronicus* in incidental horrors, has recently been brought out at the National Theatre, Denmark, by MESSRS. FATHERLAND and FUDGE, in open violation of their licence. It is not our present intention to scrutinise the performance, which was simply execrable. Let it suffice that it received what it merited, an indignant storm of hisses from an audience embracing the most distinguished—and we may add without flattery—the coolest critics in Europe.

The policy of FATHERLAND and FUDGE, in offering this insult to public feeling, is quite indefensible. Speaking not too figuratively, these unprincipled speculators have drawn a check to serve pressing exigencies, and which may eventually result in a run upon the banks of the Rhine. When this catastrophe does occur, FATHERLAND will find himself obliged to shut up, and be glad once more to draw small beer at the sign of the Spread Eagle.

If evidence were required to prove the demoralising influence of the Continental Drama, the German Play of *The Robbers* might be called into court, and a conviction obtained without further trouble. The London apprentice, we are often solemnly assured, has been tempted to try his hand at petty larceny from studiously surveying some stage culprit's success in that peculiar branch of economy. Sanguine youths emulating their pattern hero in a fringed cocked-hat and jack-boots, have, we learn, broken open their master's safe, eloped with his daughter, plundered the King's Mail, and evaporating from limbo, to which they have been transiently consigned, have reduced demented turnkeys to despair and want. If this be so, are not heads notoriously weak about their crowns being turned the wrong way by such a triumph as that of which FATHERLAND and FUDGE so insolently boast?

Some time ago FATHERLAND got up a heavy burlesque upon JOHN BULL's celebrated "Constitution," which, during its short run,

certainly produced considerable laughter. Here FATHERLAND might have paused in serene contemplation of his green bays; but, no! he panted for a tremendous "hit" upon a deeper stage, and with additional properties. In partnership with FUDGE (an Austrian Dragoon, and one whose antecedents will not bear investigation), the German play of *The Robbers* has accordingly been produced on an extensive scale, and supported by a company who despise *Hamlet's* well-known injunction, and perpetrate every possible outrage upon humanity. One word as to these wretched strollers. When inspired by Bacchus they may be heard shouting in praise of that old rheumatic creature their Father, and shedding tears of filial devotion over their sauer-kraut. It is with actors of this stamp that FATHERLAND and FUDGE have produced a sanguinary sort of Coburg drama, which is justly pronounced a disgrace to the European stage, while aspiring to rank with that for which these men are such sensitive sticklers—the Legitimate Drama!

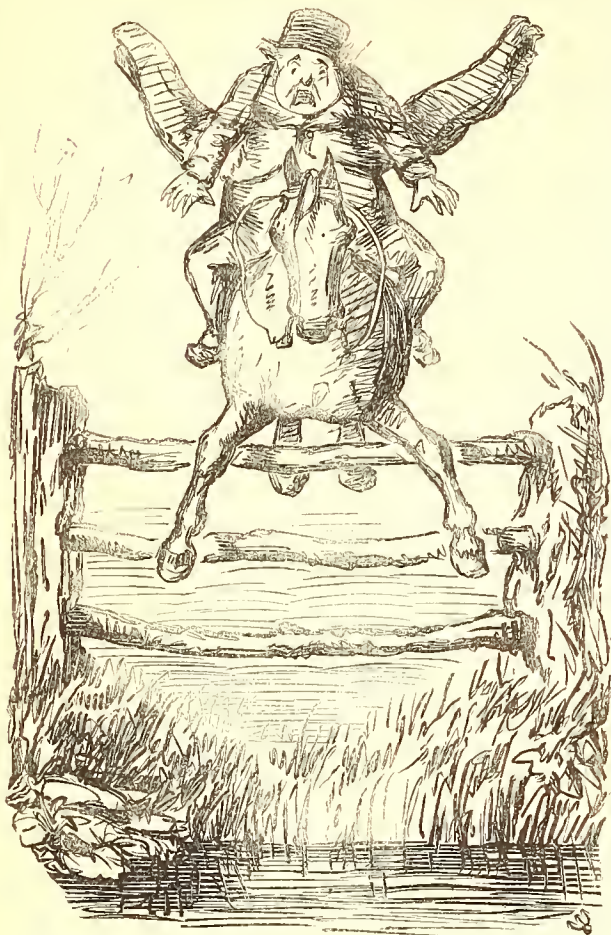
It is consolatory to reflect that no applause has greeted *The Robbers* but that which professional *claqueurs* have been regularly paid for. Conscious of their high calling, their minions have from the gallery lavished their cheers with impartial fidelity on both their patrons; for it has been found, and is worthy of note, that the impassioned advocates of FATHERLAND are invariably the ardent admirers of FUDGE.

One Who Wrote before his Time.

It is very curious that the two masterpieces of ARISTOPHANES should have slyly alluded to two great reigning powers of the present day. We refer to the *Clouds* and the *Frogs*. The *Clouds* were intended, of course, for the Germans, whose habitual dwelling-places they are; whilst the *Frogs* could clearly have been meant for no other nation than our good neighbours, the French; for even with us, at this remote period of time, the name of a Frenchman and a Frog, curiously enough, always jump together. You rarely meet with a writer gifted with so much foresight.

A FORENSIC SWORDSMAN.—MR. SERJEANT PARRY is retained on behalf of MÜLLER. Certainly PARRY is a promising name for a defence.

HOW TO TALK TO THE FARMERS.



mockery to wreathe the flowing bowl when the cup of sorrow is so full. I will not add to your afflictions by describing them at any length. The British Farmer is, indeed, in the poet's language,—

"The child of misery, baptised in tears,"

and COBDEN and BRIGHT are his scowling godfathers, while Free Trade is his cruel godmother. There is no comfort for him, for, much as I desire to show you some little bit of blue in the dark sky, I dare not predict that the Corn Laws will be re-imposed in the coming Session. Still, you must remember that you are Englishmen. I know, alas! too well, your sorrows and privations. I have heard of farmers who have felt it their duty to deny themselves port wine at more than eighty shillings, and I have within the last few days been told a harrowing story—no, I am in no mood for jest, and I do not allude to the harrow that tears your clods—a story of an agriculturist who has been compelled to buy an upright piano-forte instead of a grand, for the faithful and sorrowing wife of his bosom. Other grievous tales of distress have reached me, but I hesitate to narrate them. I know of my own knowledge that men who have been accustomed to hunt five days in the week now often hunt but three; and that others have been reduced to shoot but four times where they used to shoot six. In my own parish a farmer whose daughters have been accustomed to be instructed in singing by a fashionable Professor who came down from London, has intimated to the poor girls that in future they must be content with the ministrations of a circumambulant musician of the Hebrew persuasion, and, though you will hardly believe it, the saddened father was obliged to deny himself the happiness of taking them up to town for the first night of *Masaniello*. But I will not accumulate such instances. I know that they will arise to the individual recollections of each and all of you. But again I say, remember that you are Englishmen, and bear your grief in manly silence. I do not say that better times will come, but worse cannot. It is something to be at the bottom of the abyss of our sufferings. If I hint to you that there is a shadowy possibility of happiness, do not think that I seek to mock affliction. But, in spite of the dastardly and spiritless conduct of our rulers, in spite of their resolution to humiliate the once great name and honour of England, in order that shopkeepers may revel in their usurious and wicked gains, events may be too strong for the cowards, and War may break out. I do not say that I see it looming in the distance, but we never know what good thing is coming to us from the hand of Providence. A collision between two fiery sea-officers may bring on a quarrel at any moment; a reckless and insolent despatch from a petulant Foreign Minister may rupture the hypocritical ties that unite us with an ancient enemy. Then once more famine prices may gladden your hearths, and again the British Farmer, the true lord and ornament of the soil, may be rewarded for his now unrecognised labours. But we must not be sanguine, for unhappily the national mind has been debauched, and the people have been taught to connect the ideas of "peace and happiness"—the compilers of our otherwise meritorious Liturgy are partly responsible for this error, and I could wish that the Episcopal Bench would purge our Prayer-book of those incessant petitions for peace. Gentlemen, I will not longer dwell on the story of your wrongs, or on the faint chance of their being

redressed, but it is with a voice which trembles with suppressed emotion that I call on you to drink the toast, and it is with eyes dimmed with unbidden tears that I look towards you as you drink it—I give you "the Memory of Protection."

GENTLEMEN,

Yes, let me repeat, Gentlemen, for when we have lost everything else, gentility remains to console us. It is with great melancholy pleasure that I rise to propose the next toast, if indeed it be not a

redressed, but it is with a voice which trembles with suppressed emotion that I call on you to drink the toast, and it is with eyes dimmed with unbidden tears that I look towards you as you drink it—I give you "the Memory of Protection."

RAYTHER TOO COOL.

OUR GLADSTONE is an orator
To talk a dog's hind leg off,
Or from a mastiff's hungry jaw
A pound of butter beg off—
But not e'en GLADSTONE's skill can make,
A credit of a scandal;
Or out of facts that raise a blush,
For self-praise twist a handle.

He's free to sing the spread of trade,
Blazon commercial glories,
And set down to Whig credit all
Whereof he mulets the Tories;
To laud King Cotton, through each tense,
In future, past, and present—
E'en if some facts he's fain to blink,
Because they're aught but pleasant.

But when he tells us how JOHN BULL
Has won a proud position,
Maintaining he has in the world
A mere commercial mission;
How out of Continental pies
We've but to keep our digits,
To win the foreigner's respect,
And save our trade from fidgets,

We feel an itching to demur
At thoughts of Denmark, Poland,
Of JOHN BULL viewed askance by all,
With warm allies in no land.
Profit and loss account may stand
Better for such abstention;
But sure respect is scarce the gain
We owe non-intervention.

Or if this be respect that's felt
In Austria or Prussia,
France, Denmark, Poland, Italy,
The Duchies, Greece or Russia,
Where England now all laugh to scorn,
Who once at England trembled,
Sure never yet was seen respect
That so contempt resembled!

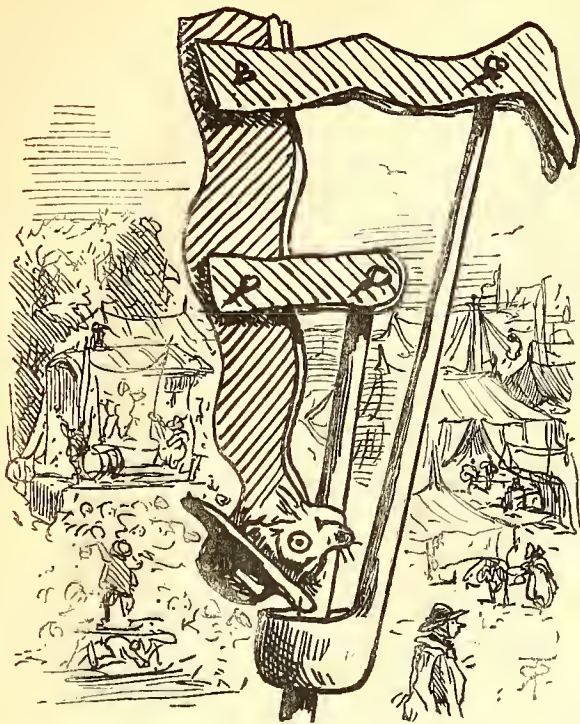
"Take care of number one" may be
Pole-star for course commercial,
But there are lights beyond the ken
Of trading ROSSE or HERSCHEL.
Henceforth if shopmen's rules must guide
The Council of the nation,
The principle should be avowed
Of counter-irritation.

The fruits of such a principle
We seem to see about us,
In nations that vituperate,
Distrust, despise, and flout us.
NAP called us "*Nation boutiquière*,"
We thrashed him, in requital;
But now it seems we should have bowed,
And pocketed the title.

Negative Portrait of a Finance-Minister.

IN pursuance of a project suggested by MR. M'LACHLAN, photographer, of Manchester, for the formation of a photographic gallery or museum in which negatives should be preserved of the portraits of great men, some negative portraits of MR. GLADSTONE were taken the other day by MR. M'LACHLAN, at that city. The best place, however, for taking a negative portrait of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would be the right honourable gentleman's official residence in Downing Street, the time being that of his reply to a deputation inviting him to reduce taxation.

CONSERVATIVE MAGAZINES.



ORSOOTH we have received a long dreary letter from a correspondent who, with some sense of his own obsolescence, signs himself Dodo; an old gentleman apparently, who "babble o' green fields;" complains that they are in the course of being rapidly built over; is vexed to see bright cheerful stuccoed villas replacing melancholy buttercups daisies and dandelions, and useful factory chimneys towering to the sky instead of poplars and other trees, mostly good for nothing. A taste of this old foggy's communication, though it is not at all "the cheese," will suffice

to show what an unsocial, ungenial, ridiculous old curmudgeon he is.

After a prolix enumeration of the commons lately enclosed which are now covered with human dwellings instead of being overrun by geese, and after an equally lengthy statement of the vacuities which he calls prospects, that have been shut out, as he complains, by bricks and mortar in the shape of manufacturing works and new hotels, this old Dodo makes the following brutal suggestion:—"To the end of preserving somewhat, on account of the lovers of Nature, and for the sustenance of the poetic faculty and the spiritual mind amongst us, I propose that a compromise should be struck with the utilitarian proclivity of the age, by transferring, to the most beautiful portions of British scenery still remaining, the various powder-mills and magazines. They could be so planted as not to obstruct the eye of the beholder; and after recent experience it may be hoped that they would create a solitude all around them of a radius sufficiently long to cover and protect a considerable extent of beautiful country. The objection that this arrangement would tend to discourage gipsying parties and pic-nics would not perhaps be entitled to much weight, even if it could be sustained, which it cannot, since people who have the courage to travel by excursion-trains would never be deterred from going where they might eat, and drink, and dance, by the remote chance of an explosion."

Our Dodo is one of those slow old coaches who can't keep pace with these railroad times. He refuses to go with the stream, complaining, by the way, that the rivers are discoloured and the fish destroyed by the sewage of towns and the refuse of the chemical works which contribute so largely to our luxury. He won't accept the situation which the inexorable logic of material utilitarianism imposes on him, and he refuses to acknowledge that the old English fancies about the "merry greenwood" and that sort of thing are all bosh.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LIKE the bald eagle soaring in majesty above the clouds, when our free and enlightened Republic, once more united, has riz into a gigantic Empire, don't you suppose we're a-goin to take up with the cast-off liveries of Europe. No; we mean to have a flunkeydom of our own; we do. We will have our cocked hats worn fore and hind, and our shoulder-knots between the shoulders. Our plush shall be all striped and spangled with stars. Our coats shall be braided with platinum and aluminium lace, our hair-powder shall be made of maize; and our footmen's calves shall be as big again as any of yourn.

Our Emperor shall have a Lord High Valet instead of Chamberlain. He shall also have a Lord High Boots. In place of a Mistress of the Robes we will give our Empress a Mistress of the Crinoline. The Court of Washington shall be attended with Ostlers in Waiting, not Grooms. For your Master of the Horse we will have a Manager of the Circus, Gals of Glory for Maids of Honour, and Hossbreakers for Equerries. And if we don't altogether eclipse, extinguish, and utterly stump out your old outworn effete Royalty with our go-ahead rampant, roaring, Imperial splendor, it's a pity.

DEMONS OF THE FUTURE.

WE have extracted the following advertisements from the London daily papers of ten years hence:—

LOST, on Wednesday evening, somewhere between the St. James's Hall and Hanover Square Rooms, by a lady, a little little airy Spirit. Answers, by a pinch, to the name of "Foggy Cloud." Address, "Wait for Me," Poste Restante, Oxford Street, W.

NOTICE.—If the Gentleman who was seen to entice away a small Familiar, by offering it a piece of sulphur, in Hyde Park, on Sunday, does not at once restore it to its disconsolate Mistress, she will put the matter into the hands of the Electrobiological Police.

THE SPECTRAL-HANDS CLUB will meet again for the Season at MR. H. WALKER'S Rooms, Piccadilly, at midnight on Thursday next.

APOLOGY.—The Spirit who inadvertently knocked out a gentleman's eye by sbying a speaking trumpet at him at the *séance* in Pall Mall, last week, begs to offer its best apologies. Its only excuse is, that somebody trod upon its tail, which it has now had cut off, so that a similar accident cannot occur again.

WE WANT BUT YOU!—The Walworth Witches want an elderly Lady, of not particularly good character, and fond of cats, to complete a party. Address, Broomstick, opposite MR. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle.

SPIRITUAL APPARATUS.—The best wires, stuffed hands, flying Jew's-harps, automaton guitars, ceiling music-tops, ghost-crackers, enchanted snakes, transparent paper, phosphorus pencils, and other requisites are to be had cheapest and best at Doo's Ghastly Repository, and Mart of Magic, Barbican.—N.B. A female Medium instructs ladies.

LORD TOMNODDY begs to intimate to his aristocratic friends that there will be no more manifestations in Grosvenor Square until the return of Lady Tomnoddy from the lunatic asylum to which it has been necessary to remove her Ladyship.

HENRY! Why would you not appear at the Medium's affectionate call, on Monday night? It was very unkind. I want to ask you such a number of questions, and particularly what you did with the seventy pounds mentioned in your will, but which we cannot find anywhere. We discovered the pink notes. Oh, you bad ghost! But all shall be forgiven if you will appear and say where the money is. Your inconsolable widow, LORRY. Remember, nine raps, and "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer" on the accordion.

THE MAGIC GIBUS, without which no gentleman can now appear in a drawing-room, can be had only at BEAVER DAM'S establishment, Regent street. It flies across the room, squeaking, and returns to its owner. All the other hatters are mad about it, illustrating the saying, "mad as a hatter."

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Dramatist, has promised to appear in the spirit, at Mrs. GRUBBY'S *Séance* on Saturday, and will dictate a new scene for his tragedy of *Hamlet*. Gin and other refreshments in the back parlour. Wipe your shoes.

A CARD.—JIM MAWLEY, who will be faced by the NOBBY BELLOWSEER, reminds his friends of the harmonic meeting on Sunday evening next, at the Cock Phantom tavern. Some spirits of departed "Pugs," including MENDOZA and CHICKEN, are expected to attend and pitch into the meeting. Pipes, baccy, and "Spirits of another sort," SHAKSPEARE—hem!

PICKPOCKETS.—Numerous robberies constantly taking place at Spirit *Séances*, when the lights are extinguished, the police advise persons attending such performances to pick their own pockets in their dressing-rooms before going. Scotland Yard.

WARNING.—The lady who seized and detained the Hand which was placing a wreath on her head at HERR VON CAGLIOSTRO'S, on Wednesday night, is known, and if she does not restore it, without saying anything to anybody, and with the machinery uninjured, revelations which the Spirits have made about her early life will be conveyed to those who are interested in knowing something about her. Tremble and obey!

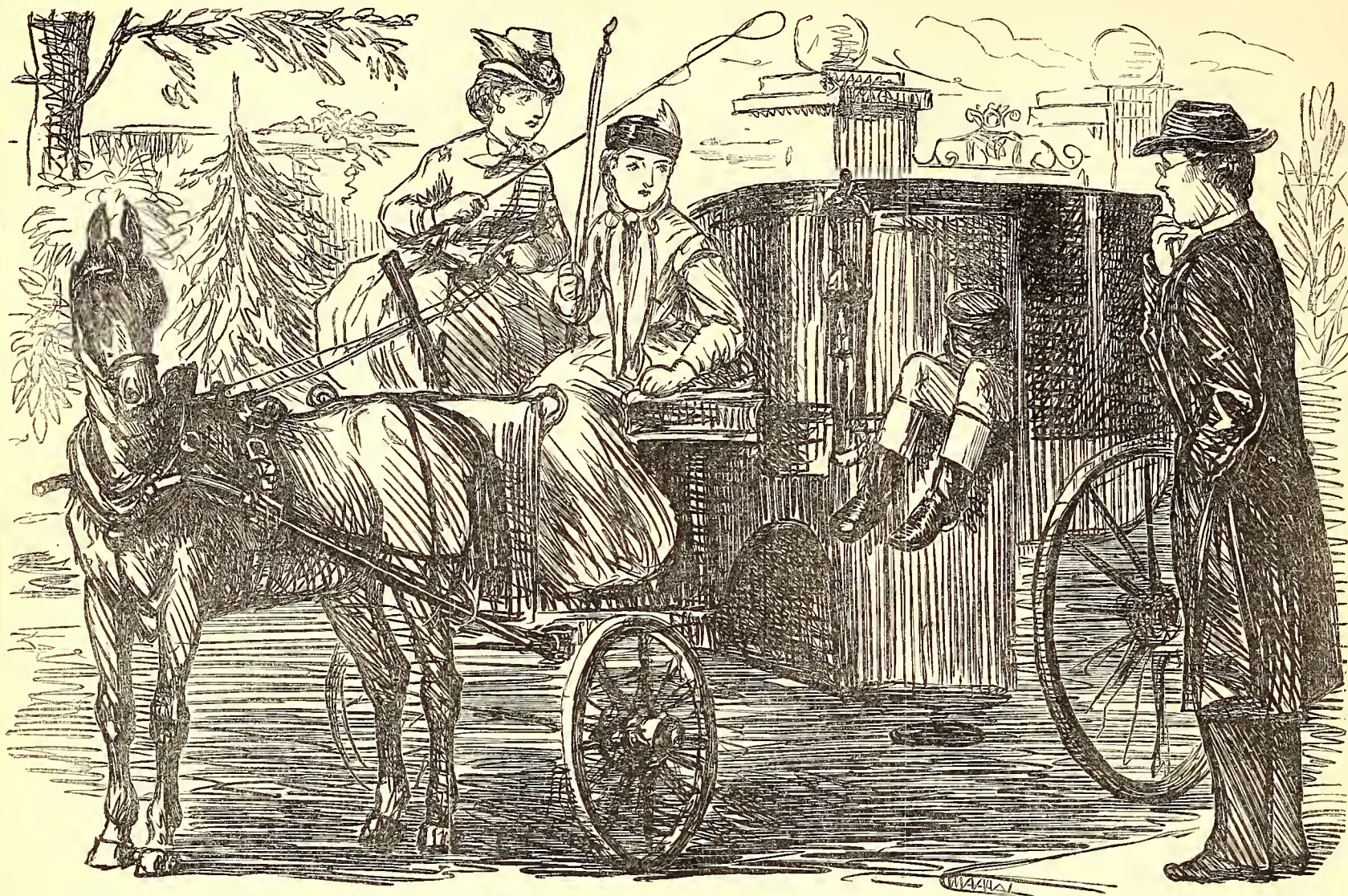
THE GHOST OF MOZART will be called up at the Musical Phantom Association Meeting, on the 1st instant, and will play some variations on the supernatural music in *Don Giovanni*.

IT IS REQUESTED that the two gentlemen who conveyed a lady in strong hysterics from the Apparition Hall, last Saturday, will say nothing of what she stated during her excitement. There was some mistake—her brother was not drowned, as alleged by the Spirits, but has returned with a wife and many nuggets. CLARA.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between ENDOR TRICK and GRIMM DIDDLEE, Spiritualists, has been dissolved by consent of MR. JUSTICE STERN, who has sentenced the former to seven years and a flogging, and the latter to the Siberian Penal Settlement for life. Central Criminal Court, October, 1874.

Two Corrections.

MR. PUNCH proposes to kill two birds with one stone. A paragraph of dramatic criticism which he cited, with plaudit, last week, originally appeared in one of the able theatrical articles in the *London Review*, and were that excellent journal as fortunate in its selection of miscellaneous information as it is in its dramatic critic, it would not have given currency to a ridiculous story of offence alleged to have been taken by Us at a diverting statement by our admired friend, RICHARD BURTON, to whom we now drink in a nip of *his* namesake, in testimony that we were heartily amused with ours.



BROUGHAM DRIVES UP—TWO LADIES IN TOXOPHILITE COSTUME ON THE BOX, ONE DRIVING—PAIR OF TOP-BOOTED LEGS STICKING OUT OF WINDOW.

Driving Lady (loq.) "OH, FRANK, DEAR, ONLY FANCY, GEORGE HAS GOT SO TIPSY AT THE ARCHERY MEETING, THAT WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT HIM INSIDE, AND DRIVE HOME OURSELVES—AND POOR CLARA HAS PINCHED HER FINGERS DREADFULLY PUTTING ON THE DRAG, COMING DOWN BLUNSDEN HILL!"

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD—BISHOP.

I'm an elderly prelate, well up on the Bench—
Not a mere *novus homo* like THOMSON or TRENCH—
I belong to the good easy-going old times,
When Inquiry was heresy, Doubt worst of crimes.
When to drift with the tide and take things as they came,
And stand on old ways, was th' episcopal game.
When a man of good blood, and sound views, in priest's orders,
Found a liberal profession and liberal rewarders;
When a Bishop was never seen out of his wig;
When his lawn-sleeves were ample, his revenues big;
When a seat on the Bench if one's way one could win to,
There was no mean Commission one's rents to pry into—
Heaven knows what might now be our abject position,
If the Bench were not pretty strong on the Commission!

Then the Bench was a place of Right-Reverend repose,
Whereon round, smooth, and stout, we church-pillars arose;
We might not be strenuous, but we were solid—
Nay, some of us, p'raps, may have verged upon stolid—
But their function, I take it, the mitre that don,
Is to stand, not to stir, to maintain, not move on.
You may whip Peers through school, edit Greek plays at College,
But you're bound to scout Progress and snub useful knowledge.
These Conservative duties we nobly discharged,
And no one can say we the Church-pale enlarged:
HOOKER, PEARSON, and BULL, summed our stock of Theology,
We pooh-poohed the Germans, and smiled at Geology,
None then heard that vile dogma, which holds all sins' seeds,
"Honest doubt has more faith in't than half of the creeds!"

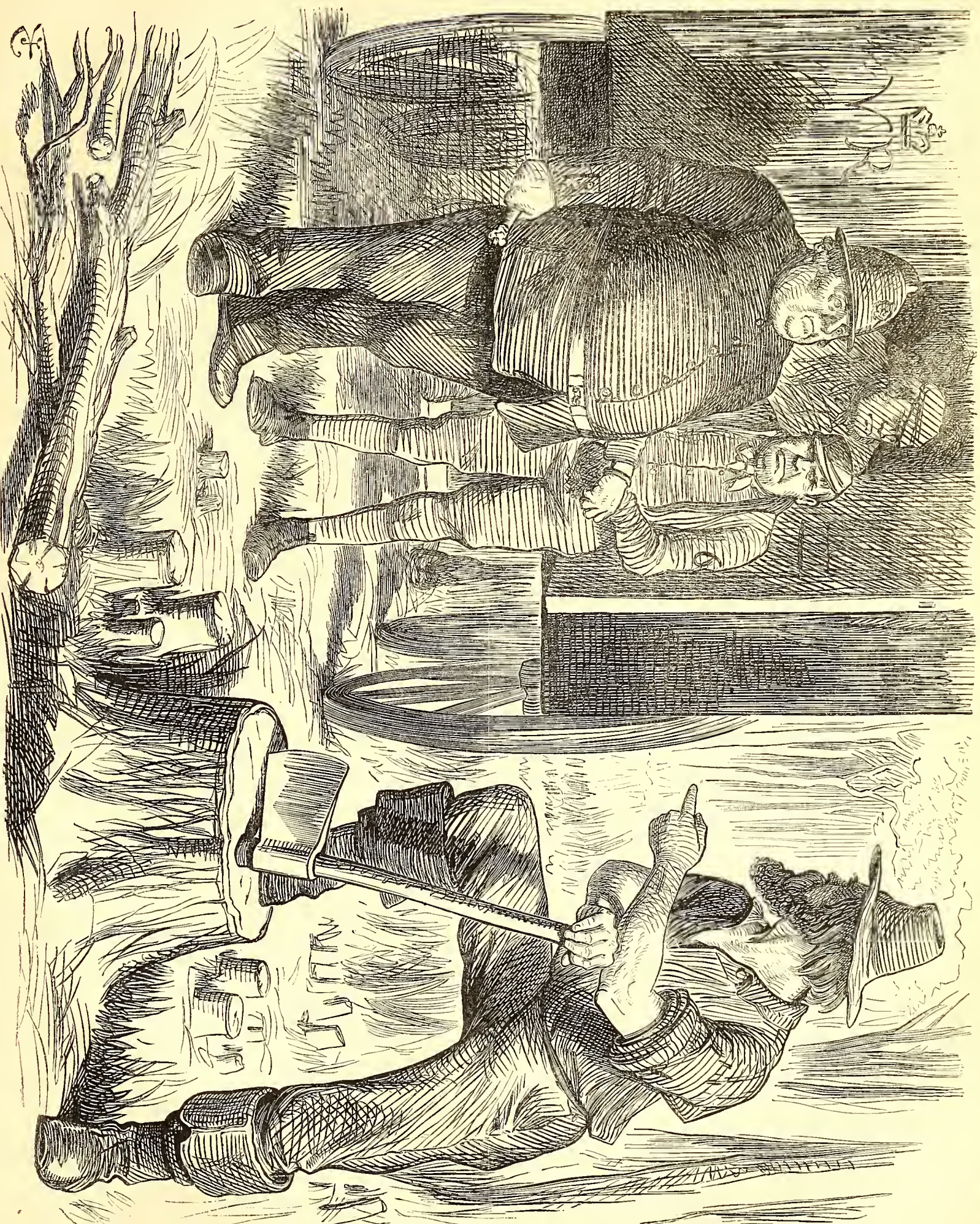
But now-a-days storm-tossed is every see,
Say, "Good bye, peace of mind!" you that Bishops would be:

As for quiet and ease, they are dreams of the past,
Now even Church-pillars are asked to move fast.
What with all sorts of heretics, printing and gabbling,
Theologists, Rationalists, Socialists squabbling—
And, as if such outsiders had not enough vexed us,
Here's a Bishop (Colonial, 'tis true) loose on Exodus!
Then one's friends who'd defend from the foes who've attacked one,
Display an activity fit to distract one—
Show all sorts of new lights, raise all sorts of vexed questions—
Convocations and Congresses, schemes and suggestions,
Till, a real Church militant, all seem at strife,
And a Bishop is doomed to "hard labour for life."

We are poked up to cut out Neology's cancer:
To condemn's not enough, they expect us to *answer*!
When heretics argue 'tis *we* must oppose 'em,
And, besides opening questions, we're called on to close 'em.
And all for a stipend that barely affords
A subsistence for one who takes rank with the Lords.
While one can't give a living to son or relation,
But the Press bawls out "nepotism" all through the nation.
SIDNEY SMITH made a joke how Fejee soon would vary
Its diet of bread-fruit with cold Missionary—
And the practice that loose canon thus shrined his wit in
Has spread, in an awfuller form, to Great Britain—
Till for popular carving no meat you can dish up
So sure to be relished all round, as roast Bishop!

Quite Accounts for it.

AMONG the names included in the Proclamation of Outlawry, made by that well-known officer, who bears the ominous name of "HEMP," on Wednesday last, we find that of "Easterly Rains." This fully accounts for the late dry weather.



COLONISTS AND CONVICTS.

AUSTRALIAN COLONIST. "NOW, MR. BULL! DON'T SHOOT ANY MORE OF YOUR RUBBISH HERE, OR YOU AND I SHALL QUARREL."

ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

SCENE—Interior of the Royal Antipanthreon Theatre during the performance of the latest Sensational Drama, entitled "The Metropolitan Alleys," adapted from the French, with the real fire of Genius (patented), by the adapter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Principal Female Character, call her Jane. Principal Male ditto, say, Gustavus. The Respected Manager appearing as several people. Old Confidential Clerk in a Banking House. Discriminating Public, in Pit. The same, in Stalls.

ACT I.—SCENE 1. Banking House. Real gas burning. Real Clerks sitting at real desks before real ledgers, casting up real accounts.

Enter real OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, speaking to the BANKER in a really confidential manner.

Banker. Show him in.

[OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK shows him in, whoever it is, and remains in the room watching.

Banker. Leave the room.

[CONFIDENTIAL CLERK leaves the room, and is seen watching at the window.

Respected Manager (in his first dress, aside darkly). I have the receipt!

[OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK appears listening and watching at window as Curtain descends.

Entr'acte.

Member of Discriminating Audience in Stalls. I see the story; that old Clerk overhears, you know, and then turns up again as the only witness of the crime.

Another Member. Oh, of course; any one can tell that. What I want to see is the moving cabs and the fire.

Discriminating Audience in Pit. Did you see the old fellow looking in through the window? Well, it's him as finds it out, and comes up at the end knowing all about it.

Friend. Yes o' course. I wish they'd make haste with the fire, though.

ACT II.—SCENE 1. Comprehensive View of the Metropolis. Miniature broughams, cabs, omnibuses passing to and fro in the distance. Enter the two principal male and female characters, and proceed with the Dialogue of the piece, during which—

Delighted Audience (unanimously). Wonderful Scene! Exactly like.

First Intelligent Person (in Stalls). Yes. Where is it?

Second Intelligent Ditto. Why, Piccadilly.

First Intelligent Person. What part?

Second Intelligent Ditto (being confused). Well, between St. James's Street and—no—I mean—what's the name of the street that—let me see—no it isn't—it's—

Somebody Else (to his Wife). No, my dear (peevishly); can't you see, it isn't Oxford Street. It's Trafalgar Square.

Wife of Somebody. Well, but where are we supposed to be looking from?

Somebody (posed). Oh,—from—well—from—St. Martin's Church?—no—no (corrects himself)—no—(appeals to Friend). It isn't from St. Martin's Church, is it?

Friend (decisively). Oh, dear, no (doubtfully), and yet I don't know.

Party in Pit. Where's the National Gallery?

Another Party. Why, 'tain't there at all. That's Portland Place, atop o' Regent Street.

Another. Pooh! that's the Strand—and there's—

Portion of Audience (wishing to hear dialogue on the Stage). Hussssssh. (Remainder of dialogue on the Stage.)

Principal Male Character (embracing Female ditto). No! never!

Principal Female Ditto (embracing Male Principal). Never! never! [Exeunt together.

ACT III.—SCENE 1. Room in a Suburban Villa.

Enter OLD CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, older and more confidential than before. He looks mysteriously about; walks across the Stage, stops, looks back as if he'd changed his mind, takes another step forward as if he hadn't, and Exit unexpectedly.

Discerning Person (pleased with himself). I said he'd appear again.

Re-enter CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, ushering in some one, who has an interview with his Master. During the Scene, CONFIDENTIAL CLERK re-appears, and Exit.

Audience (unanimously, having closely followed the plot). You may depend upon it, he's been listening.

SCENE II.—A Drawing-room. Very exciting scene. RESPECTED MANAGER, in another dress, says that he's got the Receipt.

(The general opinion of Audience is, that the Confidential Clerk

will turn up at this crisis and come out rather strongly. But he doesn't, and two policemen having collared Respected Manager, the Act-drop descends.)

ACT IV.—SCENE I. A House Front.

Enter from House an old Gentleman.

Interested Person in Pit. Why that's the Confidential—(finds out his mistake) No, it isn't. I wonder why he didn't—

[House begins to blaze—bang, crack. Enter real fire-plugs, real water-plugs, real fire-irons, real fire-escapes, real blankets, real water-cans, real engines, real members of real Fire Insurance Companies, real policies, real policemen, real firemen in real helmets, with real hose, in real boots, really doing nothing; real fire, really registered; real supers, real water, really not used; while at the wing appear real carpenters rolling up a real transparent cloth, real Prompter, taking real beer out of a real can, and everything ends in real smoke.

Entr'acte.

Audience (recovering-itself). Very wonderful!!

Person in Stalls. What I like about it is, that there's no smell or smoke.

Second well-informed Party. WHATSHISNAME, the adapter you know, patented it on that account; it's a great thing not to have any smell or—

Curtain rises on

SCENE last.—Supposed to be a Drawing-room, probably in some mansion adjoining the street where the fire was, or where the chimneys have not been swept lately, as it is so full of smoke that the people on the stage are partially hidden from view.

Person in Stalls (coughing). I say this—ahem—ahem—there is a smell—ahem.

Well-informed Party (rather taken aback). Yes—there is—ahem! ahem! ahem!

Audience (Coughing). Ahem! ahem! ahem! &c.

Principal Male Character (somewhere on stage). Dear JANE—ahem—let the past be—ahem—ahem— (Coughs.)

JANE. GUSTAVUS—I—ahem! ahem! (Coughs.)

Audience (under the impression that the Confidential Clerk is setting matters straight behind the smoke). Who's that speaking? Ahem. ahem!

Respected Manager (appearing faintly above the footlights). And if our—ahem—friends in front—(chokes—recovers—applause)—will but only smile on our endeavours—ahem—(half chokes—applause)—there will not sit down to supper—ahem—a happier couple, than, the Alleys of the Metropolis. [Chokes.

Audience cough and applaud.

Discriminating Persons to one another going out. Yes; but what became of the CONFIDENTIAL CLERK?

[It is suggested that he was accidentally burnt in the fire. Perhaps so; but it doesn't matter.

TESTS OF "MEDIUMSHIP."

MR. PUNCH,

IN all the letters which have been published, detailing the performances of the Brothers DAVENPORT, the following statement has been unaccountably omitted:—

"CALCRAFT was then introduced, and the MESSRS. DAVENPORT underwent the process of being pinioned, at the hands of that experienced operator."

Of course the DAVENPORTS are prepared to stand the test of trying to undo bonds fastened for them by the eminent artist above-named. They will willingly submit to be put to that test, and, if they cannot undo those bonds, will confess themselves undone.

There is a further knot which MR. CALCRAFT could tie for the DAVENPORTS; and to convince you that they really do untie ropes by preternatural agency, they will have not the least objection to let him tie it for them, and tie them up altogether in the Old Bailey, which would either enable them to prove their pretensions, or, they admit, would serve them right.

In the meantime, I may confidently state, that if certain professed Mediums, having been committed to prison under the Vagrant Act, together with myself, were placed in the cellular van handcuffed, and there shut up, our handcuffs would be found unfastened when we had reached the end of our journey at the House of Correction.

I am, &c.,

FERGUSON.

P.S. As an experienced Spiritualist, I can vouch for the fact that it is quite possible for a Medium to make the treadmill go without stepping on it.



DISCRIMINATION.

Pudgeby. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE, MISS LIGHTFOOT, FOR THIS WALTZ?"

Miss L. (promptly). "OH! VERY SORRY—I'M ENGAGED EVERY WALTZ."

Pudgeby. "THE NEXT QUADRILLE, THEN, MAY I——?"

Miss L. "WELL, YOU LOOK A LITTLE MORE LIKE A QUADRILLE—MUST SAY. WITH PLEASURE!"

TWA GOWKS AT GLASGIE.

MR. RICHARD WEAVER, formerly a pugilist, having been converted to some species of Dissent, has turned preacher, now thumps the pulpit instead of punching antagonists' heads, and, having ceased to pound the human face divine, expounds divinity. According to a Scotch paper, a *soirée* was given the other evening to MR. WEAVER, at Glasgow, where he "has just completed a 'revival engagement.'" No sparring, controversial or fistic, appears to have taken place on this occasion; but a certain REV. MR. HOWIE, of the Wynd Free Church, in the course of some remarks which may or may not have been altogether foolish and impertinent, referring to a speech which LORD ARDMILLAN had made on proposing the memory of BURNS at the Ayrshire Society's banquet, declared that "he should like to know what good the productions of that poet could possibly effect amongst those living in the wynds and alleys of Glasgow." It would be difficult to match this observation exactly in respect of wisdom; but MR. WEAVER did it. He followed MR. HOWIE in an address, wherein he said that "he did not wish to be told of a SHAKSPEARE or a 'BOBBY BURNS,' but he did like to be spoken to concerning a KNOX or a LUTHER." As for LUTHER, it is not easy to imagine what peculiar interest MR. WEAVER can take in him. One can hardly suppose that the great German Reformer had much to do with MR. WEAVER's reformation. But as an ex-bruiser, and an illiterate person, who does not wish to be told of BURNS or SHAKSPEARE, and whose ideas of orthography are likely to be hazy, it is conceivable that MR. DICK WEAVER may venerate the name of KNOX.

HOWIE and WEAVER being so closely alike as the nonsense above quoted from their respective mouths proves them to be, let some competent Scottish sculptor sacrifice them to the insulted manes of Scotland's poet by representing one of them as *Tam o' Shanter* and the other as *Souter Johnnie*. MR. HOWIE could scarcely be represented as a Shakspearian fool; but his friend DICK might be portrayed as *Bottom* the WEAVER.

Ecclesiastical News.

THREE youths have been fined at Clerkenwell, for bringing fireworks into a church. Brother IGNATIUS has nobly offered to pay the fine if the articles were Roman Candles.

INDIFFERENCE AND INDIGNATION.

A Duct.

"You never should rebuke the strong,
Unless you mean to fight them,
Nor speak for them that suffer wrong,
If you can't strike to right them.
Either your action should be rough,
Or else your language gentle;
For all your moral force is stuff,
Your blame is sentimental."

"Then what directs material force,
But sentiment behind it?
Could censure do no harm, of course
Your tyrants wouldn't mind it.
'Tis sentiment that moves the fist,
And puts the toe in action.
In execrating brutes persist,
It is some satisfaction."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

OUR Money Lender.—From Borrowdale.
OUR Standing Counsel.—From the Giant's Causeway.
OUR Butcher.—From the Chops of the Channel.
OUR Dentist.—From the Mouth of the Thames.
OUR Doctor.—From Lancing.
OUR Confectioner.—From Bakewell.
OUR Beekeeper.—From Honeybourne.
OUR Flirting Friend.—From Florence, Constance, Nancy, Nora, and Sophia.
OUR Pewopener.—From Hassock's Gate.
OUR Undergraduate.—From Reading.
OUR Tailor.—From the New Cut.
OUR Own Correspondent.—From Penmaenmawr.
And our Darlings.—From Archangel and the Coast of Bonny.

P.S. MACE and COBURN are *not* going to Spa. MR. BRIGHT is in the Pacific. SIR AUGUSTUS CLIFFORD is still at Blackrod.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

AMERICA is always lamenting that she has no ruins. In an Empire so young, a building that has numbered its 'sixty or seventy years, is looked upon with quite an antiquarian interest. In fact, they have no Tintern Abbey, no Roslyn Castle, no Stonehenge, no Westminster Abbey, not an ancient cathedral, scarcely a venerable old mansion. Everything is new, as though the bricklayer had left it only yesterday. However, let not America despair! The want she deplores may soon be supplied. Let the North and South but persevere in fighting in the same fratricidal manner, and we will warrant that before many years have flown over the head of the Liberty that so flauntingly stands on the top of the Capitol at Washington, America will be able to show the largest ruin in the world—we mean, no less a ruin than that of her model Constitution. There will be nothing to be seen like it since the days of Ancient Rome. Were VOLNEY alive, he would write a series of philosophical chapters upon so stupendous a theme for the next edition of his celebrated "*Ruines, ou Méditations sur les Révolutions des Empires*."

Happy Land!

"In Japan, political functionaries have a penetrating sense of responsibility. A Member convicted of corruption, loses no time in ousting himself to avoid cutting sarcasms from the law officers of the Tycoon. Ministers escape a deadly blow from the Opposition, by directing one at their body corporate, and a Foreign Secretary atones for his diplomatic miscarriages by a "Happy Despatch."

FASHIONABLE NOTE AND QUERY.

(Interesting to Waiters.)

WHY are white chokers, of an evening, *de rigueur*?
In order that a gentleman may be *en garçon*.

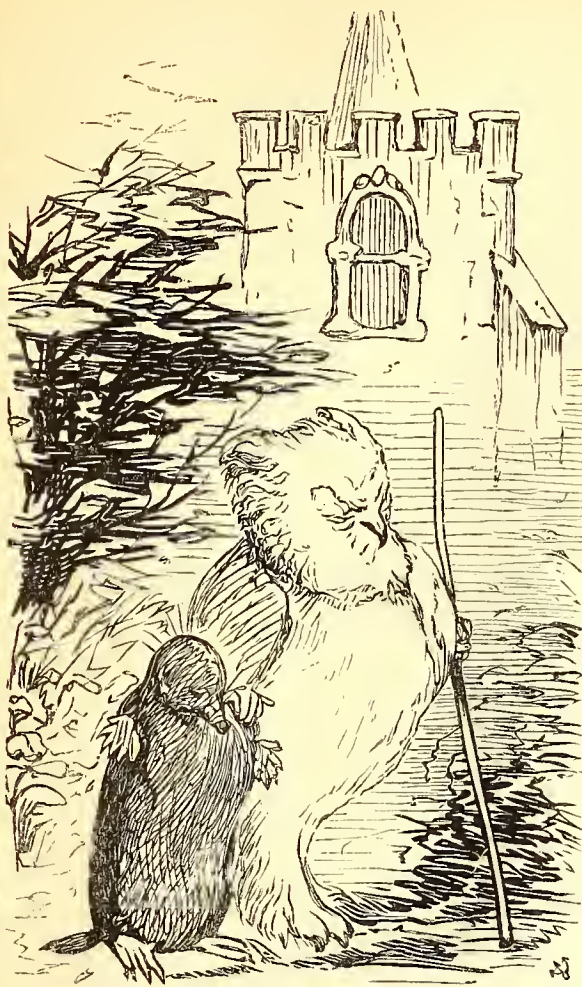
Fair Booty.

By accounts from Paris:—

"It is reported that the PRINCE FREDERICK, of Schleswig-Holstein (that is to be) will marry a rich American young lady."

That is the best sort of conquest for a small German Prince.

A NATIONAL GRIEVANCE.



LTER the law? We should think so. If we knew where to find any of the Ministers, we would have Parliament summoned at once. Don't talk to us. The Act for shutting the Haymarket dens and other houses of rascality at one in the morning was all right enough, but who dreamed that it would affect PADDY GREEN's? The idea is monstrous. Why, not only is nothing wrong ever said or done there, not only might Marchionesses sit in the gallery (we believe they do) and hear all that goes on, but that Hall is a school, a place of instruction. With his own royal ears has Mr. Punch heard HORACE's "*Integer vitae*" delightfully sung there as a quartette, and heartily applauded. Is that the sort of work to be stopped by a law intended to put down

profligacy? Bother, bosh! People may say that theoretically one in the morning is time for one to be going home, and so it is, theoretically; but while composers make Operas that play till 12'45, how are you to get to supper in Covent Garden, and get it over and have your weed, hy one? Again we say bother and bosh. It is a duty to go very often to MR. GREEN's: first, because it is a pleasant haunt; and secondly, because he is like ABDEL, faithful alone among the faithless found; that is to say, he alone excludes objectionable songs and objectionable society. But the duty cannot be completely discharged while the one o'clock rule is enforced. An exception must be made in favour of EVANS' late joys. We dare say that when the HOME SECRETARY sees this, he will write to PADDY GREEN, and desire him to violate the law whenever convenient, and that he, the HOME SECRETARY, will send him a cheque for any penalties that may be inflicted. But that is an irregular way of doing business, and the first task for the next Session must be the EVANS' Emancipation Act.

QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

No. III.—FRESHCHURCH (CONTINUED).

After the Ordinary.—With an extraordinary attack of dyspepsia. Have I ever dined with Bears? I never had that pleasure; probably if the chance were afforded me, the Bears would dine, and I shouldn't. I here merely record the fact that such a set of Bears, as sat down to the "hordinary" at the Dolphin, Freshchurch, I never met. "Nev-ar, Nev-ar, Nay-var!" as Mr. J. B. BUCKSTONE would emphatically declare, with a distension of cheek and a shaking of head, irresistible. How they *did* eat! and in what a fashion! I really felt inclined to warn one closely-cropped gentleman against so rash a mode of using the knife, as that in which he was indulging. Judging, from one or two of his remarks, which were somewhat of the unnecessarily-strongest, that he was not the sort of person to take a stranger's interference in good part, I restrained myself, and trembled for his safety. An accidental twist of the knife, one slice either to the right or the left, and there is no knowing what amount of food, this already capacious mouth might have, at one and the same time, accommodated. I could not choose but watch him; and, watching, saw the knife sliding about the very edge of this elastic crater, and in the midst of beans and hacon paused in horror. These gentlemen generally seemed to be rather partial to an approach to the raw material in their victuals. The cook knew their palates, evidently. He, or she, had left undone everything

that ought to have been done; and he, or she, was a sinner above all others, in consequence: hence my dyspepsia; hence this note, writ immediately after the hear-fight. There were only two waiters to twenty-five or thirty guests, and this pair attended, specially, to three or four very horsey-looking gents, tight in the trousers, stiff in the neck, red in the hands, with a ring, a pin, or a watch-chain of such an unobtrusive character, as to attract your attention some seconds before you had connected these phenomena with their exhibitor. They scrambled for greens, they dashed with knives, spoons and forks, at potatoes; they shoved the salt about anyhow, and pulled the mustard-pot away from one another, without a word of apology. While yet their mouths were full, they would have asked for more, but utterance being impossible, they ingeniously knocked the backs of their knives against the tumblers, to imitate a bell, and thereby summon the attendant. The waiter, having evidently his master's interest at heart, came when he chose, and didn't come when he didn't choose, which latter case happened once in every three calls.

8 o'clock.—More bells than ever on the pier. I am told it is the last boat coming in. I think I shall walk on to the pier, and rejoice over the last boat. Crowds on the promenade. I will avoid the promenade and affect the pier, which I see is less frequented, just now, than 'twas a few minutes since. It is twopence to go on to the pier. Well, twopence is not dear for peace and quietude. The toll-taker stares at me. Why not? perhaps he can't help it. Yes, here I can walk alone, and view the broad expanse of waters. Nothing save the Blue, the Fresh, the Ever Free beyond the pier-head, except—"Yeo heo! Yeo heo!" Hulloo! what's that? Nautical sounds. Sailors landing at the pier-head. Smugglers, p'raps. No! Yachtsmen. They are lugging something up. Can't they do it without all that noise? What *are* these people doing? Will I "bear a hand" with a pole? No. Then I'd better "get out." I get out accordingly, and ask the toll-taker what is going to happen. The Mayor and the pier-authorities, it appears, have granted permission for an *al fresco* dance on the pier, to be given by the yachtsmen. "It'll be a pretty sight." Will it? But it *may* rain? Yes: that's one comfort, it *may* rain, and that'll stop the noise. "Ah! then, they'll have it in the Dolphin." Heaven forbid!

10.—It has begun; on the pier; and, as far as I can see and hear, it has begun everywhere else. In the hotel, out of the hotel, on the promenade, on the pier. I am getting accustomed to the sound, and shall go to bed. The bells are at it again. Talking of bells, I will ring and ask at what time the first boat starts in the morning. Dear me, where *is* the bell? There is not such a thing. I should say that this is the only room in Freshchurch without one. No matter, I'll call.

10'30.—I have been calling for about a quarter of an hour. Oh, here's some one. "Did I want anything?" Did I? yes I do. The boat starts it seems at seven in the morning. "There's sure to be some one up at that time." Very good. To bed.

11.—Not asleep. The noise won't let me. Music everywhere. When I say music, I judge that it *is* music when you are close to it, and take each hand separately. But, from my position, a conglomeration of sounds reaches me, peculiarly unmelodious.

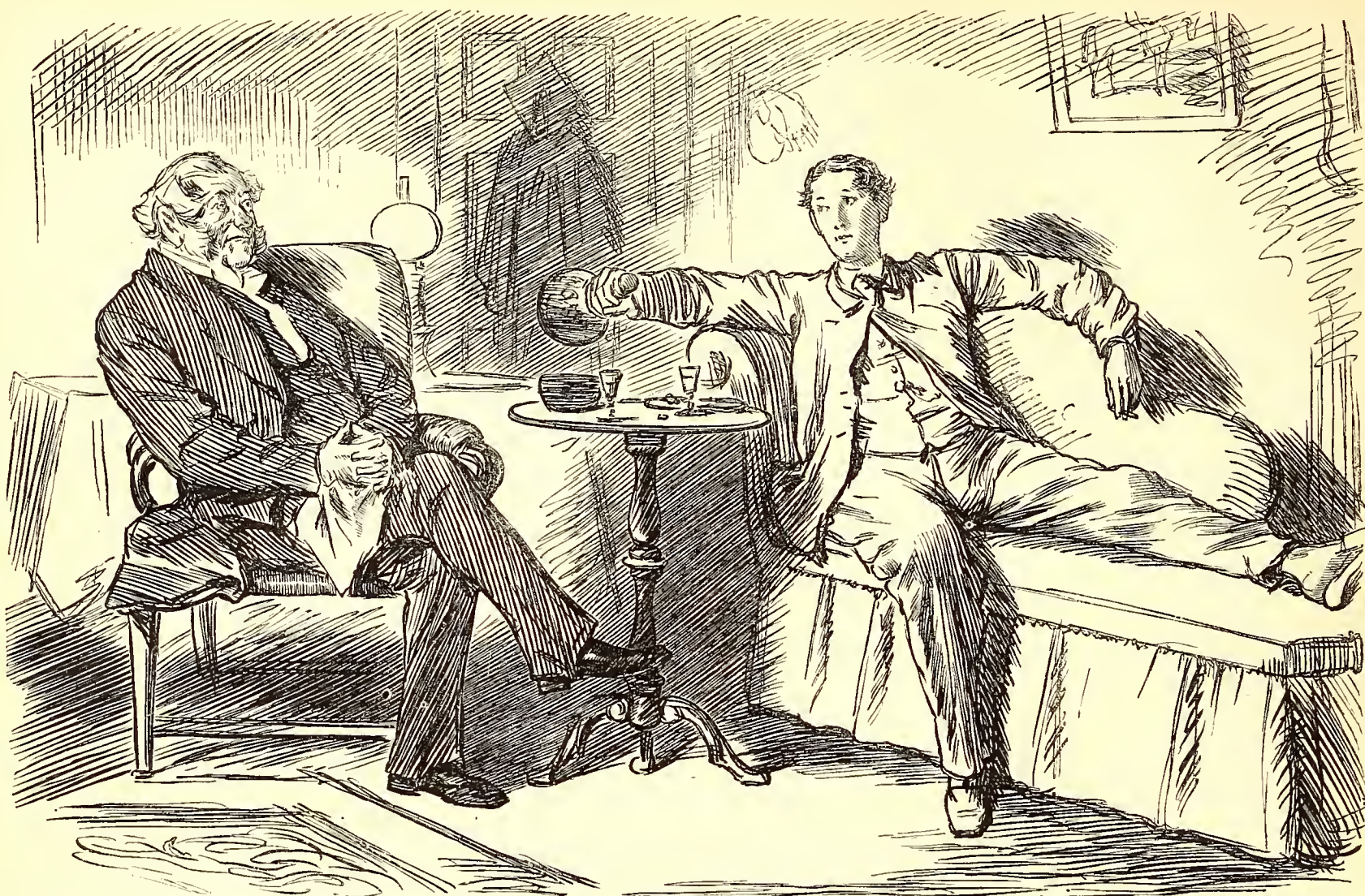
11'30.—Fireworks. They cheer each rocket, and shout unmeaningly at everything else.

12.—Dancing in-doors. I light a candle and try to read. I blow out my candle, and give it up as a bad job.

1 A.M.—Noises, banging of doors, people going to bed; more noises and scuffling. Why can't they go to bed, without scuffling? However, that they *do* go to bed at all, is a thing for which one must be thankful.

2.—Now I shall sleep. Hulloo! Somebody comes into my room. A gentleman, in evening dress, carrying a candle. I start up and say, "Hulloo!" He will apologise and retire. Nothing of the sort. He walks up to me, holds the candle unsteadily before me, smiles and shakes his head. He is drunk; and, with a candle, dangerous. He wants to show me how the fireworks are done. I object, and request him to leave the room. Where's my bell? Oh, I forgot, there isn't one. He tells me, in an idiotic fashion, that I am a jolly good fellow, and then makes a miserable attempt to give the same sentiment musically. I ask him politely why he doesn't go to his room? He says, "this is his room." I point to the fact of *my* being here, as negating his assertion. He says, indistinctly, that "he's very glad to see me;" and "allsshallbeverglad to see me." He means that he shall always be very glad to see me. For my part, I don't care if I never set eyes on him again. He takes a seat, and shakes his head at his hoots, in a reproachful manner. What on earth am I to do? Hi! Somebody else at the door. Another gentleman in evening dress. Also intoxicated? No. He apologises for the intoxicated person, who, he says, is his friend, and then, with some difficulty—owing to the inebriated person's still existing desire to show me, practically, how the fireworks are done—removes him.

3.—I will now sleep; and at seven good bye to Freshchurch.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Paterfamilias (who has come up on a visit to his eldest "Hope" at St. Bottlenose). "H'm, NOT A BAD GLASS OF WINE THIS, FOR OXBRIDGE, FRED. WHAT DID YOU GIVE FOR IT?"

Fred (airily). "OH, SIXTY —"

Paterfamilias. "AND—MONSTROUS EXTRAVAGANT, TOO! WHY, SIR, DO YOU KNOW THAT I NEVER LAY DOWN A DOZEN OF PORT THAT COSTS ME MORE THAN SIX-AND-THIRTY?"

Fred. "AH, NO MORE SHOULD I, FATHER, IF I'D NINE CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR, AS YOU HAVE!"

FOOD FOR CONFEDERATE POWDER.

Come along, ye sons of Erin, boys that scorns the name of slaves,
Let us fly to the land of Liberty, across the Atlantic waves;
There I'll earn ten dollars a-day, bedad, if I don't get drunk before,
And awake and come to meself again at drill in a Federal corps!

Thin I'll march away to Richmond, or to Shenandoah Vale;
For the Union sure I'll fight it is, and me cry shall be Repale!
There I'll go for death or victory, and I'll win renown and fame,
For the hated Saxon is me foe, or me foe is all the same.

Under GRANT's star-spangled banner, or with SHERMAN I'll be found,
Or in gallant BUTLER's army dalin' fire and whacks around,
And the wrongs of poor ould Ireland, that she suffered long ago,
Shall impart correctness to me aim, and vigour to me blow.

Until I've spent me blood's last dhrop, and fetched me latest breath,
In the North's pay, whilst I get it, I will battle to grim death;
After that, we'll all come back again, with a hundred thousand more,
Having mended the big Republic that rebellious faction tore;

With our empty sleeves pinned nately to the bosoms of our coats,
And our wooden legs, and our pockets all cram-full of greenback notes,
And we'll kick the base invader where he came from o'er the sea,
Then hurroo for the United States, and Ireland to be free!

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE.—GRINLING GIBBONS offered to bet that he would carve a woodcock in twenty minutes. SIR CHARLES WAGER cried, "Done!" and was; for GRINLING accomplished his task within the time the next day—at dinner.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

WHEN they preach a sermon, parsons very often say too much: but here even in an advertisement is a specimen of clerical redundancy of language:—

TO the RESIDENTS OF MAYFAIR.—A young clergyman, who mixes in society, is desirous of being received into a house, where two or three rooms could be placed at his disposal. He seeks an introduction to some lady or gentleman, in this neighbourhood, whose house may be larger than required. Address, &c.

We do not quite see the advantage for a man who wants some lodgings to recommend himself by saying that he "mixes in Society;" for the phrase provokes a question as to what sort of society it is in which he mixes, and what sort of drink it is that he is accustomed there to mix. A man who mixed, say, gin-and-water in the society of Shore-ditch, would hardly be allowed to mix a sherry-cobler in that about Mayfair. So if this young parson fails to find his advertisement assist him to the lodgings he requires, we think he may assign his failure somewhat to the doubtful language he employs.

Climbing Fish.

THE other day a deputation from the Thames Angling Society attended by appointment before the Conservators of the River Thames to apply for the erection of fish ladders at the weirs of Teddington and Moulsey Locks. On hearing what MR. FRANK BUCKLAND had to say for this request, the Board gave their engineer instructions to fit two ladders to each of those weirs. No reasonable doubt is entertained that the fish will scale the ladders—except the eels.

MOTTO FOR THE DAVENPORTS.—Shut up.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Foreigner. "ARE DESE DE VAULTS OF DE CHURCH?"

Wine Porter. "YES, SIR."

Foreigner. "AND IS DER ANY BODY IN DAT?"

Wine Porter. "YES, SIR; AND TO MAKE A OLD JOKE, A WERY GOOD BODY, TOO."

[Foreigner makes a Note of the peculiar method of Burial in England.]

AFTER-DINNER REPORTING.

In their accounts of the late racing meeting at Newmarket, the sporting reporters have been careful to relate the fluctuations in the betting with much care and minuteness, stating, for our benefit, how the odds stood at the Corner all throughout the day before, and up to the moment of the start of each great race. The betting in the morning, directly after breakfast, has been chronicled, as well as that done later in the day. "LATEST BETTING BEFORE DINNER" on the eve of the Cambridgeshire was announced in capital letters to the readers of the *Times*; and one over-zealous gentleman, whom we privately commissioned to keep us "posted up" as to the odds against the animals expected at the post, was so good as to continue writing his despatches even after he had dined. As far as his handwriting has been hitherto deciphered, the following is his account of the doings at the Corner on the evening before the Cambridgeshire was run:—

"ARFER DIN-HINER BETTY BETTINGG.

"As I prophesighed no thasnotrigh meanshay as I predic-hic-ted business is more Anna mated doe think thasrigh either is it a hang it can't make note terrogation. In the hour before feedi—meanshay before dinner there was nothing tall done—exshep glassshorttwo bitters. Specky—no scrashtatout—speckerlation is however much more active now, and odds are offered with more wine—thas not the word—mean spirit. Birchbroom before dinner was swep cleanoutof Betty Bettingg for nobody would handle him (MB joke is strickly copyrigh) But now he is 52 no 25 to something, while Brick (thas me of course and so heresh your goo heal ole boy) Brick I shay is 7 to nothing, no to something else. Ackworth has receded meantoshay advanced from 11 to 19 no 19 to 11, and as much as 3 to 12 in pennies I meansay in ponies quadrupeds you know has been laid against nother horse I forget hish-name jushnow but I'll try and think of it next week. Somehow doe

know why I've a singing in my head and fellows talk soqueer I don't hear very keclearly, but I bliave from wha I hear tha Stockinger ze favorite at 10000 to 1, but if he isnt I dont care an itsh not my faul I shure you. Before dinner letsh shее yes we'd shoup and two shortsfish and a glash or two of sherry and a glash or sho madeira and a barrel or two of sham and a glash of fine ole Stilton ale with the cheese—mean with zhe custards, before dinner I shay I shaid the berring men seemed getting sweet on Sackey Sacco hang the name I wrote it allrigh then I know qui forget it now burr its something about sugar and you can rhyme it with Barometer. Doe know who they're sweet on now—unleshit be the barmaid. But there's Muzzyn I mean Muezzin at 1 to 99 and its 99 to 1 but a few of them are Muzzy uns. Who will win I cant at present undertake to ind-hic-ate, but in looking at the favorite as well as I can see I have two horses in my eye, and they both mush prove zhe winner. You shall hear wha its name is when I can recomember it, but I shant write any more because thish pen wont spell and I cant remollect exactly what I want to shay. Besides I've no time now to think, for its jush ten oclock and the posh goes out at 9 sho I shall scarcely shave it.

"PS Waiter says Posh gone. Sho if you dont get this in time it ishtnt my faul is it a"

Settlement of the Moral Drainage Question.

SINCE Australia refuses to allow our convicts to come near her, would ABRAHAM LINCOLN take them? As recruits they would constitute food for Confederate powder quite as good as the voluntary refuse employed; and one sure advantage of sending them to fight the battles of the Yankees would be that we should never see them again.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—At a dinner-party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

QUACKS AND CONTEMPORARIES.



APTAIN BLANK is an officer in the British Army who, although he would advance intrepid under any cannonade, has had his liver out of order, become bilious and nervous, and alarmed about his health. He takes up a newspaper, and, at the bottom of one of its advertising columns, sees an advertisement of a popular medical work by DR. ASTERISKS and Co., of Hookey Street, Walker Square, relative to the symptoms which he has felt or fancied. He sends postage stamps to ASTERISKS and obtains the book, which is mainly a record of fictitious cases wherein symptoms similar to his own are attributed to un-

physiological mistakes, which he is conscious of having made at some time of his life; mistakes that, when discovered, are mercilessly derided by the majority of persons, who have never committed them. He finds his perhaps imaginary disease described as tending to the most frightful results, inevitable except by consultation of the infallible DR. ASTERISKS, who guarantees a speedy and effectual cure. A correspondence ensues, consisting of reports of no progress on the part of the victim, and packages of nostrum on that of the quack, ending on the part of the latter, after having done the former out of between £80 and £90, with a demand of some £150 more, accompanied by a threat of publishing the patient's medical history if he dares refuse to pay the money.

Such, except names, is the summary of a case which came before one of the police-magistrates last week, and remains to be decided elsewhere. The quacks, let us hope, are in a fair way to penal servitude—would it were possible to add the pillory and the whipping post! The names of the parties concerned in this transaction are of no consequence; those which the quacks go by are aliases, and besides would soil this page. Moreover, ASTERISKS and Co. serve to stand for the whole tribe of scoundrels whose names figure down there in the rogues' corner of some newspapers that claim respectability. Many of the country papers, indeed, have whole sides sullied with the abominable puffs of these rascals, whose very names, if they appeared in *Punch's* pages, would blast the character of *Punch*.

Yet all these papers lie about on drawing-room tables, where they are open to the inspection of not only young gentlemen, but also young ladies.

Now, then, contemporaries, metropolitan and provincial, but especially provincial, that publish the advertisements of obscene quacks, did it never occur to you that, in so doing, you constitute yourselves the accomplices of the foulest of swindling extortioners? Are you so very hard up that you cannot do without the money of these dirty fellows? Is your circulation in such an alarming state that you really cannot afford to exclude their disgusting and fraudulent announcements? These noisome quacks are abolished, their occupation is gone, if you will only refuse their advertisements insertion.

Recollect that no author of any medical work, except a quack, ever advertises his address. To find out anybody that you suspect of being a quack, look his name out in the official Register of legally-qualified practitioners, where you will not find it. *Churchill's Medical Directory* will do. But the quacks' advertisements speak, or rather smell, for themselves. Reject those advertisements. If you do not, it will be for your readers to determine, for the future, whether the papers which they take in, and put in the way of their children, shall or shall not be clean.

The Lyceum.

The King's Butterfly is, in a double sense, beautifully mounted; i.e. as regards the scenery and the horse. *Fanfan* (MR. FECHTER) "gets himself up" admirably, on horseback: and we should say that the noble animal alone would be strong enough to draw, even though 'tis but a fly to which she is attached. The mare *Minerva* is none of your cream-coloured, pink-eyed circus steeds, and, though perfectly trained, appears as little broken, as is, by this time, MR. FECHTER's English.

WHY SEW-CALLED?—The inventors of the several different sorts of Sewing Machines are thinking of calling them Reaping Machines, on account of the excellent Pecuniary Harvest gathered in by them.

A BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO TENNYSON.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we record a graceful tribute on the part of the Lord BISHOP OF OXFORD to the genius of ALFRED TENNYSON. At a meeting, in Ipswich, of friends of the principal Church Missionary Society, the Bishop, in seconding a resolution to acknowledge the Society's labours, observed, with reference to the prelates who preside over the Church in the Colonies:—

"There was an objection often taken to the Colonial Bishops that they were so frequently at home. People in this matter were like the man who saw half-a-dozen flies, on a hot summer's day whirling round and round, and said, 'Oh, the room is full of flies.' The fact was that when the Colonial Bishops came home they did not hide themselves out of the way at some watering-place, but the two or three who, after a continuous residence in their dioceses of from two to fourteen years, came to England, at the same time worked hard when they were here."

So hard, in preaching and advancing Missionary claims, that they make noise enough for many times their number, so much noise that people who hear it cry, as it were, "Oh, the room is full of flies." Evidently the BISHOP OF OXFORD spoke fresh from reading the Laureate's *Northern Farmer*, and bearing in mind the following reference in that poem by the departing agriculturist to "Parson:—"

"An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy SALLY wur deid,
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awa'ay loike a buzzard clock ower my ye'd."

MR. TENNYSON makes the Lincolnshire Farmer compare the effect produced upon his ears by the sermon of a single clergyman to the hum of a cockchafer blundering about aloft against surrounding objects. The Bishop does the Bard the honour of accepting his comparison, and, by a slight variation, adapting it to the discourses of a few bishops, of whose eloquence he conveys a neat idea by suggesting its resemblance to the buzzing of numerous flies. Everybody had before heard of "Bishop's Blue," but the BISHOP OF OXFORD will have taught us to associate that colour with the big buzzing fly commonly called a "blue-bottle."

There is a celebrated Chorus in HANDEL's great Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, in which the buzz of a swarm of flies is imitated in the accompaniment so naturally that those who hear it are always prompted to exclaim, "Oh, the room is full of flies," and in so saying they will in future think of the BISHOP OF OXFORD and his brother bluebottles.

MOTHER MEDIUM.

Is there any sperrits present? If so be there's any, p'r'aps,
They will simify their presence in the usual way by raps.
Yes, there is, well now then, Mister, take the halfabet, you'll find
They will rap at the right letter, name a party in your mind.

If you axes of a question, two raps means in answer no,
Three is yes, which ou inquiry likewise you will find it so.
Ary gent or lady wish a word from ary sperrit dear?
Ary sperrit ary message got for ary party here?

Now I looks from one to t'other round the circle, if you please,
Sperrit, you will be so kind as rap the party when I sees,
Did yer feel the sperrit-touch, Mum? No, not yet, you will in turn,
They're a fumblin' at my ancles, and they soon will be at yourn.

No, there ain't no himposition; sperrit 'ands is what you feels,
Pattin' of you on the hinstep, catchin' of you by the eels;
No, look onderneath the table, there ain't nothink to be seen.
No, I ain't got no tame moukey what runs up my Crinoline.

DICKY-SAM LATIN.

SEE how men—and MAGGIES—may grow wiser every day! Here is the *Liverpool Daily Mercury's* answer to a fair inquirer:—

"MAGGIE.—The letters S.P.Q.R. on the doors of St. George's Hall stand for *salus populi qui Romanum*—the welfare of the people of Rome."

We once heard of a stage-manager, who, having a love of order, was scandalised at the non-natural arrangement of the above letters on a banner, and so the star *Coriolanus* was a good deal more astonished than delighted to see himself confronted by P. Q. R. S. But we doubt whether even this official would have solved the Latin mystery as our friend of the *Liverpool Daily Mercury* has done. We hear that DR. WILLIAM SMITH has written to him to engage his services as sub-editor of the next edition of the Classical Dictionary, wisely considering that so profound a scholar should not be lost among the Dickey-Sams.

SWEET NAME FOR YOUNG LADIES PLAYING CROQUET.—Hammer-dryads.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF DINING WITH LA SOCIÉTÉ HIPPOPHAGIÈNE.—Nightmare.

THEATRICAL REFLECTIONS.

If "*Veluti in speculum*"—

The theatre's old motto—
Be still owned to hold water,¹
A pretty pass we've got to!
Judging society and taste
By its stage presentation,
'Tis really something that deserves
The title of "Sensation!"

Here's half the town—if bills be true—
To Astley's nightly thronging,
To see "the MENKEN" throw aside
All to her sex belonging.
Stripping off woman's modesty
With woman's outward trappings—
A bare-backed jade on bare-backed steed,
In CARTLICH's old strappings!

"Who live to please"—no need on us
That stale excuse for thrusting:—
There is a way to please one-tenth,
The nine-tenths by disgusting.
Your shame why let these bills, wherewith
You plaster London's wen, ken?
"Bring forth the horse!"—Yes, MR. SMITH,
But don't bring forth "the MENKEN."

If four-legged actors on the stage
Attract with such a force, he
Who'd pay his way must brutes engage,
To please our asses horsey,
No wonder the great FECHTER's self,¹
Through *Hamlet* tired of sawing,
Finding mere scenery won't do,
Trusts to a horse for drawing.

From SHAKSPEARE to French melodrame
Seemed a sufficient tumble,
But underneath that mezzanine,
There is a floor more humble.
As *Hamlet* is to *Lagardère*—
'Tis a sum in proportion—
So 's *Lagardère* to *La Tulipe*—
Last Anglo-French abortion.

From the Lyceum if we turn—
La Tulipe's knots still undone—
To the Princess's, 'tis a step
To—from—*The Streets of London*.
Here you may see Trafalgar Square—
A great realisation!
And from "a house on fire" may bear
A full dose of Sensation.

A realistic age! it acts;
Nor taste to approve importunes;
The painters realise their facts,
The managers their fortunes.
But times may turn, and taste retrieve
The credit of the nation,
And from a stage so sunken leave
Disgust the sole "Sensation."

Spirits Below Proof.

DR. NEWMAN somewhere says that the devil has often been put to ridiculous flight by the sign of the Cross. No doubt he has, as often as he has appeared. It is a remarkable fact that the "sperrits" which actuate Mediums, can never stand any conclusive test, and ever also avoid the *experimentum crucis*.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

A WORK at which MR. BASS, M.P., does not wish any student to "grind" is the *Novum Organon*.

WHERE would be the place to plant a Cannon?
In the Forest of Dean.

MOTTO TO BE ENGRAVED ON A HABERDASHER'S CARD.—"Ties pay the Dealer."

EPITAPH ON A LETTER CARRIER.—*Post obit.*

SIMPLICITY IS CHARMING.

THE *Salut Public* of Lyons, in a notice relative to the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF RUSSIA on their way through that city, makes a statement which may be commended to the attention of the mothers and daughters of England:—

"As to the EMPRESS, without giving any special details as to her attire, we may affirm that she was dressed with a simplicity that a *bourgeoise* would have disdained."

Who would not like to see his betrothed, or his wife and daughters, but especially his wife and daughters, dress with the simplicity which an Empress would choose but a *bourgeoise* would disdain? What man is there who would not rather see the woman whom he loves, and still rather the women whom he has to maintain, attired in the simple dress which the taste of an Empress approves of, but the ostentatiousness of a Snobness despises? To be sure an Empress may have the taste of a Snobness, and set all manner of flaunting, ridiculous, and expensive fashions; but that is not the case of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, whose simplicity of apparel cannot be too strongly recommended as an example to all ladies, but particularly those who are married or who wish to get married. For the present expense of female dress is one of the greatest of the many troubles that PATERFAMILIAS, whose means are not unlimited, has to contend with; and this also it is which keeps every young man, unless he either has a large fortune, or is a great fool, single. There's the respect that makes celibacy of such long life: and then we hear a cry of "employment for women," and have girls emigrating to the rough settlements, or trying to be compositors, or entering the medical profession, or jumping off bridges, or even going for governesses!

On the simplicity of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA's dress, the *Salut Public* remarks that:—

"When a lady is Empress of All the Russias, she may wear the most simple articles with impunity."

Let our fair readers be assured that the ability to wear the most simple articles with impunity is not a privilege confined to the EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. Any English lady may dress with the most simple elegance possible, except here and there one, bound in matrimony to an extraordinary man, who likes to see his wife rigged out in the extreme of finery, and who, unless she bedizens herself showily enough to please him, will neglect her and absent himself from home, and live at his Club. The disdain with which a "*bourgeoise*" may please to regard the simplicity of a lady's dress, is, in so far as it signifies anything at all, a compliment, and not a punishment to any lady.

MONASTICISM AT NORWICH.

(Evidence of a Churchwarden, omitted in the Newspaper Reports of the recent proceedings of the Norwich Poor Law Board.)

"ALL the chimneys of BROTHER IGNATIUS's Anglican Monastery have been fitted with cowls. Knew that monks wore cowls. Wouldn't let his chimney wear a cowl if he know'd it. Yes, I did once hear some one or other, a friend of IGNATIUS's, say "well! I'm blessed!" Considered the expression decidedly Popish. Had seen MR. HILLYARD cross a road. (*Sensation.*) Knew that crossing was Papistical. Had never seen any of the monks cross a horse. Had heard as the POPE used to bless animals. Didn't know what a Rude Brick was. (*Laughter.*) Oh, a Ru-brick? It was what the Church was made of; at least bricks. He was a Brick himself, convivially speaking. (*Applause.*) Knew the song beginning "Many have told of the Monks of Old." Would sing it with pleasure." (*Witness was here repressed by the Chairman, and removed.*)

Skye High!

"TRAVELLING in Skye" has been the heading to numerous letters in the *Times*. If there's anything wrong in this sort of journeying, surely MESSRS. COXWELL and GLAISHER could furnish us with the best information on this aerial subject.

ELECTION INFORMATION.

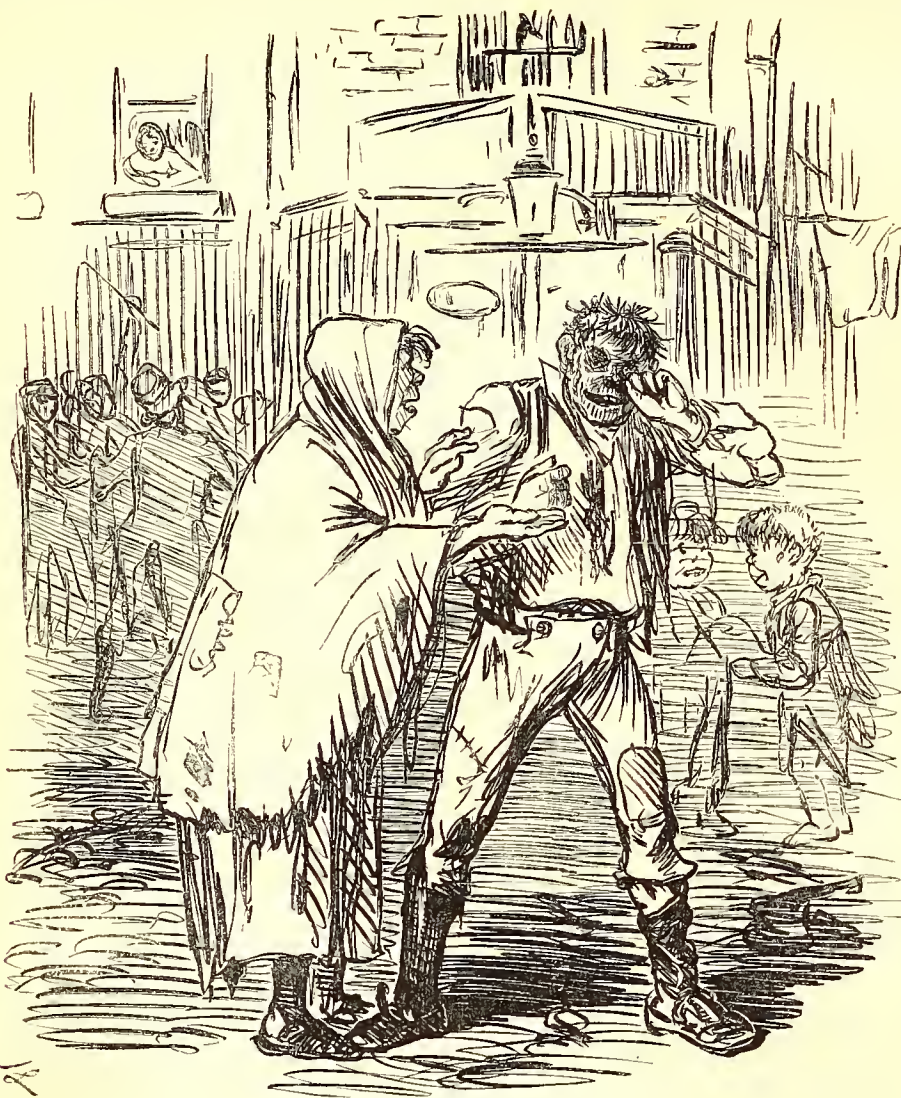
At the Coming Election, gentlemen desirous of becoming M.P.'s, have only to support the Mediums, to insure, at the critical moment, an overpowering show of Hands.

QUESTION FOR THE NEXT SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING.

WHAT is BRITANNIA's aquatic flower?

"A-rose, a-rose, from out the azure main."

THE ORIGINAL "TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."—The Chariot of Phaëton.



A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Bussum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bussum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"

HOMERIC NEWS.

LORD DERBY has translated the *Iliad*. MR. MURRAY is the publisher. Two volumes. Blank verse. We are always delighted when any of our own Contributors does a good thing, and we doubt not that the DERBY *Iliad* will prove a scholarly performance. We believe that LORD DERBY is not a man who troubles other people for much assistance, or he might have asked some of his political friends and acquaintances to aid him in the work. POPE, as we all know, had much help in translating HOMER. It would have been interesting to read an advertisement, after the ancient fashion, setting forth the "Eminent Hands," and the "Parts undertook by them." We should like to see SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's version of the Catalogue of the Ships: we should much like to see LORD PALMERSTON's rendering of the description of the Useless Fortifications; and we should particularly like to see LORD RUSSELL's treatment of the Unsuccessful Embassy. The splendid Non-Intervention passage (in Book VIII.) might employ the fiery pen of LORD ELLENBOROUGH; and though MR. WALPOLE is, happily, not likely to set the Thames on fire, we should willingly entrust him with that feat in the case of the Scamander. The BISHOP OF OXFORD, with the friendly aid of LORD WESTBURY, could surely do ample justice to the anger of the enraged priest, Chryses. But LORD DERBY has chosen to say "Alone I did it," and we need hardly add that a favourite Contributor to *Punch* would be, single-handed, equal to HOMER, even were he multiplied by the number of cities in which he applied for out-door relief.

COURT NURSERY CIRCULAR.

THE Mothers of England have been much afflicted at reading a statement that little PRINCE VICTOR, on his home voyage, suffered from the *mal de mer*. *Punch* has authority to contradict the assertion, and to say that the Royal Baby was never sick at all until, on arriving at Hull, a display of abject flunkeyism was made by the authorities. No intelligent baby could stand that. But he is now quite well again, and crows with pleasure at this nursery rhyme, which was composed for him by his head-nurse:—

"Chickaboo, chuckaboo, ALDERMAN ABBEY,
Bought the nice cow that gave milk for the babby;
Bought the nice cow that gave milk for the baby,
Didn't we laugh at the Alderman gaby?"

CAN Cock-crowing be called (h)en-chanting?

THE NAGGLETONS ON SPIRITUALISM.

We still find our friends in their fashionable residence. Time, eleven at night. MRS. NAGGLETON, sola, in the drawing-room, reading "The Gentle Life."—Enter MR. NAGGLETON. He glances at the elegant clock.

Mr. Naggleton (taking a seat). Do you see anything remarkable about me, MARIA?

Mrs. Naggleton (scarcely looking at him). You look very slovenly, and you have come up-stairs with muddy boots, but there is nothing remarkable in either.

Mr. N. In either of my boots?

Mrs. N. In either proof of your disregard of the decencies of life. I witness it too often.

Mr. N. (exalted). Ah, don't scold now, but listen to something interesting.

Mrs. N. I prefer to go to bed. It is very late.

Mr. N. Yes, it was not much later last night when you informed me that you were ready to go out.

Mrs. N. O, if you wish to quarrel, I submit. I have no spirits to resist.

Mr. N. Resist, nonsense. Spirits is the word, however. I have been with the spirits.

Mrs. N. What nonsense are you talking?

Mr. N. None. I tell you I have been at a Manifestation, and I have seen some very extraordinary things.

Mrs. N. You cannot mean that you have been at a *séance*.

Mr. N. Why can't I?

Mrs. N. But you don't?

Mr. N. But I do.

Mrs. N. That you have been to one of those meetings, where they sit in the dark, and supernatural things are pretended to be done.

Mr. N. Are done.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I did hope that I should never have to despise my husband.

Mr. N. Well, I rather hoped so too, at least not this husband.

Mrs. N. I trust that you are joking with me.

Mr. N. You don't encourage me in *that* practice, my dear. I am telling you a simple truth. I have been to a spirit-manifestation, and I thought that though you are not usually much interested in anything I say, you might like to hear about this.

Mrs. N. I have heard enough.

Mr. N. O, very well, just as you please. I am sorry now that I did not go over and have a cigar with BROWNER and POLDOODIE, instead of making the best of my way home.

Mrs. N. MR. BROWNER I know enough of to wish to know no more. The other person with the ridiculous name I never heard of, but you have a talent for picking up low acquaintance. That is a trifle, however.

Mr. N. It is not a trifle that you should tell a spiteful untruth. And POLDOODIE is not a low acquaintance, at least you did not think so when he took you down to dinner at the PANKEYS.

Mrs. N. What a falsehood. That was MR. HOISTER.

Mr. N. All the same. In our facetious way we call him POLDOODIE, which is some kind of Scotch for oyster.

Mrs. N. I thought him too much of a gentleman to allow vulgar liberties to be taken with his name.

Mr. N. Then you thought wrong, you see, as you often do. A true gentleman is not a starched stiffback Snotchleyfied prig, but a man who can distinguish between good fellowship and impertinence.

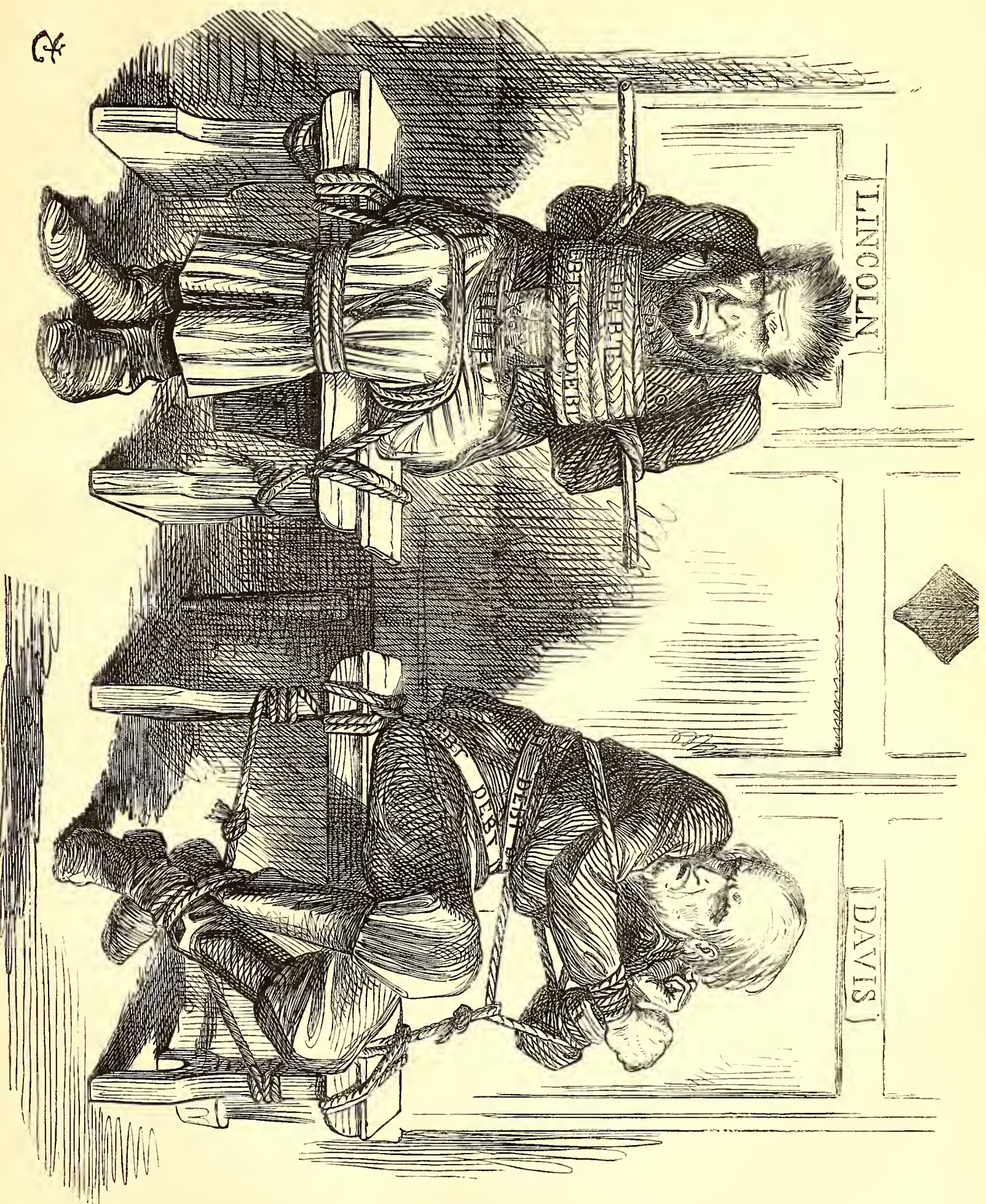
Mrs. N. If he associates with your set, he has plenty of opportunities of appreciating the latter. (Rises.) I suppose you will go to bed when you are ready.

Mr. N. I suppose I shall. Good night, if you are going.

Mrs. N. Put out the gas, unless you are afraid.

Mr. N. What should I be afraid of?

Mrs. N. Your conscience.



THE AMERICAN BROTHERS; OR, "HOW WILL THEY GET OUT OF IT?"

Mr. N. What's my conscience got to do with the gas? What has the Gas Company's own conscience to do with it either, if you come to that, for it's very bad and precious dear?

Mrs. N. I see that you wish not to be left alone, and I do not wonder. (*Returns to her seat.*) If you play these tricks with your nerves, you will soon be a pitiable creature.

Mr. N. I am that, but not account of nerves. My nerves were never better in my life. What do you mean?

Mrs. N. Try to carry it off so, but I know you better. You have been dreadfully frightened, and it serves you quite right.

Mr. N. Frightened at what, in the name of all that is ridiculous?

Mrs. N. How should I know what wicked folly you have been witnessing? I only see that it has had its effect on you, being a weak man, and that you are all in a flurry. You had better go to bed. I will light you to your door, and you can keep the gas burning all night—that extravagance is better than your being terrified into illness. Will you take anything sedative?

Mr. N. Yes, some brandy-and-water, and a cigar, which I'll have in the study. Don't be nonsensical. I am about as much frightened as you are. Will you hear what I have seen?

Mrs. N. I had rather not, but if talking relieves you, go on.

Mr. N. (aside). I knew she wanted to hear all about it. Well, POLDOONIE called—

Mrs. N. Oblige me by keeping that vulgarity for your friends, and by giving persons their right names.

Mr. N. HOISTER, then, but I think the other name is more aristocratic—hoister reminds one of a crane at a warehouse.

Mrs. N. As I do not frequent warehouses, I am not reminded of anything of the kind.

Mr. N. (swallowing his repartee). He called and asked me to go to the séance, which was at a private house in Pall Mall, so I had a chop with him at the Reform Club.

Mrs. N. In those boots? But I believe that the radical and republican faction tramples upon all external decencies—the floor is sanded, I suppose.

Mr. N. How can you talk such idiocy? I wish you could see the Reform kitchen.

Mrs. N. You don't mean that you condescended to dine in a kitchen?

Mr. N. No, I don't, though I've dined in worse places. We had one bottle of champagne, and one of claret, between three, BROWNER being the other, and some liqueur.

Mrs. N. Your wife had one glass of pale ale.

Mr. N. More goose my wife, who has the cellar-key.

Mrs. N. Which she will never use again after the insult and abuse which followed her last use of it.

Mr. N. There was neither, MARIA. I only said that you might have given a pack of schoolboys something cheaper than my best port. But confound your memory for old grievances—you never remember pleasant things.

Mrs. N. I have so few to remember.

Mr. N. You are as lucky a woman as I know. Well, we went over at eight, and found about twenty people assembled. The Medium was brought in, and the operator made a little speech, and then the lights were put out, and we sat in a circle, with our hands joined.

Mrs. N. Fancy a pack of men being such fools.

Mr. N. There were some women, too, for I held hands with two.

Mrs. N. Nice sort of persons to come to such a place.

Mr. N. You'd go to-morrow, if I would take you.

Mrs. N. (knows that quite well). I hope, HENRY, that even if you commanded me to go, I should know my duty too well to obey.

Mr. N. I won't try you, my dear, especially as I disapprove of women's sanctioning such things. After a time we heard some scratchings and knockings, and then music began to play in different parts of the room, the instruments moving about.

Mrs. N. Confederates, of course.

Mr. N. I don't know whether they were Federals or Confederates. Then some luminous hands appeared, and waved about.

Mrs. N. Old gloves stuffed with bran and rubbed with phosphorus, and stuck on the end of wires, or lazytongs.

Mr. N. I cannot say. Then a strong and mysterious wind passed by, and they said it was the spirits' wings.

Mrs. N. Pair of bellows, most likely, blown by some of the party.

Mr. N. And then there was a very faint light, and some said that they saw a human figure moving through the air.

Mrs. N. Your own child could do that trick better, in the daylight, with the kite he blows out into the shape of a boy. Upon my word, I can hardly listen with patience to such trash.

Mr. N. And then something hit me on the head.

Mrs. N. I am very glad of it.

Mr. N. And then some said that hands were touching them.

Mrs. N. No doubt they were. Pickpockets. The business seems invented for genteel pickpockets.

Mr. N. And at last a hand came to me and touched mine.

Mrs. N. If you had had any spirit you would have caught it.

Mr. N. I did, and held it tight.

Mrs. N. And of course let go, just as you do everything.

Mr. N. Not exactly, for there it is.

[*Flings the Spirit-hand on the table.* *MRS. NAGGLETON snatches it up.*

Mrs. N. As I said. No, where are my scissors. (*Cuts it.*) No, wool, not bran, and springs, and see where it was broken off from whatever was holding it. Why, you can smell the phosphorus quite plainly.

Mr. N. Well, but don't rub it on my nose.

Mrs. N. But didn't anybody know you had caught the hand? Of course you couldn't keep the secret to yourself.

Mr. N. I held my tongue. The business came to a sudden end, and we were told that the spirits were unhappy, and that a compact of honour had been broken. But as nobody confessed, there was an end.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I was displeased with you for going, for you are not strong, and you are easily imposed upon. But I am glad that you had sense enough not to be deceived by the jugglers. You ought to have denounced, out loud, the whole imposition, and shown that hand. MR. SNOTCHLEY would have done so, I am sure. But you have behaved better than I expected, and so THERE (*only on his cheek, though*), and now I will mix you some brandy-and-water, if you'll come down-stairs. Wicked humbugs, they ought to be flogged.

Mr. N. Strong language, my dear.

Mrs. N. I mean it to be strong.

Mr. N. Mean the same about my grog, my dear.

[*Exeunt, to celebrate the Truce.*

A PROMISING PERFORMANCE.



IGHT chamber music is by some folks held in high esteem; but there are some kinds of chamber music not much to our liking, as, for instance, the music of the mice behind the wainscot in the chamber where we sleep, and the music of tom-cats upon the tiles above our bed-chamber. It is frequently our fate to hear an *Opera di Camera* of this distracting sort, and we own that we would gladly give our ears to get away from it. But we like such chamber operas as MR. GERMAN REED has introduced to public notice at the Gallery of Illustra-

tion; and, as we hate being thought singular, we are very glad to see that very many other people appear to share our liking. The Gallery was so full the night when we "attended hearing" (we use a legal phrase to show we are a judge of music) that it was all that we could do to get our ears and eyes inside it; and, as all the floor is occupied with seats, we hope, when next we go, to find a row or two of chairs suspended in mid-air for the comfort of late comers. Perhaps the spirits will be kind enough to act upon our hint, and help a few people to float, like MR. HOME, close to the ceiling; only, in asking this small favour, we fear we ask too much, for the spirits hitherto have done nothing half so useful.

Nice music, nicely sung, is nightly heard within the gallery; and if they want to give their ears a treat that won't cost much, both soldiers and civilians should hear *The Soldier's Legacy*. Fresh, pretty, and harmonious, this little work, mayhap, will give them greater pleasure than many a grand opera; and if they don't admire the sweet-throated Miss HENDERSON and the pleasant-tongued Miss POOLE, we can only pity their miss-appreciation. They must like MR. WHIFFIN, too, if they have any ear for music; and even if they have not, they must at least admire a tenor who gives himself no airs while he is occupied in singing them. As for poor dear funny snubbed and snub-nosed MR. SHAW, he gets laughed at every night so much that he is now quite used to it; and so they need not be afraid that he will think them rude for grinning at him. If because he acts so well you fancy he can't sing well, we can only say, O pshaw! you unbeliever, go and hear him. As the blacksmith in *Too Many Cooks*, he is as harmonious as the Blacksmith of old HANDEL; and we have a strong *soupeon* that the relish of his soup song will tempt many of his hearers to come off'en back to OFFENBACH. Indeed, in songs as well as singers, the *Opera di Camera* is throughout so bright and sparkling that no one can mistake it for a camera-obscura.



A REBUKE.

Host. "FISH IS VERY EXPENSIVE, JUST NOW, I CAN TELL YOU. THIS SALMON COST ME TWO AND SIXPENCE A POUND!"

Guest (no Business of his). "AH, IT'S VERY GOOD, I THINK I'LL TAKE ANOTHER EIGHTEEN PENN'ORTH!"

A CAP THAT WILL FIT.

THE subjoined case, lately reported in the *Birmingham Post*, is recommended to the attention of LORD PALMERSTON:—

"IMPRISONED FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.—At the Candover monthly Petty Sessions, on Wednesday, before the REV. H. BURTON and H. DE WARTER, Esq., two agricultural labourers, in the employ of MR. GEORGE MASON, Farmer, Ryton, named JOHN PINCHES and RICHARD DAVIES, were brought up at the instance of their master, charged with having, on the 4th of September, refused to obey his lawful commands. From the evidence it appeared that the 'lawful commands' deposed to in the summons were resolved into the fact that on the day named, it being Sunday, MR. MASON ordered the men to go to church, which they point blank refused to do. The case having been fully proved, the defendants were sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in the House of Correction."

We do not wish to underrate the services rendered the Church by the many profound divines, erudite scholars, and conclusive reasoners who have utterly confuted BISHOP COLENSO and the authors of *Essays and Reviews*. But logical argument, although it may in some degree tend to abate the scepticism of the educated classes, is not the method by which the warfare against irreligion is best to be conducted amongst the poor. Seven days' imprisonment in the House of Correction for refusing to attend church, will do more to convince a couple of agricultural labourers of the great truths which are proclaimed from the pulpit, than all the verbal demonstration and exhortation in the world. What H. DE WARTER, Esq., may deserve for his share in the just and wise sentence passed on JOHN PINCHES and RICHARD DAVIES, for not going to church, the HOME SECRETARY will perhaps best judge; but the noble PREMIER, who has made so many bishops, should, on the very next vacancy that occurs on the Episcopal Bench, add one more to their number by putting a mitre on the head of the REV. H. BURTON.

A Misapprehension.

A LADY, not very young and excessively nervous about travelling in company with the opposite sex, hearing of the "limited mail," availed herself of it for a journey to the North, expecting to find the horrid creatures few and far between. Her consternation, on discovering her mistake, may be imagined.

DEFINITION OF "ATTIC SALT."—A Greek Sailor.

A WIT AND A WEDDING.

WE take this from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. He seems to make very free indeed:—

"We hear that the charming and talented sister of an Irish Earl has at last yielded to the matrimonial solicitations of a well-known wit, whose devotion for her has been of long standing."

We are married, therefore we are not the well-known wit who has been soliciting the charming young lady to marry him. But—if it is the custom in Ireland to expatiate in the papers upon the mental and physical attractions of brides, and the intellectual and amatory merits of bridegrooms—why not tell us who the parties are, or at least who the gentleman is? If he be really a wit, and would like to add a thousand or two a-year to his income, he had better write to us, while on his honey-moon, and he will find an agreeable letter awaiting him when he brings home his bride.

N.B. If the above paragraph turn out to be an extract from the *Court Journal* and a blunder—we beg pardon for tautology—we retract.

The Donkey and the Davenports.

OH my guinea, my guinea!
Myself, with two or three others,
Paid all that, like a ninny,
To see the DAVENPORT Brothers.
Say one farthing would fee them,
To save it would prove you no miser.
A fool for going to see them,
I didn't come back any wiser.

SPORTING PROPHECY.

THAT a dark horse named *Burglar* will, one of these days, win two Darbies.

IRISH THEATRICALS.

AN old Farce is about to be revived at the Theatre Vice-regal, Dublin. Subjoined is the correct cast:—

THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.

The Irish Ambassador (with several dances, to be given during the season), LORD WODEHOUSE.

Private Secretary and Assistant Private Secretary (who will sing in character the popular duet "We've got no work to do"), by Two distinguished Amateurs.

State Steward (by kind permission of MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER), MR. PAUL BEDFORD. Controller of the Vice-regal Household, MRS. PUBLIC OPINION (of the Theatre Royal Great Britain and Ireland).

Chamberlain, MR. W. H. PAYNE (of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden).

Master of the Horse (with the song of "I'd be a Butterfly"), MR. FECHTER (in his new Equestrian character).

Gentleman at Large, MR. BANTING.

Aides-de-Camp, By MESSRS. SHOULDER, ARMS, LEFT, WHEEL, EYES, RIGHT, QUICK, MARCH, FORWARD, &c. &c.

The Piece will be got up regardless of expense, and nothing will be wanting on the part of the Management to ensure a success. Revivals are seldom worth the trouble and care bestowed upon them, and, in this particular instance, we cannot predict a long run for the resuscitated Farce.

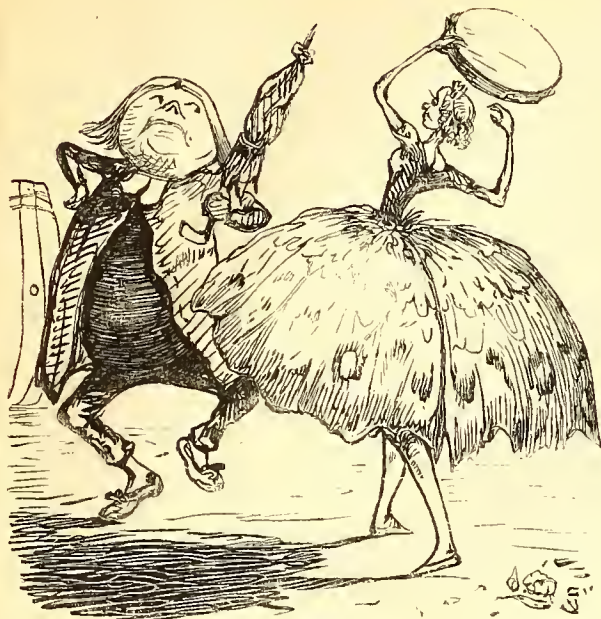
SAM OXON'S LAST.

REALLY the BISHOP OF OXFORD does say very good things. Last week, on Tuesday night, at the dinner given by the LORD MAYOR to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, and himself, with a number of the London Clergy, in responding to the toast of "The Bishops and the Clergy," he observed that:—

"It was no mere empty formality which gathered the Clergy around his Lordship at these banquets."

No, indeed. The Clergy who enjoyed the LORD MAYOR's hospitality at the Mansion House may have included some formalists, but we may be sure enough that not one of them was empty. It may be safely concluded, that the most formal of all the Anglo-Catholic ritualists, who may have sat down to turtle soup at the banquet of the Civic Monarch, did not fast on that occasion.

THE UMBRELLA; ITS USE AND ABUSE.



UR use of an umbrella, in London, is not merely as a protection against rain. No; for who that cares one sixpence, out of twenty-one and sixpence, for his umbrella, would ever expose it to the shower-bath of the Pluvian Jupiter? Not I. In fact, the umbrella is useless; as when it rains, one takes a cab.

In what situation is a man more utterly helpless than when, on a pouring wet day, he is coming from a railway station, in a Hansom, with the window down, and a portmanteau, which the cabman has placed over the trap in the roof?

He can holloa and shout it is true; but will the sound penetrate? will it rise above the din of the streets?

How am I to communicate with the driver? How am I to inform him that he has taken a wrong turning? I don't know, no more do you. Who can tell me? If I break his window, he has a remedy against me for damage. If I manage with great physical exertion to push the trap up, the portmanteau is violently knocked over, and dislodges the driver from his perch; away goes the horse, and where am I then? I just draw your attention to these facts.

Of what use, then, is the umbrella?

It is used to prevent people from treading on your heels. Swung quickly round and round, it will clear your path of tumbling boys, "a penny a wheel," and professional beggars.

It is specially useful as a cab-signal. Without shouting out "Hi!" "Here, Hansom!" "Hi, here cabbee!"—a proceeding that only strains the voice and tries the temper, if attention is not promptly given to your call—the umbrella should be gently and gracefully lifted with one motion of the wrist, at the same time that you make a slight inclination of the head, and the intelligent driver, thus decorously and politely summoned, will at once cheerfully pull up at the kerb where you are standing.

The umbrella will, then, in a Hansom, be used for directing the cabman's course, much in the fashion of a penny-steamboat captain's hand-steering, only without the shrill-voiced boy's assistance. Time the movements of your umbrella so as to render the cabman's obedience easy: point out, with it, the exact door whereat you wish to stop. If the horse is slow, and you are sure the driver can't see you (and he can't if you only know the right plan) you can touch up the animal judiciously, not cruelly, with the ferule. Don't accompany the action with "tchk!" or "come up!" or the cabman may hear, and suspect. Of four-wheelers, and of the further use and abuse of umbrellas, more another time.

By the way, let me ask, are the hatters of London in league with the Hansom-cab manufacturers? Who can get into one of these vehicles without knocking his hat against the window, that never will allow itself to be pulled up to the top? Ride regularly in Hansoms, and your gossamer won't last a week.

By what natural law is it, that, in a Hansom, one invariably shuts the wrong door first?

Can two gentlemen sit comfortably in a Hansom? If so, how?

A Piano for Sale.

HERE we are again! Talk of CLASPER and oarsmen, what could they do in comparison with this lady:—

A PIANO FOR SALE BY A LADY ABOUT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL in an Oak-case with carved legs.

Apparently no one can put a stop to her. Hardly proper is it, especially the mention of the calved—ahem!

Done Brown.

CAN the Spiritualists show the same chairs, tables, Davenports, &c., in two places at the same time? We can. The furniture at this present moment standing in a drawing-room, in a house in London, not far from Grosvenor Square, is all in "Holland." Cards to view this wonderful phenomenon may be had at the office.

TELEGRAMS.

WE have received several complaints concerning the present incomplete state of Telegraphic Communication. Not a message sent by Telegraph, but must also go by several Posts!

THE real winner of the Cesarewitch.—PRINCESS DAGMAR.

The exact worth of Spiritualism.—Not a rap.

Two powder lighters.—EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and KING OF PRUSSIA.

A RAP FOR THE SPIRITS.

I MUST rank as an old fogey—
Now decades five have sped,
Since the days when from Old Boguey
I cowered in childish dread;
The nursery's vile instruction,
In spectre, ghost and ghoul,
Was my infant introduction
To the Spiritual school.

Now, Old Boguey is promoted
From nursery to first floor,
And old fools to ghosts devoted
More than young ones were of yore.
Not for wholesome *night-caps* mixing,
Such as good folks once enjoyed,
But for *fools'-caps* wholesale fixing,
Now "The Spirits" are employed.

When rogues go up like rockets,
There are fools the raps who'll stand:
We've a HOME, into our pockets
To dip a "sperrit"-hand.
We've a FORSTER to discover,
Thoughts though close sealed-up from view—
Sure such gulls as round him hover,
Should be easy to see through!

We've the DAVENPORTS, *par nobile*,
With their ropes to draw fools in—
Their Medium—*primum mobile*
Of Yankee sperrits—tin!
"Pay your sovereigns, sceptic carpers;
See us slip from knot and noose!"
Thank you—you're not the first sharpers
We've seen playing fast and loose.

As for wriggling oneself loose,
From knots, ties, and bonds,—the thing
Has long had acknowledged use,
And the art is in full swing.
We have many a politician,
Who's long been a perfect dab in it;
And defies your competition,
Out of, or in the Cabinet.

Shall I pay my simple pound in,
To hear your trumpet blow?
Be it of your own sounding,
Or the blast of BOUCICAULT?
No end of quacks, too-tooting
Gratis the public hears—
'Tis what DION has been doing,
Any day these last four years.

Still humbug follows science,
As shadow waits on light:
'Gainst rogues' and fools' alliance,
Truth at sore odds must fight;
Learn humbleness from history,
Take your spirits and be jolly—
Drink "the great asinine mystery"—
That oldest "od-force"—folly!

Ecclesiastical—Change of Name.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, with that æsthetic and fine feline sense, which lifts him above other Prelates, has recommended that all Churches hereafter built in his style shall be called "Pretty Pussey Churches;" but as an intelligent little girl remarked to her maternal Parent, of course this will not interfere with any dogma which Puseyites consistently embrace.

CONCLUSIVE.

"How can you prove the existence of these 'Sperrits?'" asked a sceptic of MR. S. C. HALL. "Prove them?" replied S. C., impressively—"The Sperrits are above proof!"

RETREAT FOR DECAYED SPIRITUALISTS.—The Home for Idiots.



EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.

JACK GRUNSELL WAS SKETCHING IN GALWAY THIS SUMMER, AND ONE MORNING BOUGHT A FEW ARTICLES OF RUSTIC COSTUME FOR HIS STUDIO—THE NEWS SPREAD—THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS UP—AND DOWN UPON HIM, AS HE WAS AT DINNER—AND HE WAS BOISTEROUSLY OFFERED THE PICK OF THE GARMENTS OF FOUR LARGE PARISHES THE SAME EVENING!

LETTER FROM A GHOST.

THE Ghost of the late JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQUIRE, presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and begs leave to call his attention to the following passage in the New (232nd) Number of that periodical—(Art. IV. p. 413, lines 21, 22, right hand page.) The article purports to be a review of a *Dictionary of the Bible*, by Dr. WILLIAM SMITH:—

"We believe that it will be an invaluable gift to the clergy, whether Churchmen or Dissenters."

Can the Ghost trust his eyes? Is this the *Quarterly Review*, once (in Mr. CROKER'S time) the bulwark and organ of the Church of England? Is the present Editor aware of the frightful, HOWLING WICKEDNESS of what he has inserted? Since when has it been permitted to give the title of Clergy to SCHISMATICS? The Ghost is not a *laudator temporis acti*, but he fearlessly states that in his days the pages of the *Quarterly* should have been defaced by no such BASE concession to the insolence of Dissent. The book reviewed seems to be valuable, though it is marked by a lamentable absence of denunciation of those who refuse to see theological matters in the one and ONLY light, but if it be a good book, those who know the Dissenters—*affectedly* called Non-conformists—must be aware that it is casting pearls before swine to offer it to those bigoted schismatics and revolutionary infidels. Yet to compliment SUCH FOLKS, the great Church and Conservative Review ranks their preachers with *real* CLERGYMEN! The Ghost of JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQUIRE, is too disgusted to add more.

A Considerable Sum of Sorrow.

THE national debt incurred by the Federal States up to the present time is calculated to amount to about £600,000,000. Almost all that money has been spent in making widows and orphans. How many wives and children would half of it have made happy?

STARVATION SCHOOLING.

SOMEHOW or another our poor injured friends the farmers have not talked about their ruin lately quite so much as they once used to do. Yet that there are agriculturists still in a distressed state seems pretty clear, we think, from the following advertisement:—

A GOVERNESS WANTED, in a farmhouse. Would be treated as one of the family. To teach four children, the eldest a boy, eight years of age. Must be capable of imparting a sound English education, good music and singing, drawing, and the rudiments of French, if desired; also to assist in the sewing. Salary £12 a-year, with laundress. Address, &c.

Twelve pounds a-year for the schooling of four children! A farmer must be surely much distressed for money who thus sues *in forma pauperis*, as we may phrase it, for a governess. And a governess, moreover, who is "also to assist in the sewing," and to fill up her spare time by slaving as a sempstress. A man must have a poor income if he can afford no better pay than this; and, as for being "treated as one of the family," that can hardly be regarded in the light of an advantage. The very poorest living must be looked for in a family, where so poor a salary is offered for a governess, and it would be only fair if the schooling and the sewing which possibly may be procured through this advertisement, should prove to be as bad as the wages which are offered for them.

To Spiritualists.

£20,000 CHALLENGE.—NIGGER SAMBO, the celebrated Singer of "Who's dat a looking at yar, Dinah!" and connected with the far-famed troupe of Ebony Jingers, hereby challenges MESSRS. HOME, FORSTER, or the Brothers DAVENPORT, to go through the air above on a Banjo, as well as himself.

MOTTO FOR ANY MAKER OF CIDER-CUP, WHO PLACES MUCH OF THE HERB BORAGE THEREIN, TO THE NO SMALL INCONVENIENCE OF THE PERSON ABOUT TO DRINK.—"There's many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip."

John Leech.

OBITU OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.

ÆTAT. 46.

THE simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago, a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While Society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest.

NOVEMBER THE FOURTH.



“BLACK YOUR SHOES, SIR?”

ADVICE TO AN APPARITION.

IGNATIUS,

YOUR appearance in the Church Congress at Bristol created such a sensation that it has earned for you the name of “The Apparition.” Perhaps the Apparition of Brother IGNATIUS will be remembered when that of GILES SCROGGINS is forgotten.

Stick to it. Appear whenever and wherever you can, with effect. The place of all others for you to appear in is that where Protestants most do congregate. So just you go one night on the occasion of some great Evangelical or Anti-Maynooth meeting, and appear at Exeter Hall.

How are you to manage it? Envelop IGNATIUS in an upper Benjamin. Wear a black cloak with a cape and a velvet collar over your frock. Thrust your toes into a pair of old shoes, and put on gaiters to hide your sandals. Sport a white choker, and conceal your tonsure with a curly wig. Get upon the platform, go to the front, watch your opportunity, and ask to be allowed to speak. Then throw aside your disguise, kick off your crabshells, and stand confessed, as a monk should.

There will, of course, be a jolly row. But slap your breast, proclaim yourself an Englishman, and invoke Englishmen to give you fair play. Very likely they will then hear what you have to say; perhaps with cheers. At the worst you can only be removed by the Police, for you are allowed to go about, and as yet nobody is authorised to take care of you, and lodge you in an institution where your tonsure would perhaps be extended to the whole of your scalp.

Of course you will not stick at putting on appearances meant to be mistaken for those of a British clergyman, because, although false, they will be assumed for a pious purpose; for you are as much a Jesuit as you are a Benedictine, and therefore know that the end justifies the means.

I hope you got on well last Saturday. I believe your effigy was chaired a good deal on that day. Did you venture abroad yourself? If you did, I admire your courage, because there was every reason to fear that the profane vulgar would have got hold of you on that Fifth of November, and have made you do duty for the hero of the anniversary by carrying you about bodily as a Guy.

With many thanks for the very much amusement which you have so

TEETOTALLERS AND TRAITORS.

THERE is a secret which we have to tell our readers; they will keep it to themselves of course—but then who will not know it? First, let them read the following testimonial to beer:—

“Beer and wine met at Waterloo. Wine, red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, mad with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a mass of immovable men—the sons of Beer. You have read history. Beer gained the day.”

There!—that is from the pen of ESQUIROS. Now then you see the influence which inspires MR. LAWSON, and the United Kingdom Alliance in their endeavours to procure the enactment of local Maine Laws, and to unseat MR. BASS. The hidden strings of these puppets are pulled by France, in the person of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY.

THE POETRY OF POSTERS.

BY A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I behold the hoardings all,
And every surface of dead wall,
O’erspread with pictured posters gay,
That puff the humbugs of the day.

I think how folks complain of gloom,
Pervading my one sitting-room,
With sides and ceiling smoke embrowed,
Hung, as with clouds for arras, round.

And then occurs the further thought,
If I, as they declare I ought,
My walls with paper would renew,
Those bills would for that purpose do.

Liberty and Fermented Liquor.

MR. LAWSON, and the United Kingdom Alliance, agitating for a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law, wish to restrain sots from drunkenness by Maine force. This, of itself, would be all very well; but the worst of it is, they want to apply that force to the sober.

often afforded me, and hoping for further favours of the same nature from your diverting eccentricities, believe me, ever your friendly monitor,

TONY LUMPKIN.

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

THE Corporation of Dublin are to address LORD WODEHOUSE on his arrival at the Vice-regal Lodge, and with a Milesian disregard to the unities, the Address has already been made public.

Among the paragraphs in which this Address shows up in glowing colour the wrongs of Ireland, occurs the following:—

“In the course of your visit to the provinces your Excellency will see at Galway a port which Nature has created, and placed at the nearest and safest point for communication between these islands and the Continent of America. But although a Packet Company in connection with the port was for a short time subsidised, the narrow spirit and the jealousy with which it had to contend necessarily eventuated in its failure.”

The Corporation will be told, no doubt, by a malignant British Press, that the packet company in question in no one instance kept the time that entitled it to receipt of the Government subsidy—that its ships were weak and ill found, its engines constantly breaking down, its capital insufficient, and all its arrangements so unbusiness-like, that it was rapidly wound up, in a state of hopeless insolvency.

That is the base, bloody, and brutal Saxon way of putting the matter. The warm-hearted Milesian penetrates through such unimportant accidents, and sees at the root of the Galway Packet Company’s failure the narrow spirit of English opposition and the jealousy of Ireland, which governs all our relations with that ill-used country.

The Black Art, Indeed.

“Put out the light, and then——”—Othello.

THE Brothers DAVENPORT claim to be assisted in their performances by some mysterious power, though of what kind they profess themselves unable to explain. Is it not clear enough, from their practice of turning down the gas, that this friendly power is the Power of Darkness?

PUNCH'S SPIRIT MEETINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Punch has become a Convert to Spiritualism.



DOUBT not that when, and where his Conversion was finally effected will be revealed hereafter, when the public mind shall be sufficiently attuned to celestial harmonies to receive that revelation with solemnity and sweetness. For the present, suffice it to say, that having entirely and dispassionately considered the subject, having examined the evidences, having witnessed thousands of experiments, having read all the spiritual books, having meditated upon the vast advantages which mankind have gained from the ministering of the Spirits, having duly regarded the

scholarly, pure, and disinterested character of the well-born and refined persons who practise Spiritualism, and the superior intellectuality of the gentlemen and ladies who believe in it, Mr. Punch has convinced himself that the Spirits are genuine.

He is not a Spirit to do anything by halves.

The very moment that he felt himself a Spiritualist, he sent for the most accomplished professors of the system, and under their advice, aided by his own genius, Mr. Punch's architect and upholsterer proceeded to fit up the most handsome of the saloons, at 85, Fleet Street, as a Temple of Spiritualism. The machinist of one of the leading theatres has rendered his invaluable assistance, and Mr. Punch's Spiritual Saloon and Demonical Drawing-Room is now daily and nightly devoted to Séances of the most remarkable character.

As it is the duty of those who believe that they have discovered a truth to impart it to others in all its fulness, or even a little more, Mr. Punch proposes to publish, at such times and seasons as the Spirits may ordain, records of the proceedings at his Séances. He at once proceeds to state what took place at the very first of these extraordinary meetings.

Tuesday, November 8, 1864.

Mr. Punch and about ten of his young men assembled at nine o'clock. The Sibyle Medium, MOTHER SAUNDERS, arrived shortly afterwards. She took her seat, and the Séance commenced. The gaslights were put out, but the Medium stated that the Spirits did not object to cigars, tobacco being an invention of the Objectionable Power.

After some knocking and scratching, the Medium announced that there were Spirits in the room.

Mr. Punch was invited to interrogate them on the part of the meeting, and he immediately, and with his usual politeness, asked them whether they would take anything to drink.

Gurgling sounds were heard, and it was evident that drinking was going on, but no person chose to say who had been at it.

Mr. Punch then required the name of some Spirit present.

The first answer was "JUNIUS'S LETTERS."

"Do I understand that the respected party is JUNIUS himself, or only Dead Letters?" asked Mr. Punch.

The first question was answered in the affirmative.

"What other name did you bear on earth?" asked Mr. Punch, and the assembly listened, breathlessly, for the solution of the great mystery.

The answer was "DEAN SWIFT."

"Dear me," said Mr. Punch, "There must be—I mean—do I quite understand—of course I am the last person to doubt a Spirit's word, but what made you die in 1745, when you did not write your first letter till 1769?"

Here there was much scratching, and the Medium explained that the Spirits were very irritable, and did not like being cross-questioned. Something fiery was then seen to fly across the room, and plunge into the grate. Later, when the lights were restored, a splash of white ashes was seen on the blackened hearth, and a visible shudder went round the company at this palpable proof of supernatural agency.

A second Spirit was then invited to name itself.

"MAGNA CHARTA."

"I—and MONTESQUIEU—have heard of the Spirit of Laws," said Mr. Punch, "but I never expected to meet any of his family. What has our friend from Runnymede to say?"

"I air the proudest birthright of the British," said the Spirit, with a slight nasality, "and I calculate that yew'd better con-serve me like the apple of your eye, bein' as I air, the brightest gem wrung from the haughty crown of your tyrannical HENRY THE EIGHTH, and sealed with the patri-otic gore of CRANMER, SIDNEY, and LADY JANE GREY."

"This is indeed worth knowing," said Mr. Punch, mindful of the hint not to offend the Spirits.

A third Spirit, according to the Medium, evinced restlessness to speak.

It was announced as "COPERNICUS."

"We are indeed honoured," said Mr. Punch. "May I humbly ask the illustrious astronomical Spirit to inform us what the Moon is made of?"

"Ivory," said the Spirit.

"Bless me, to think that we never thought of that. But ivory is—at least we have supposed it—an animal substance—should I be trespassing on spiritual patience if I asked whence so large a quantity was obtained?"

"From the tusks of mammoths, mastodons, and megatheria, existing for fourteen billions of years before the world was created, and it was fused together by the action of volcanoes, and polished by attrition with the Equator or Equinoxious line. The dark parts, which you fancy holes, are stains, and were caused by the bursting of the Milky Way in a severe frost."

"Is the Moon inhabited?"

"What's that to you?" answered the Spirit. The Medium announced that there would be no more revelations from that quarter. There was a pause, during which something was felt to be rubbing against the legs of several of the party. One, bolder than the rest, put his hand to seize the object, when a fierce kind of noise was heard, and the Spirit departed from the group. The venturous person complained of severe pain, and when the lights were turned on, the back of his hand was seen distinctly scored with three long, angry scratches. The Medium begged that such tricks might not be played, as the vengeance of the Spirits was very terrible.

"I am anxious," said Mr. Punch, "to consult a Spirit who will answer me a question of personal interest to myself. I have mislaid a new pair of black trousers. Could I obtain information of their whereabouts?"

The Medium called on the Spirits generally, and there was a pause. Presently a Spirit said,—

"There is a better crop of frogs in the South of France this year than last, but soy will be dear, owing to the mortality among blackbeetles."

"Valuable as general information," said Mr. Punch, "but where are my trousers?"

"Earthly garments wear out," said a Spirit after a pause, "but spiritual garments are not liable to do so."

"But mine are earthly trousers, and I want them," persisted Mr. Punch. "Could you induce your Spirits to be in the slightest degree practical, M'm?"

"I am only their slave," said the Medium, "but I will ask again. Can any one tell anything about this gentleman's trousers?"

Three loud knocks followed.

"That is the answer," said the Medium. "I dare not ask again."

"Three knocks! Hm," mused Mr. Punch. "Is it a reproach to me for having three pair, while many persons have none? Three, three—they can't mean—Mrs. SAUNDERS, M'm, ask whether they've got among them the ghost of my Uncle."

Noise as of applause was heard, and the Medium stated that she heard the word Balls.

"Three Balls! Of course. Somebody's been and pawned my new black trousers," cried Mr. Punch. "But who, who? I ask any Spirit who may know."

"From information which I received," said a Spirit—

"Yes, yes, you are a very choice Spirit," said Mr. Punch, eagerly. "Well, who is it?"

"I have reason to believe," said the Spirit, "that great numbers of cats were eaten as hares in the restaurants of Nice this year, and that during the winter forty-nine per cent. of babies will cry very much while they are being christened."

Mr. Punch is full of virtues, and anger is one of them. He exploded so fearfully at this last answer that the Medium, snatching up her money, bolted, and was seen no more. And so ended the first of Mr. Punch's Séances.

(All True)

PUNCH.

THE END OF TABLE-TURNING.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by Spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication table.



PUTTING THE CASE FAIRLY.

Diner Out (furious). "DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN COMING, SIR? THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, AND UNDER TWO MILES; SUCH A WRETCH OF A HORSE, ONLY FIT FOR THE——"

Cabby. "PUBLIC CAN'T EXPECT US TO PURSUE DERBY WINNERS AT SIXPENCE A MILE; CAN THEY, SIR?"

MR. PUNCH TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

You have been warning the Church Institute at Huddersfield against "sensation" literature, with its theory of a skeleton in every cupboard, its overmastering passions, its strong situations, hideous mysteries, appalling catastrophes, break-neck escapes—in short, the whole stock-in-trade of the "to be continued in our next" school. There is much truth in what you say; and no one can be more convinced than I am that this high-spiced literary food is unwholesome, and would be fatal, in the long run, to the mental digestion if excess in it did not, in most cases, breed a disgust—like that of the pastrycook's boy for raspberry tarts—and in time induce a demand for more sustaining and less stimulating viands. I should like to see "sensation" less rampant in our periodicals; but will you forgive me for suggesting its introduction, in moderation, to our pulpits?

People will draw disagreeable comparisons, and impute narrow "shoppy" motives, and I have heard your denunciations of the penny-paper and the penny-periodical ascribed to a jealousy of the large and ready hearing these find among the classes upon whom the pulpits—of the Established Church at least—exercise no attraction. Yet what splendid materials of effect your pulpit-orators command, compared with the poor sensation-monger of the penny serial! Depend upon it, if your preachers were a little more stirring and moving, more in the habit of appealing to the minds, as well as feelings, of their congregations, less somnolent and self-satisfied, less in the habit of complacent assumption, readier to sympathise with real difficulties and honest doubts, keener to note the tendencies of modern thought, to look objections in the face, and examine questions all round, you would find in a more lively pulpit the best counterbalance to a too sensational press.

But seeing how the Bench have treated COLENSO, and how the Oxford Board is now treating JOWETT—reading the letters of PUSEY and the denunciations of DENISON—knowing from sad and sleepy experience what the Anglican pulpit is, and feeling how infinitesimal is the hold

of the English clergyman—the most orthodox and self-satisfied specimens of him, at least—upon the masses of our cities—I cannot, I confess, with the best wishes for your success in this crusade against sensation, anticipate much from any aid a highly-paid establishment is likely to give you in fighting a cheap press at this moment.

I remain, my dear Archbishop,

Your faithful servant and fellow-worker,

PUNCH.

TIME OUT OF JOINT.

THERE are some people who are said to know what is o'clock, but the writer of this notice (printed in the *Daily Telegraph*), does not seem to be one of them:—

ASTLEY'S.—MR. E. T. SMITH, anxious to comply with the wishes of country friends, will give a MORNING PERFORMANCE of MAZEPPA, THIS EVENING (Wednesday), November 2. Commence at Two.

Morning calls are often made a little after it is noon; but this is the first time we have heard of a morning performance in the evening. Perhaps we next shall hear of midnight meetings being held at six o'clock, A.M., or of an evening party beginning about daybreak.

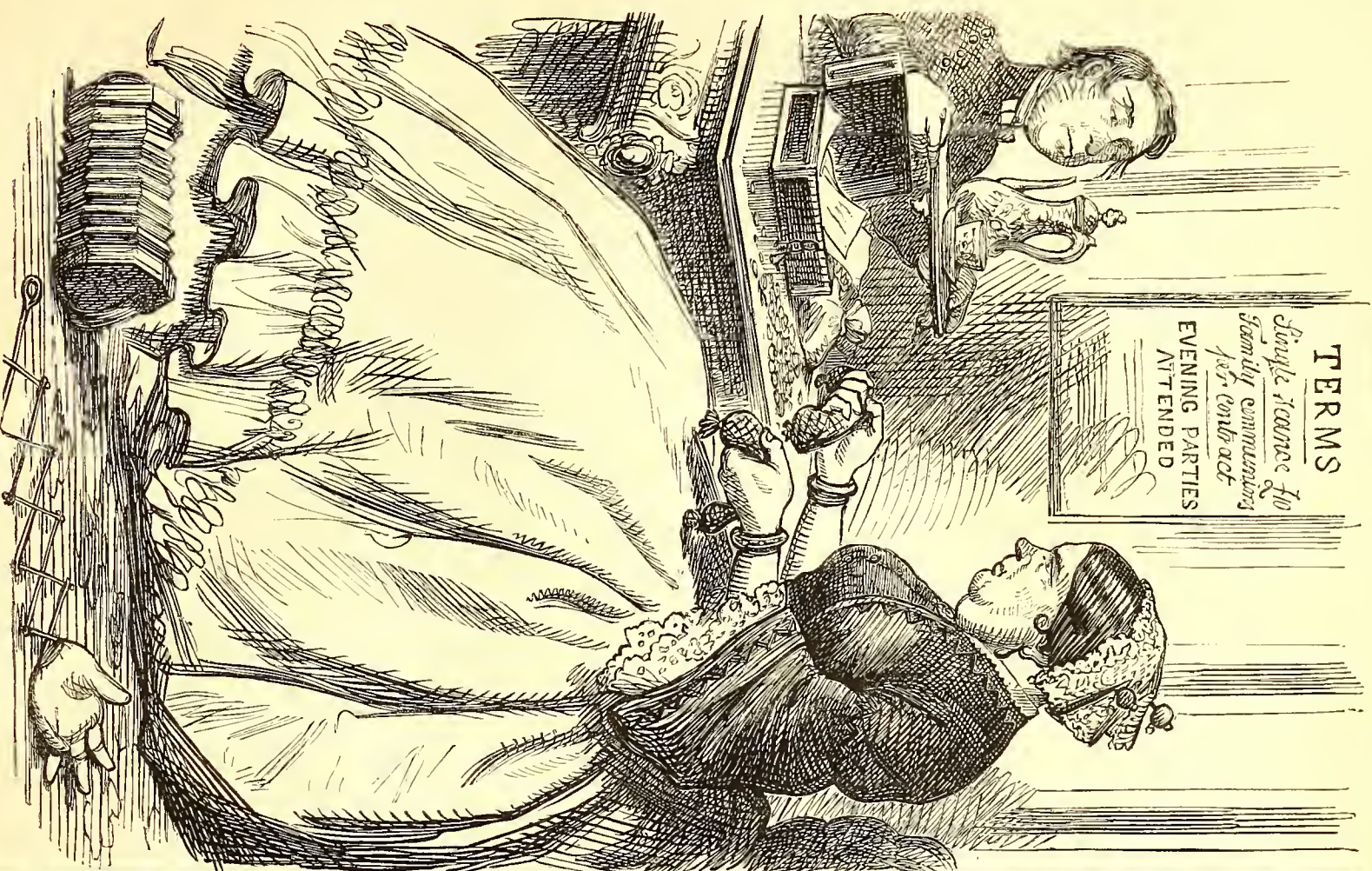
Some Compliment to Punch.

AN Article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, gravely maintaining that the tricks of the DAVENPORT jugglers are played by Spirits, does *Punch* the honour to remark that he "has long ceased to have anything comic in his columns." It is reassuring to find that anything comic in these columns is invisible to the intelligence that sees anything serious in the DAVENPORTS' impostures.

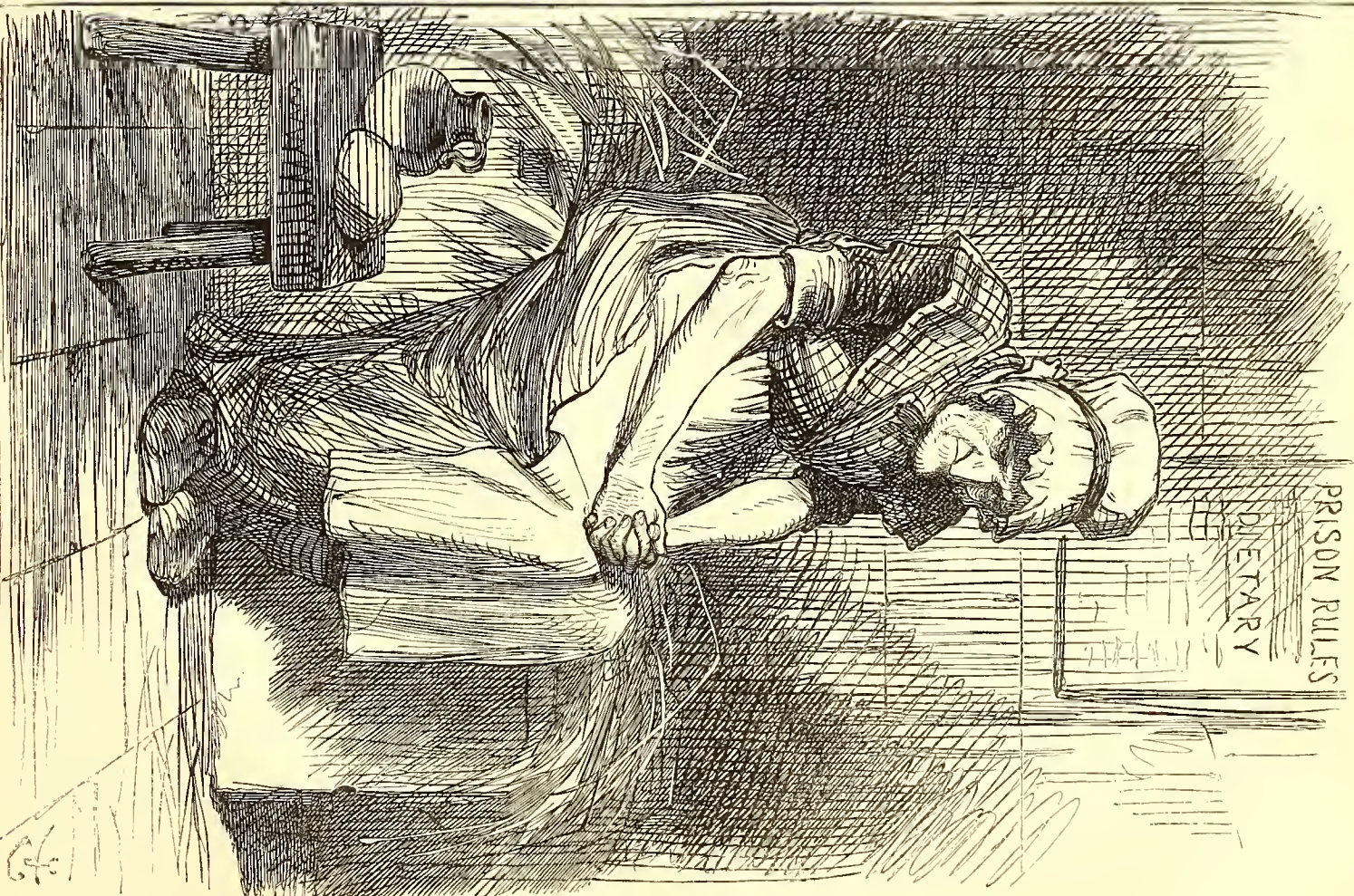
GLOSSARY FOR GAROTTERS.—*A Sensation Punishment.*—A Flogging.

TERMS

*Simple & concise for
family communications
for contract*
EVENING PARTIES
ATTENDED



PRISON RULES DIETARY



MEDIUM

AND

RE-MEDIUM.

ENGLAND.—“The Spiritualists, as they call themselves, are very successful in duping fools into the belief that they see supernatural performances. Idiots of fashion and ‘literary’ donkeys resort to them, and the quacks make a rich golden harvest.”—*English Papers*.

IRELAND.—“A Woman, who gave herself out as a Witch, has been tried for pretending to show apparitions to her ignorant dupes. She has been found guilty, and sentenced to a year’s imprisonment, with hard labour.”—*Irish Papers*.

THE COADJUTORS.

Dedicated to all those who are interested in the "Curate Question."

THE REV. WILLIE WYNKYN, his years were twenty-four,
And he had been to Oxford to gather Pagan lore—
To gather Pagan lore, because since he must be a Priest,
'Twas fitting he should study most the thing he'd need the least.

Now to the Bishop he repairs and being that day in luck,
Passes straightway the Chaplain dread—a man without "a pluck;"
So is ordained a "Deacon"—a Deacon frank and free,
Balderdash-cum-Swinkumswash—that was his Curacy.

The REV. WILLIE's Rector was a delightful man,—
Of all his black-coat neighbours by far the blackest swan—
A man of humble thoughts was he, yet not without his pride—
Pride for himself, and humble thoughts of all the world beside.

"How do?" "how do?" the Rector spake, as WILLIE hove in sight,
"You'll find this place of mine embued, yea, steeped in holy light;
For from myself for twenty years they've weekly preachings had,
And all my flock are pure, save those who've taken to the bad.

"Your cottage is but poor I own, the furniture not rich,
But all the blinds are new, and new the lobby door-mat, which
Will tend towards your comfort much; the Study smokes, but still
'Tis only when the door is shut and when the air is chill."

The REV. WILLIE WYNKYN here put on a cheerful face,
And, smiling, said he was prepared to like the peaceful place;
He'd heard of Balderdash before, and what d'ye call it? too,
And hoped to dig the vineyard well with ministrations true.

"I'd offer you a glass of wine, but have mislaid the key;
But Curates do not care for wine; nor need it as do we;
A biscuit? No? A crust of bread? Still, No? Well! *au revoir*,
I'd ring the bell, but scarce worth while—you'll easy find the door."

And so he bow'd the Curate out with much of nonchalance,
And drew his hand back as he saw the Curate's hand advance;
But that was right, for he was worth two thousand pounds a-year,
And that's a sum can not abide a humble sixty near.

To his new home young WYNKYN walked, revolving in his mind,
How well 'twould be could he obtain some little boy to grind—
His stipend was but sixty pounds! well, that he might endure;
But twenty pounds must be deduct "for use of furniture."

The REV. WILLIE WYNKYN sat down upon a chair,
Then rose to open wide the door to give the chimney air;
Then sate him down once more, then rose again to watch it snow,—
A Bishop might have been down-cast, a Curate mayn't you know.

A knock! a note is handed in. "The Rectory!" how kind!
The Rector, doubtless, is concerned lest I not yet have dined;
How very thoughtful! let me see. Ah, yes! "His compliments,
A case of cholera presses sore—a son of THOMAS KENT's!"

'Twas sudden! he had scarce arrived, was hungry and athirst;
Besides, the Shepherd (so it seemed) should seek his lamb the first;
The Shepherd "couldn't see it," so the Shepherd's dog was sent!
To keep a dog and bark himself that Shepherd never meant.

But stay! Another paragraph! Perchance it may be found
The Rector's time is pre-engaged, for sickness may abound;
"Sorry to trouble you, but since the cholera is so rife,
'Twere wiser *one* should visit *all*, than risk a second life.

"I have not been accustomed my health and strength to spare;
Who knows me best best know how I the 'vineyard' labours share;
Still at this sad conjuncture 'a line' were best no doubt,
So you shall take the cholera, and I will have the gout.

"I mean, that is, this rule shall hold as soon as I return,
But now for change of air and scene I positively yearn;
A fortnight I have been delayed, awaiting your advent,
But morrow morn I start for Town, and you will go to KENT."

A week, and then a letter followed on the Rector's track—
A letter couched, in moving terms, to bring the Rector back;
Poor KENT was dead; his sisters too; three SMITHS were taken ill,
A ROBSON and a RUNNYMEAD, two HARLANDS and a HILL.

Bailiffs had seized Nurse NAGGS, her all, and turned her out to beg,
And DANNY DUMP had broke the pump, and SAMUEL SINK his leg:
And HIGGINSON had beat his wife, and DABCHEEK's horse was drown'd,
The Small-pox was in Leather Lane, and three pigs in the pound.

To him the Rector by return—"For twenty years and more
I've held a Cure and I have learned these matters to ignore;
The world is full of troubles, I myself have quite enew—
For railway fares I find are rose, and Income-Tax is due.

"So tell my people every day, and twice when Sunday comes,
Affliction doth the spirit brace—prosperity benumbs;
That Balderdash is not exempt from the plain lot of man,
But while their Rector holds his health praise Heav'n they surely can.

"And tell the Plumber I would wish the grape-house spout renew'd,
And that he mend the hot-bed frame broken by children rude;
And JENKINS will the horses singe, and MARTIN sweep the snow
All round the shrubbery walks, and you—look after them, you know!

"Another month at very least I shall remain in Town;
But best that you expect me not before you see me down;
Meanwhile you'll visit 'house to house,' and teach the suffering poor
How blest are they—the privileged—some chastenings who endure."

VULGAR ERRORS.

It is a Vulgar Error, a very Vulgar Error, to omit or introduce improperly the letter H in conversation.

It is a Vulgar Error to suppose—

That a Barrister will be, as the notice on his door states, "Back in ten minutes."

That, when anyone gives you a general invitation, to "come whenever you like, we shall always be glad to see you," he means what he says, unreservedly.

That more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut.

That actors off the stage are totally different to what they are "on."

It is a Vulgar Error for a Low Comedy man to think that he is kept out of his proper sphere of action, by the leading Tragedian in the same theatre.

It is a Vulgar Error to suppose—

That comic singing is conducive to merriment.

It is a Common Error for ladies—

To suppose that they really need everything they buy.

That they are purchasing a Bargain at a Selling-off Shop.

To suppose that their husbands tell them everything (and *vice versa*).

It is a Common Error to suppose—

That Christmas is the only day that comes once a-year.

That a Performance of any sort for a Charity is only beneficial to that Charity.

That the position of an Editor is the happiest, cheeriest, and most pleasant in the world.

That everything announced by a Manager as a "Tremendous Hit," is even a moderate success.

BODY AND SPIRIT.

WE seem to think that we have had almost enough of MR. BANTING, and of the DAVENPORTS, and we may now remit all four (MR. BANTING may surely count as two) to the inevitable pantomimes. Perhaps they might continue to be interesting if they would combine their attractions. If MR. BANTING would go into the cupboard and come out two BANTINGS, of DAVENPORT size, while the two DAVENPORTS should also enter and come out one DAVENPORT, of BANTING size, we should say that the Spirits were clever. The feat ought not to be impossible, for the showman of the Brothers deliberately told us that he had seen the Brothers "duplicated." We do not think that he meant that he had seen them coming away from their Uncle, bearing the document which that relative is accustomed to grant, or that our informant intended to imply that a "brick in his hat" had caused him to see double, in which case there must have been Four Brothers present to his vision. We throw out the suggestion, for we are weary of hearing the names of the parties—and so is our friend the Public.

"Oh, that this too, too Solid Flesh would Melt!"

THERE has been a good deal of speculation as to the origin of the Parisian street cry, "*Où est Lambert?*" It is a native of this side the Channel, and grew out of the BANTING movement—the allusion being to the late DANIEL LAMBERT, of obese notoriety.

THE 'IDDEN 'AND.

THE Olympic has opened with a capital piece of thrilling interest. There is a good deal of mystery in it; in fact, now we come to think of it, it is nearly all MISS-TERRY.

MOTTO FOR CROQUET.—"She Stoops to Conquer."



RAILWAY PLEASANTRIES.—SECOND CLASS.

Officer in Charge. "I SAY, YOU UP IN THE CORNER, JUST HELP HIM IN. YOU SEE HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF WITH THE HANDCUFFS ON."

A RUN BY RAILWAY.

"OH! you're going to Mudcliffe, eh?" says a friend. "Hum! Let me see! I don't know Mudcliffe."

"It's in Suffolk," I answer; and I'm glad to know that he is not acquainted with the place.

"How do you get there?" asks my friend.

I tell him how I intend to reach Mudcliffe. I will tell you how I *did* reach Mudcliffe.

The way by rail to Mudcliffe is a very maze of lines. During the first part of the journey, *i.e.* from London, the train progresses, I mean goes forward, in the usual manner. After this you go backwards, then forwards again, then on awkward inclines and unpleasant curves; in fact, you go as the nursery rhyme has it, "backwards and forwards and round and round," until you come to Mudcliffe. My companions were two gentlemen: one who put a cap on, and went comfortably to sleep directly he got in; the other a fidgety undecided person, who was evidently troubled with the fear of having left something behind.

The first stoppage is at Barnidge Station, porters, guards and news-paper boys do their best to confuse a nervous traveller like myself.

1st Guard (with gruff voice standing by a pillar). Ba-a-arng! Ba-a-arng! (*Thinks that he has done his duty, and turns his back to the train, looking at nothing in particular on the other side.*)

2nd Guard, or Inspector, or some official person with a metal chain, a whistle, and a key, (hurrying quickly from one end of the train to the other). Budge! Budge! Budge!

1st Guard (from pillar, sonorously, sticking to his own view of the proper pronunciation). Ba-a-arng!

2nd Guard (evidently annoyed). Budge! Budge! Budge! (*Voice is lost in the distance.*)

Porter (shrill tenor). Barge! Barge! (*This is HIS idea of the name.*)

Newspaper Man (intoning). Morning pepperrrrr! (*Last r dies away somewhere in his necktie.*) Morning pepperrrrrr!

Newspaper Boy (sharply). Day's Times, Telegraph, Stannard. This Sweeksillus Trayted Lunnunnews, Bellsslife, &c. &c.

MEDIUM ET REMEDIUM.

TAKE a note of Fate's cruel distinctions—
If Mediums' names may be punned on—
Between MRS. DO-HANY in Carrick,
And MRS. DO-MANY in London.

DOHANY picks oakum on skilly:

DOMANY lives well, and sacks guineas;
Yet both take the same line of practice
On the folly of credulous ninnies.

Whether "sperrits" imbibe tea and whiskey,
And eat buttered toast and roast mutton,
Or spell, rap, turn tables, and jingle
Accordions, don't matter a button.

DOMANY asks gold for herself,

DOHANY supplies for the "sperrits;"
But both use the same false pretence,
And as rogues both may boast equal merits.

For once here is "Justice to Ireland"—

Where a rogue draws a rogue's proper ration;
And *Punch* recommends the example
To our Justices' prompt imitation.

ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IN consequence of the preaching of Brother IGNATIUS, many tradespeople have expressed their desire to take orders, and in cases of long out-standing accounts their vows of poverty have been extreme.

The principal manœuvre to be performed by the new Papal army will consist in presenting alms to his Holiness.

The Inauguration of the new Cathedral at Novgorod will be conducted on a scale of the utmost magnificence. The whole Tartar population are already engaged in scouring the Steppes.

The REV. C. HILDYARD has introduced a strikingly new ceremony at St. Lawrence's. He first incenses the altar, and then incenses the Churchwardens.

The Annual Meeting of the Protestant Synod was held on the 5th inst., GUY FAWKES, Esq., taking the chair.

ANOTHER NAME FOR UNDERTAKER BANTING.—Hearser Major.

Elderly Passenger. Here, boy, have you got a *Times*?

Boy (unable to stop himself). Day's Times, Telegraph, Stannard. This Sweeksillus Trayted Lunnun News (*gives paper*) Bellsslife.

Elderly Passenger. Give me change! (*Gives sixpence to boy.*)

Boy, slightly incommoded with papers under his arms, dives with one hand for coppers; the sixpence being firmly held between his teeth, he still goes on mechanically through his nose, *Dayzzimes, Erre-graph, Annard, Issweeks-irri-irri-irre (gives change, gets sixpence out of his mouth and finishes freely,)* illus Trayted Lunnunnews, Bellsslife, &c. &c.

Chorus of Guards, Porters and Inspectors. Ba-a-arng! Budge! Barge! Bnige! Bunnidge!

In comes a train on the other side; all the old confusion over again, with an additional cry of "Change here for Hevenham, Halsted, Craybrough, Leighton, Skiton, Shepperton, Swoffley, Tharpe."

I did not know *then* what they said, but I do now. It sounded to me like "Change here for Heaven 'stedborrow late button Everton Toffey Harp," and then by way of making it clearer, another intelligent guard sang out, "All Passengers for Heavensbro' Sledlaytonsbuttons Hepton Sofiley Tharpe."

Now whether Mudcliffe was among these names or not I defy the most acute ear to distinguish. I, the Nervous Traveller, put my head out of window to make inquiries.

Nervous Traveller (half out of window). Do I change for—

Brisk Porter (making a dash at the door). Change here for 'Evensbro', &c. (*Anything he likes to say: opens door suddenly, and Nervous Traveller is only saved from coming on his head by clutching at the window.*)

Nervous Traveller (on step remonstrating). Now, my good man, this is really very dangerous.

Guard (with metal chain, whistle, key, and a watch, coming up). Now then, Sir, get in, please.

Nervous Traveller. Oh! Then we don't change for—

Guard (sternly coming to the point). Where are you for, Sir?

Nervous Traveller. For—(*forgets*)—for—oh yes—for Mudcliffe.

Guard (pook-pooking the idea of changing for Mudcliffe as utterly absurd, and by the tone of his voice, rather looking down upon any person going to Mudcliffe). Oh no, Sir. Don't change till you come to Sprawton. Now, Sir, get in, we're late.

I get in, and then he shuts the door with such a bang as gives me a headache for the next quarter of an hour.

Guard (speaking to some one a long way off). All right!

On some one a long way off intimating that he is all right, *Guard* holds up his hand, and blows his whistle; the engine gives a powerful steam imitation of this, and then the train begins to jerk itself into its course again.

Undecided Passenger (waking up at the last moment). Oh! ah! (Yes, I'll have a Times. Hi! Boy! Newspaper!

Porter. Here! Hi! Paper! (Train moves on.)

Boy (running up as quickly as he can). Day's Times, Telegraph, Stannar—(out of breath. Train increasing its speed).

Undecided Passenger. Here, I'll have a—no—I'll—have you got a Sunday Times?

Boy (pertinaciously). Day's Times, Telegraph, Stannar—(Train getting to the end of the platform.)

Undecided One (catching last name). Yes, a Standard. (Gives a shilling. Boy gives Standard.) Here, change! (Boy struggles with his papers and pockets.)

Guard (pushing Boy from carriage). Get away!

Undecided One (frantically). Here hi! Change! (Engine screams. Train moves rapidly out of the Station.)

Undecided One, still with a lingering hope that the Boy will be able to catch them up, or that he may see him again at the next Station, sits down, and tries to read his paper by the dim oil-lamp.

Sleepy Passenger (suddenly waking up, slowly). Where are we?

Nervous Traveller (myself, cautiously). We've just left Barnidge.

Sleepy Passenger. Hey! Barnidge! Why I ought to have got out at Barnidge!

Nobody pities him: in railway travelling nobody ever pities anybody under these circumstances.

The next Station is Sudness. Here they examine tickets and make little holes in them with a sharp instrument not unlike a Champagne wire-cutter.

Guard. Tickets, please!

Sleepy One (now wide awake). Oh! here's my ticket; you see it's for Barnidge. I ought to have got out at Barnidge, but I never heard them call. (Forgets to state that he was fast asleep.) You see I was going to get out at Barnidge, and—(commences an elaborate statement, under the impression that, if he doesn't make some plausible defence of his conduct, he'll be brought up before an Inspector, or a Board of Directors, or fined forty shillings by a bye-law, or something unpleasant).

Guard (cutting the statement short). You'd better get out, Sir, and go to Barnidge by the next train.

Sleepy One (much relieved by the simplicity of the remedy). Oh, yes! When's that?

Guard. In two hours' time. (The Sleeper Awakened, says to himself, "Two hours, eh?" and begins taking off his cap). Ticket, Sir, please. (Insinuatingly to Undecided Passenger.)

Undecided One (who has been feeling in all his pockets during the above dialogue, recommences his search). Dear me! I had it—only just now: somewhere. Now what the deuce did I do with it? (Jumps up and inspects the cushion and the crevices ineffectually.) I had it. (Repeats the consoling fact to himself.) I had it: I know I had it. (Stands up and looks in the umbrella netting over his head. Sleepy Passenger, who was about to leave the carriage, becomes interested in the proceeding.)

Guard (impatiently). Now, Sir!

With that true charity peculiar to railway travellers, we, for I am sure the sleepy companion shares my feelings, are inclined to chuckle over our fellow-traveller's misfortune: nor by the way do we in truth give him credit for too much honesty. If he finds his ticket, he has merely got that with which he ought to be provided; if he fails, it's nothing more than we have expected. The sleepy gentleman suggests several possible places where it might be, but isn't; so finally comes to the conclusion that "he must have dropped it out of window." It finally comes out of his pocket-handkerchief like a conjuring trick. "All right!" Whistle, and we are off again. The *Undecided One's* face beams with satisfaction; I do not think that we are particularly delighted, perhaps, on the whole, somewhat disappointed; but anyhow I had quite forgotten to ask whether I changed here for Mudcliffe. I suddenly thought of this one minute and a half after we had quitted the Station.

"Sir," said I, nervously, to the undecided gentleman, "Do you know where we change for Mudcliffe?"

"Mudcliffe," says he, as if puzzling over the name, "Mudcliffe, I don't think this train goes to Mudcliffe at all."

"Oh, yes, it does!" interrupts, dreamily, my sleepy friend, who has readjusted his cap and is again about to give himself up to slumber. I could have embraced him. "But you change somewhere."

Yes, I changed somewhere, I knew this.

"And," continues Sleepy, "I fancy you ought to have got out at the

last Station." After the delivery of this cheerful opinion, he went to sleep.

"Look here," says *Undecided*, "Here's *Bradshaw*. You leave London at 2.45, and—no, that only goes to Barnidge—ah! here it is—Mudcliffe, it's on a loop line—yes—you leave London at 3."—

"Yes, I left London at 3.5."

"Yes, and—you go straight on to—yes—Barnidge—and (then to Sudness—and then— It doesn't seem as if any train stopped at Mudcliffe! Oh, I beg pard—I've got the Sunday Trains."

Undecided One kindly begins now examining the Week-day Trains.

Undecided Passenger (reading). Sudness—yes—let me see. Sudness.

Sleepy One (who has been snoozing, suddenly starts up). Good gracious!

Ourselves (much startled). What!

Sleepy One (in horror). Why, I ought to have got out at Sudness!

And so he ought, seeing that his ticket was only for Barnidge. Another Station.

Bruffela! Bruffela; that can't be the name. No, I read it. Bromfield. "Change here for Halstn, Sisill, and Mliffe;" i.e., for Halston, Siswell, and Mudcliffe.

And I get out, with my sleepy companion, accordingly.

"ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL SUCCEEDS."



S somebody is somewhere said to have told somebody that nothing in the world succeeds like success, perhaps in the dramatic world this axiom holds good, at any rate dramatic Managers appear to have some faith in it. Of course nobody would dream of being unpolite enough to say they ever have been known to stoop to downright plagiarism; still it is curious to note the frequent cases of coincidence, wherein it happens that no sooner does a piece become successful than a piece precisely like it is brought out somewhere else. Directly a trump card is played at any theatre, there are a score of other players quite prepared to follow suit. No sooner did the *Colleen Bawn* attract at the Adelphi than sensation scenes became the order of the day—that is, the day dramatic, which begins at

seven at night. Splendid "headers" might be seen in all parts of the Town, and splendid tailors went to see them, as well as other people. So again, as any student of the playbills may discover, now that Swells at the West End are rushing every evening to see *The Streets of London*, the Snobs of Shoreditch are invited to walk up and behold *The Thoroughfares of the Metropolis*, or some such named a piece. Probably ere long the success of *The King's Butterfly* will tempt some one or other to bring out *The Czar's Dady Long-legs*, or *The Emperor's Dragon-fly*, or else *The Sultan's Moth*. If the game of Follow-my-Leader continue to be popular, we shall very likely find that the success of *Milky White* is succeeded somewhere else by the triumph of *Sky Blue*; while perhaps somewhere or other we shall shortly see announced a mystifying melodrama, which will be entitled *The Concealed Conjunction*, and will be produced in consequence of the success of what our Cockney friends persist in calling *The 'Idden 'And*.

Fashionable Intelligence.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON has left Cambridge House, Piccadilly, for Knowsley Park, on a visit to the EARL OF DERBY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and MR. DISRAELI have left London together on a tour in the agricultural and manufacturing districts.

MR. BRIGHT, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, and MR. ROEBUCK, are included in the select circle of visitors whom his Grace the DUKE OF RUTLAND is entertaining at Belvoir Castle.

LORD WESTBURY is enjoying the hospitality of the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

SPIRITUALISM has reached the hard-headed, hard-working Mill-owners. They are now advertising "Hands Wanted."



"CURED IN AN INSTANT!"

Phunky (who has accepted a recommendation to a Dentist to remove an aching tooth). "OH, CON-FOUND IT! HE NEVER TOLD ME THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM; ONE OF 'EM'S SURE TO BE AT HOME!!"

FLOWERS FROM LE FOLLET.

OF a truth *Le Follet* is a periodical which may, with peculiar justice, be said to be admirably conducted. The precision with which its contents are adapted to the fashionable female intellect is wonderful. It is a marvel to see how carefully they are limited for the most part to the weakest feminine capacity; how exclusively addressed to those intellectual faculties which lie just above the external senses, and to the sole sentiment of love-of-approbation. To be capable of weeding many pages of descriptive letter-press, any rational creature's writing, of nearly every expression of anything like thought or feeling, argues no fool. The ability to indite such matter without effort is a sort of genius. But the crowning grace of this sort of composition is the exceptional touch, occasionally introduced, of a remark that approaches to the nature of a reflection, and indicates a trace, as it were, of reason and moral sense. Because completeness is hereby given to a style the reflex of the mind which, amongst women, is occupied with dress, as that of the common

run of men is engrossed with business. Subjoined is a rich illustration of the *Follet's* best manner:—

"Why do young, rich, and elegant ladies prefer wearing dresses decidedly mourning in their appearance, such as a black or black and grey robe, trimmed with jet, and earrings and buckle to match? It must be allowed that sombre colours are better for the complexion; and black, especially, is very becoming to almost every one. This, then, may be the true cause for its preference, and so good a one that we need seek no other."

There is a gentle effort of thought in the problem above proposed, and a contentment as to causality in the hypothesis of its explanation, which any man, whose experience of female society has included its fashionable part, will recognise as characteristic.

The next paragraph approaches to poetry:

"Now the steel-coloured and grey moire antique, silk grey gros grains, and grey terry velvet, are in demand; and who is not possessed of a black moire antique or a violet taffetas?"

Who, indeed? What a horrid person that must be who is not possessed of garments so indispensable to any one who can even hope to pass for a lady as a violet taffetas or a black moire antique?

~ We now come to a passage which excites curiosity:—

"Evening dresses are made with pans and basques formed of lace and silk."

The good old days of Adam and Eve, says a comic song of the last generation, were times

"When ladies' sides were hooped like barrels."

Those times have partly returned in these days of Crinoline. Does the *Follet* mean to say that ladies are now to figure of an evening in a sort of hooped pans?

The following observation on bonnets may be quoted for the benefit of youth happening to meet highly dressed beauty on what is genteelly termed the promenade, and at a loss for something to say to her:—

"A branch of flowers placed on the side, and partly veiled by lace or bouillottes, comprise (?) the arrangement of these coquettish coiffures."

"That is a coquettish coiffure of yours," is a remark with which you may accost any fair acquaintance whose bonnet is adorned with the thing in question. If she asks you what you mean, you can reply that you mean to pay her an elegant compliment on the authority of *Le Follet*—without regard to DR. JOHNSON, whose definition of a coquette is of no consequence.

FAMISH AND NO RAG.

In comes our Paper duty free,
An export-tax augments our bills
For foreign rags, and hence, you see,
Our stationary paper-mills.

Of cheapened foolscap form a crown
For sages who the Treaty made,
One-sided, which is bringing down
Ruin on England's Paper Trade.

Somebody's Coming!

A FORTNIGHT ago, the EMPEROR, we are told, visited Avignon. "He then carefully inspected the Palace of the Popes." Ahem! did he order the sheets to be well-aired and the slippers to be placed in front of the fire?

AMERICAN TRUMPS.

WHY are the DAVENPORT Brothers like an Ophicleide?—Because they are brazen—and blown.



RUDE INQUIRY.

Street Arabs. "HOO CURLS YER 'AIR, GOV'NOUR?"

HEY FOR THE BAND OF HOPE!

JOIN the National Temperance League,
If you wish to turn souls to sobriety;
In its labour of love, no fatigue
Can retard that devoted Society.
Exhortation, discussion, discourse,
They push forward on every occasion,
But repudiate physical force,
And rely upon pure "moral suasion."

They attempt to control you with facts,
And they try to convince you by figures,
They distribute a great many tracts,
But demand no prohibitive rigours.
That's the way to restrain you from beer,
And from spirits and wine to convert you,
For they don't even force you to hear;
And to listen at least will not hurt you.

But there's wholly another affair,
An intemperate temperance faction,
Whose intention, they loudly declare,
Is to limit your freedom of action;
All your taverns they want to shut up
On the sober, that sots may not guzzle.
Brook their hand 'twixt your lip and your cup,
And you'll very soon have on their muzzle.

Don't get into the boat of that crew,
Don't go pulling with those agitators;
They have odious dictation in view.
Never vote for Maine Law legislators.
Moral suasion obedience may coax,
But compulsion arouses defiance:
Join the League, if you will, then, good folks,
But by all means oppose the Alliance.

Liberal Reasoning.

(Dedicated to the Middlesex Magistrates and SERGEANT PAYNE.)

WHY ought Roman Catholic Priests to have the use of a Chapel in Prisons? Because they may justly complain of their Wrongs as long as they are defrauded of their Rites.

THE BLACK ART AT NEWCASTLE.

A NEWCASTLE Solon has dismissed an application from a gentleman who had paid his guinea to see the Brothers DAVENPORT in that enlightened centre of the coal trade. The application was made, we presume, under the statute 9th GEO. II., c. 5, which, while abolishing prosecutions for witchcraft, enacts penalties of imprisonment and pillory (the latter now defunct) against any person pretending to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration; or undertaking to tell fortunes, or pretending from skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science to discover stolen goods.

We are loth to question the wisdom of the Bench—even of the Newcastle Bench: and perhaps pretending that the "Spirits" tie and untie the Brothers, and carry their guitars, trumpets, and trombones whizzing round the room in the dark, may be neither pretending to witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration in such a sense as to satisfy that form of the legal mind which dispenses justice on Tyne side. But if these offences are properly punishable—and we take Mrs. DOHANY, the Irish witch, to witness that there is nothing so likely to keep the Spirits down as a diet of skilly and a protracted "exhibition" of oakum picking, with an occasional course of crank—we would respectfully submit to the legislative wisdom that the statute might be improved by including the operations of "the Spirits" within its four corners.

If it be worth while to protect the few silly women and sillier men who believe in such things, from pretended witches, wise women, and readers of the stars, it is surely not unreasonable to bring the strong grasp of the law down on those spiritual "hands" that are just now so busy in their vocation among the pockets of the weaker sort.

De minimis non curat lex is a good legal maxim: and many may think *De nimbibus non curat lex* as wholesome a rule of legislation. But if only wise men were legislated for, law-makers and lawyers would perish for want of work. Indeed, as no wise man, it is well said, ever goes to law, it must be taken for granted that fools are already abundantly recognised as having a claim to be taken in and done for by the law. We, therefore, humbly submit to the Legislature, that our gulls and geese may

not unreasonably be protected from the decoys of such skilful fowlers as MESSRS. HOME, DAVENPORT BROTHERS, AND COMPANY, and should strongly recommend an infusion of "Sperrits" into the statute 9 GEO. II., c. 5.

It may be hard on such time-honoured impostors as witches, stargazers, and wise women, to be bracketted with anything so new and so shallow as the Spirit-mongers, and we are willing to make considerable allowance for their feelings. We would even agree to waive the offensive link of *in pari materia*, and to give the older rogues a section to themselves; thus acknowledging the trade in illicit "Sperrits" to be the lowest form which the knave has as yet assumed in his world-wide and age-long warfare on the fool.

THE MILDEST OF HINTS TO A VERY GREAT PERSONAGE.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

EVERYTHING that you say deserves to be listened to with abject attention, and to be printed in letters of gold. For this reason, and because the actors on the stage make so much noise with their absurd dialogue, while you are discoursing wisdom in your private box, that the other night I could hear only about two-thirds of what you were saying (and yet you spoke with a noble loudness), I wish you would hang your handkerchief over the front of the box when you want to talk. Then the stupid players would see it, and take it as a signal to stop their bosh until you should have spoken all your pearls and diamonds. I am sure that you will take this hint in the spirit in which it is given, for you are the best of good fellows, and a very zealous Commander-in-Chief, and I have always been very kind to you—you know that.

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

St. Inkerman's Day.

PUNCH.

LEGAL MEM.—A Barrister is only invited to sit on the Bench when he has had some considerable amount of standing at the Bar.

"LOCUS STANDI."—The Corner of Park Lane.

A NEW PLEA FOR AN OLD PAGEANT.



ISTER PUNCH please Sir some pals of mine as erred that some Phokes is atempting to Put Down the lord mares show and whot I ses is its a [strong word] Shame and its unconstitu-shnle to hinter fear in this way With the Libatty of the sub-jick which the lord Mare have a puffick right to make a Exhibition of hisself & if he dont mind beink larfed at Y should fokes atempt to stop him Besides the site is one as does a site of good to people as makes it a hexcuse for taking of a Nolliday, and its a anniwal sauce of hincome to us light phingered Gents has you may C from this here count of wot took plaice in the perlice court the day arter the Show :—

“MANSION-HOUSE.—Yesterday the new Lord Mayor (ALDERMAN HALE) took his seat on the bench for the first time in that capacity. The morning was chiefly occupied in hearing cases of robbery from the person, assaults upon the police, and rescuing persons in custody from the police as the LORD MAYOR'S procession was on its way from Guildhall to Westminster and back. In some it was proved that two of the officers were much ill-used in Cheapside and in front of the Royal Exchange. There appears to have been something like a riot in Cheapside just after the pageant had passed on its return to Guildhall. Several persons were robbed of their watches and purses, and some constables in plain clothes, one in particular named LEGG, who had interfered to arrest the thieves, were kicked and struck.”

So you see the lord Mares show guv him a tidy morninks work nex day & as I ses to CHARLEY CLYFAKER says i CHARLY you & me as a reglar wested hinterest in this ere show says I & if they Bolishes of it I says they ort to give us Compensation which CHARLEY quite agree leastways he co umpsided & so We opes as U will put hour case afore the Publick wheu-ever theres A tork of Bolishin the show which its a Nashnle Hinstituition & one as does a deal o' good—leastways to us Pickpockets.

So i remane yours werry truly, but i needent sign my signature as them Bobbies mite git old on it & i might peraps git quodded if they kuowed I were in town agaiu.

New Way of Learning Languages.

A WELL-KNOWN Optician says, that, when at sea, you can, with his glass, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out the *Tongue of any Foreign land*.

KNOTTY POINTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old woman living far away from your great Metropolis, and am, therefore, in point of personal knowledge of what is going on there, just on a par with my little Welsh maid. The rural postman very often crosses the ferry solely for my convenience, and ou him we depend for our earliest and latest intelligence. I have my *Punch* supplied regularly, and am grateful to be able to read it, at seventy-five, without spectacles. This keeps me well posted in politics, and euables me to watch the movements of all the Crowned Heads of Europe. *On dits* and fashionable tittle tattle I get from my nephew, who is a punctual correspondent and a Special Pleader in Fox Court (am I right? my memory sometimes trips over names), Temple. I had almost forgotten my *Herald*, but of course without that I could not enjuy my afternoons nap at all.

From these sources I learn that your London Lions just now are two spirited young men called the Devonport or Plymouth Brothers—I really can't remember which. As far as I can unravel their history, these wild young men repudiate all human ties, excepting, of course, those of a purely moral nature, such as honesty, integrity, and so on. This is singular, considering they come from the United States, where a majority make a whimsical virtue of holding tight, and are very angry with people who wish to let go.

If there is any truth in what I read, there is really no security for our packages at home or abroad. The Parcels' Companies are, I understand, at their wits' ends. This morning I received a hamper from my niece, who lives only six miles from here, and which should have been full of Ribstou Pippins, but was not. When I complained to STUMPS, the carrier, about it, he auswered me rather impertinently in these very words: “You see, Marm, since them there Sperets took to undoing of knots, we can't be answerable for any losses. They has a finger now in everything: and if they don't eat Pippins theirselves, they tips a wink to our dog, and encourages him to!”

I remember, when a girl, reading in History that GORDIUS, King of Phrygia, tied a knot of cords, on which the Empire of Asia depended, in so very intricate a manner that ALEXANDER THE GREAT, unable to unravel it, cut it in pieces. Now, it does appear very odd to me, that so powerful a potentate as ALEXANDER—not remarkable for temperance either—should not call for Spirits to undo that Gordian Knot, iustead

of letting himself down to a pair of scissors. But perhaps it may be said that such a holy alliance at that early period was impracticable. I suppose it is only volatile Spirits that, in imitation of mushrooms, spring up in a night; and that less ardent Spirits are like spinach, and take time to grow.

The Corporation will, of course, as is usual in reference to distinguished foreigners, preseat these Plymouth Brothers with their freedom, though it seems superfluous when they can obtain as much freedom as they desire without it. Two Companies, I understand, claim the honour of enrolling them—the Spectacle-Makers, aud, unless my memory fails me, the Cordwainers. I should be glad, however, if something could be done to relieve the poor distressed Spirits who perform all the knotty work, for so much exertion in a rope-walk must be very fatiguing, and I wonder that among their liberal patrons no one has thought of finding some more creditable employment for them in a different line.

As you have great influence, my dear Mr. Punch, with the *beau-monde*, pray urge this humane mission upon them, and oblige

Your constant reader,

SARAH OLDCASTLE.

P.S. Don't you think we have very singular weather? My nephew writes me that on riding through the City early ou Lord Mayor's Day, he was overtaken by hail-storms!—a remarkable phenomenon at this time of year. * * * Dear me! what mistakes I make! Ou looking again at my nephew's letter, I find it was not hail storms but STORMES HALE by whom he was overtaken. I'm sure I humbly beg his pardon.

Ceremony of Proroguing Parliament.

(From the Times of 1890.)

THIS morning the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Footman left a note with the Charwoman in charge of the House, to say, that if any one called, Parliament was prorogued. The only witness of the ceremony was a little Boy, who, having made a face behind the Footman's back, immediately retired.

DEFINITION.—Arguing in a Vicious Circle, might be defined as Preaching in a Thieves' Kitchen.

SUPPLEMENTAL SPEECH AT THE BANGOR DINNER.



HEN M. TOUTMONCEIL had proposed the health of MR. SERJT. BUZFUZ.

MR. CHEEKS, Q.C., said he rose in the absence of SERJEANT BUZFUZ to return thanks. The learned Serjeant was not there. In fact he could not be there. SERJEANT BUZFUZ had been invented by the same distinguished genius as that which had invented MRS. HARRIS. There was, in short, no such person as SERJEANT BUZFUZ. At least, there was no such member of the Bar. There existed no barrister who could accept a brief, with fraud on the face of it, at the hands of a notoriously disreputable attorney. Counsel, it

was true, accepted briefs asking no questions, but that was because they reposed unbounded confidence in a respectable attorney. Otherwise an advocate would be no better than a fence. They were satisfied that the attorney from whom they took the brief was incapable of constituting himself the agent of an obvious rogue in an attempt to extort money by perjury through the means of law. The barrister was an English gentleman, and would never constitute himself a skeleton-key in the hand of a legal house-breaker. A barrister would think twice, and much oftener than twice, before he would sell himself to conduct a prosecution that might entail ruin on an innocent man. To secure himself from thus being possibly unawares made the tool of malice or dishonesty, he would, as counsel for the plaintiff, always confine himself strictly to fair argument, based logically on the facts of his brief, and would ever carefully avoid the untruthfulness of affecting indignation, or any other sentiment which he did not actually feel, on behalf of his client. If ever, therefore, a defendant happened to be unjustly cast for damages, it was by one of those inscrutable dispensations by which occasional failure is incidental to even the most perfect of human institutions. Counsel, whether engaged for the prosecution or the defence, would never try to confuse a witness so as to get a lie told by the witness's mouth to the jury. "Consider," said the learned gentleman, "what a fearful state of society we should be living in were the morality of the Bar so lax that a cynic might with truth assert that there was nobody wishing to rob another either of property or of good name by a lawsuit who could not find an attorney to take his instructions, knowing them to be false, and a barrister hired by the attorney, who would carry them out to the best of his ability, and enforce them with all the arts of eloquence at his command, regardless of their truth or falsehood, and even suspecting their falsehood. No; the Bar is as pure as the Bench; but were fraudulent actions for breach of promise of marriage, and other false pretences, common things, it could with truth be said that the long robe passes for being as stainless as the ermine only because the stains do not show upon its colour."

AVOID AMERICANISMS.

SOLICITUDE for the English language compels us to quote the following telegraphic message from New York:—

"Fourteen of the Vermont raiders have been captured and imprisoned at St. John's, Canada East. Two of them claim to hold officers' commissions in the Confederate service."

"To claim," according to DR. JOHNSON, is "to demand of right, to require authoritatively." In the statement above cited, it is alleged that two "raiders," who had fallen into the hands of the Federals, claim to hold commissions in the service of the Federals' enemies. As if we were meant to understand that it was in the power of their captors not only to prevent them from serving as officers on the other side, but also to grant or refuse them commissions to serve on that side, and fight those who had captured them.

We beg that, whenever any of our readers, and especially our brethren of the minor Press, have occasion to say that a person pretends or professes to be or to do this, that, or the other, they will say that he

pretends or professes, and not that he claims, to be or do it. What is our objection to the word "claim" in the sense of "pretend?" Why should we not welcome a word enriching our language with a synonym, even when it comes from America? Because "claim" in the sense in which it is, as above, employed by Americans, is a euphemism for words which plainly impute deception, and its customary use implies the habitual extenuation of fraudulence prevalent amongst the people who are accustomed to use it. If ever we get generally to say claim instead of pretend, there will be good reason to doubt that we are as honest and truthful a nation as we claim to be considered.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI COMPANY (LIMITED).

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Society has been formed for the purpose of extracting coin of the realm from the pockets of a confiding public, and performing the wondrous operation of raising the wind by spiritual agency.

The facts of modern and ancient Spiritualism exhibit a closeness of resemblance which demonstrates the unity of their causation, and the identity of the classic Pythoness with the modern Medium. The difference between them is as that between a table and a three-legged stool; which is not essential.

Abundant experience of spiritualistic phenomena has convinced the promoters of the undertaking which, under the above title, is proposed to capitalists, that the tripod, *ex quovis ligno*, might, for every practical purpose, be successfully substituted for the mahogany.

They have secured the services of a powerful female Medium capable of going at will into convulsions so strong that it requires six men to hold her. They have also got a three-legged stool, and a structure which has been fabricated to contain the stool and the Medium who will sit upon it; the whole arrangement thus combined constituting the Oracle from which responses will be delivered, on stated terms.

The number of patients whom Spiritualism has contributed to lunatic asylums, and the yet greater number who are still at large, afford safe grounds of expectation that the success of the Oracle of Delphi Company will furnish its shareholders with a triumphant answer to the question, "What is the use of Spiritualism?"

As the afflatus supposed to actuate the Medium will not be ascribed to any heathen deity, but declared to emanate from Spirits, no fear need be entertained that the Oracle will offend the religious convictions of a serious public.

The impunity which the Brothers DAVENPORT have experienced must suffice to dispel all fear that the operations of this Company will subject those employed in carrying them out to the unpleasantness of imprisonment and hard labour. The known respectability of its projectors will preclude any idea, on the part of the most suspicious individuals, that, if remittances were sent to them for subscriptions, they would bolt with the money.

A SHAKSPEARIAN CORRECTION.

DEAR OLD FRIEND PUNCH,

WILL you be kind enough to call at Drury Lane Theatre, where they are playing something like my *Macbeth*, and just alter the prompter's copy, where I make *Lady M.* say,

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor Cat i' the Adage."

What rubbish have you been setting down for me all these years? There is an Italian river into which a mediæval cat fell, and to which, of course, I alluded. I mean to describe a helpless sort of state, and what can be more helpless than a cat in a river? Ask MISS FAUCIT to be good enough to say,

"Like the poor Cat i' the Adige."

I shall send you some more corrections one of these days, meantime believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Elysium, Nov. 11.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

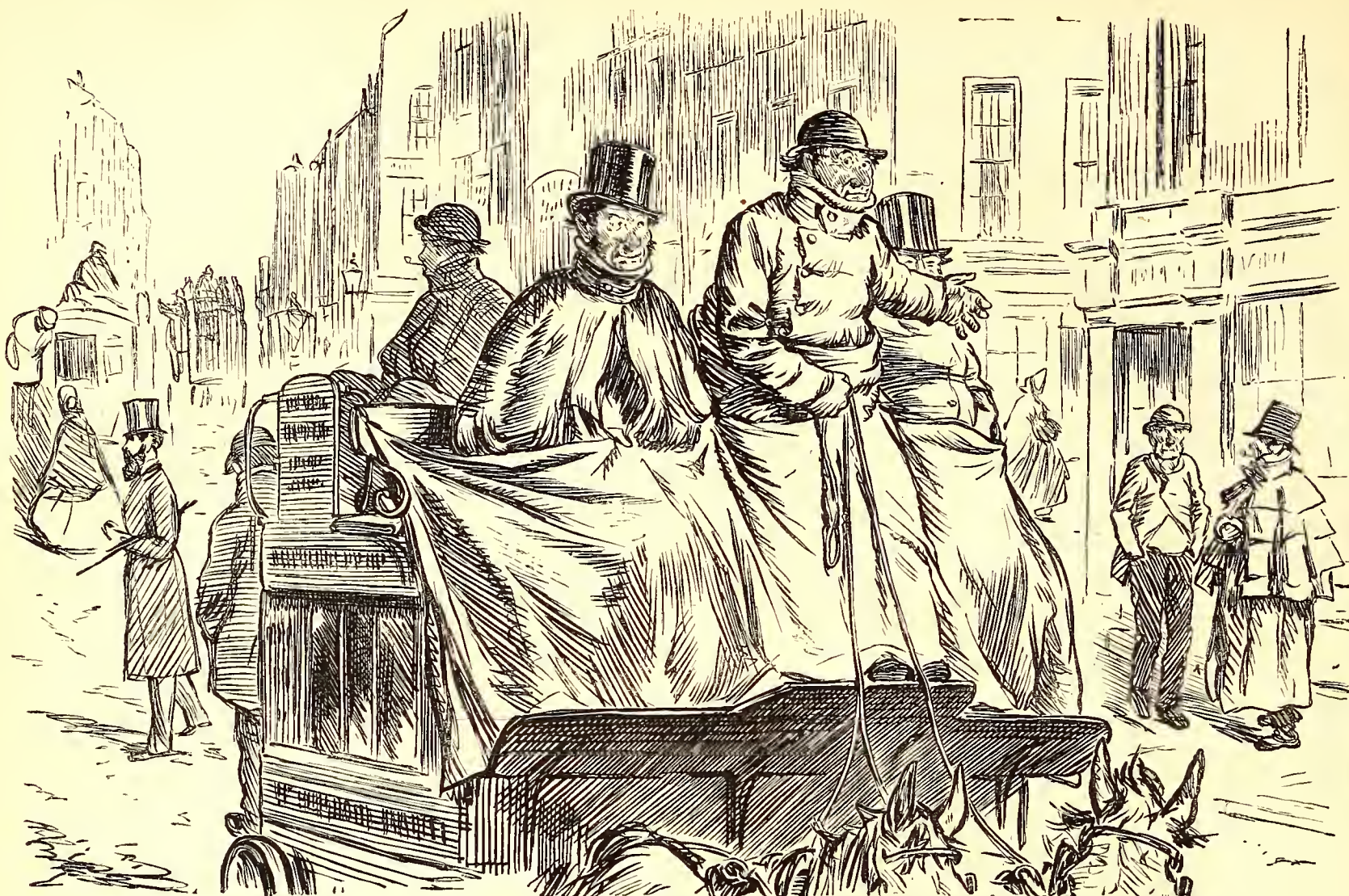
"Lo, the Poor Indian!"

WE read, in the *Oswestry Advertiser*, this—or rather we can't exactly read it:—

"The REV. J. P. GARDINER, a missionary in Rupert's Land, gives the following word of eighteen syllables as an illustration of the peculiarities of the Indian language: 'Keguwecheahpetowkesiunemehesoometinawan'—'I will dine with you.'"

Is the REV. MR. GARDINER quite accurate? The "word" seems to us a good deal more like the inarticulate and coagulate utterance which means "I have dined with you, and a jolly good fellow you are at passing the bottle."

A STERN REALITY.—The Man at the Wheel.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Passenger (in spite of the east wind). "NICE SEASONABLE WEATHER!"

Driver (shortly). "JUS' SO, FOR ANY VUN AS LIKES BEING A HICICIL FOR FIFTEEN 'OURS OUT O' THE TWENTY-FOUR—PERFER THE SUMMER TIME FOR MY WORK!"

CRIMINALS' ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

PROSPECTUS.

(Private and Confidential.)

It being considered in accordance with the spirit of the age, the march of intellect, and the principles of progress, that those persons who are unfortunate enough to come under the unfavourable notice of tribunals established in unenlightened times, should be enabled to avail themselves of systematic arrangements for defeating the coarse and selfish tyranny of the Many, an Association is in course of formation with the following objects:—

To defend, in the best and most costly manner, all persons who, being Assured in the projected Society, shall be afflicted by prosecutions.

To supply, with the aid of practised writers, sensation articles to such newspapers as can be induced to accept them, such articles being framed in favour of convicted persons, and designed to produce a popular impression in their favour, by attacking the witnesses against them, vilifying hostile counsel, and ridiculing jurymen.

To procure other articles, [in a graver tone, in which every mistake previously made by what is called Justice shall be held up as an awful warning, and in which intimidation shall be freely directed against Judges, Home Secretaries, and all who are charged with carrying the laws into effect.

To collect, after verdicts have been given, every kind of gossip, rumour, or invention that can discredit the case for the prosecution, and to circulate such things as largely as possible by means of the Press.

To get up petitions in favour of the convicted persons, some of such petitions to be framed so as to command the approbation of those who object to the special form of punishment that may have been awarded, and without reference to the innocence or guilt of the convicted parties.

It is believed, and experience warrants the belief, that by the

irregular use of these and similar means, a criminal trial will speedily be deprived of its antiquated solemnity and terror, and that the odds in favour of the ultimate escape of the Assured will be very heavy indeed.

To the objection of the prejudiced, that such a system is unconstitutional, and tends to the subversion of the rules by which Society is now protected, the promoters would reply, that the march of intellect, the spirit of the age, and the principles of progress, render such a cavil futile in the extremest degree.

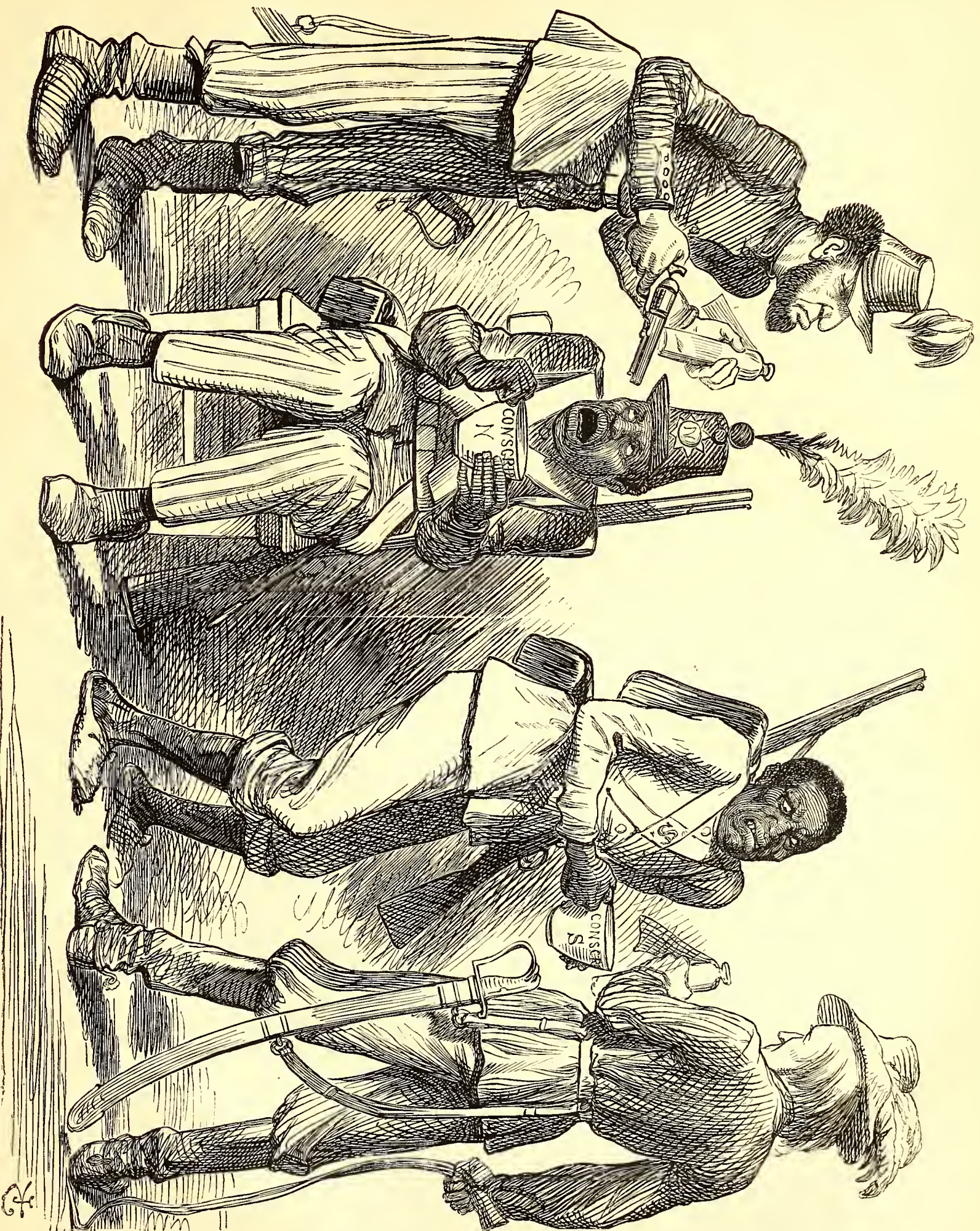
A more detailed prospectus will speedily be issued, with Assurance Tables prepared for the information of those who, with a wise forethought, look forward to their probably coming into collision with conventional arrangements, but who, owing to the uncertainties of life, may not be aware whether such collision will be occasioned by murder, manslaughter, burglary, highway robbery, garotting, embezzlement, theft, or any other departure from ordinary rules. The Rates will be carefully calculated, and brought within the means of all.

Further information may be obtained either of JONATHAN WILD, Esq., Solicitor, Field Lane; or of MESSRS. ALIBI, DODGE, & CRAMMER, Private Inquiry Office, Spy Corner, Ditchcheap.

Natives and Settlers.

THERE has lately been an oyster-show in Paris, at the Garden of Acclimatisation. Among the oysters shown were some "small fat ones from Ostend," some "large ordinaries from Havre," and some "foreigners from London." For ordinaries of any sort we have little taste, nor have we much liking for the foreigners we sometimes come across in London. But for little fat oysters—infant Bantings we may call them—we always have a relish; and if the Acclimatising Gardeners, just by way of an experiment, would plant some in our larder, we should be most happy to give a good account of them.

LORD DUNDREARY'S LAST.—Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep? Because he is a bah-bah (*barber*).



THE BLACK DRAFT.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

BELL'S LIFE.

THE exact time and place of MR. BELL's birth we have not been able to ferret out, but he is reported to have been born in Cambridgeshire, in the Second October (whenever that may be), and in Leap Year.

Connected as he was with Lords, there is good ground for asserting that his relations were decidedly aristocratic, and from the interest MR. BELL always took in the CESAREWITCH and the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, it is not unlikely that there had been some intercourse between his family and the Court of Russia. That there were close ties between the WAGERS and himself is indisputable, for with them he was mixed up all his life. His mother, a skilful horsewoman, and remarkable for her elegant carriage, was a great *belle* and reigning toast of the day, beating all her rivals by a neck. Growing into a woman of ample proportions, and bearing the name of ELIZABETH, her distinguished son, when in a sportive mood, would speak of her as a heavy BET; and after her portrait was taken, and its merits were canvassed in the family circle, he invariably referred to the picture as a drawn BET.

The child is father to the man; and it is instructive to trace in the dawn of young BELL's life indications of his future tastes and pursuits. "Coming events," &c. One of his contemporaries remembers that he would neglect all his other toys for a little mill, and that his favourite amusement was playing at horses. Another recalls his partiality for chestnuts (to the last MR. BELL's favourite colour); his fondness (unlike most children) for sweeps; his aversion to paying forfeit in their Christmas games; and his eagerness to be pony when old enough to play at cards. Like many other celebrated Englishmen, the subject of this biography does not appear to have been in good form in his school-career, for there is no record of his ever taking part in the half-yearly contests for elegantly-bound books at the Academy where he was a pupil. His interest in prize-fights arose at a later date.

On leaving school he got into harness at once, and buckling to with a determination to win, soon distanced all his competitors in the race. Of MR. BELL's successful exertions as a great paper-maker, it is needless to speak. His name is known everywhere: from Cowes to the Calf of Man, from Hudson's Bay to the Black Sea. In front parlours and back-woods; in the bush and on the branch railway; at the diggings and amongst minors; at the clubs and in the hands of Majors; in steam-packets and newspaper parcels; in business circles and fashionable squares; at steeple-chases and beneath the Abbey towers; in woods and forests, and Government offices generally; by the cover-side and over the dinner-table; at the meet and after the pudding; on locks and quays; on piers and commons; in livery-stables and Opera-stalls; in shooting-boxes in the Highlands and before elephants' trunks in the jungle; at spas and fights; in grand stands and fine seats; on the Moors and at the "Spaniards;" amongst Turks and ottomans, smooth bores and rough customers; in the midst of savage tribes and aboriginal races; at the "Alhambra" and in the Vatican—we hear, read, see, and quote MR. BELL, and never cease to discuss and subscribe to his opinions.

He was fortunate enough to marry early in life, and to make a good match, and every year, as the Race week came round, he would refer to Ascot as "the course of true love," because it was there he first met MRS. BELL; and on each anniversary of the wedding-day it was as good as gold to listen to his recommendation of the Ring, as containing within its circle all imaginable happiness. Reference has been made to his jocular sayings. One or two more hits are placed to his score. A spectator of the greatest yacht-race but one of the whole year, he termed it the Leger-de-main; and on the same occasion excused himself for putting a question to the man at the wheel by saying that he understood him to be the spokesman. His epitaph on a noted pedestrian deserves a niche in this biography—"Requiescat in pace;" and the humorous turn of his mind displayed itself forcibly in the song he always made choice of to sing after the dinner which closed the season of the boating club of which he was a member—"The Last Rows of Summer."

Thoroughly appreciating all our best authors, he gave the preference to those who were remarkable for a racy style, and in whose works the fancy predominated: of our poets he was biassed in favour of BOWLES. Orderly and methodical in his habits, he could not bear things to be at sixes and sevens, but he delighted in fives. JACKSON's portrait of him (taken at Kennington) shows a man with a face of the oval shape, and a form "of the manliest beauty."

MR. BELL lived to an advanced age, although he was in the habit of taking his own life every week. To the finish he would issue forth with a good staff, and there was nothing he liked so well as a brisk circulation. Loved by his equals and respected by his betters, when at length his race was run, obituarists spoke of him as a stable friend, but not one to be jockeyed, as invariably preserving an even temper, though the odds might be heavily against him, and as a man who, if he trolled a catch never fished for a compliment—if he hedged a bet, never fenced a question.

Light lie the turf upon him! Peace to his manes!

ALDERMAN WUGSBY'S SPEECH.

(Intended for the Civic Banquet, and rehearsed on the 8th of November before an admiring private circle, consisting of MRS. WUGSBY, MASTER WUGSBY, the MISSES WUGSBY, a few City friends, and our own Special Reporter. On the ninth the worthy Alderman was not called upon.)

MY LORD MAYOR (bowing to MRS. WUGSBY),—Your Royal 'Ighnesses (to the MISSES WUGSBY), MISTER BERIER (to MASTER WUGSBY, supposed to be impersonating that eminent French Barrister), and Gentlemen (our Special Reporter, and friends, collectively), it is with the greatest pleasure as I rise to respond to the toast of the 'Onourable Corpora-tion of our ancient City, which you 'ave done us the Honour (H well aspirated) of drinking! ('Ear, 'ear! from the City friends). When I looks around me and sees the many emanent pussonages of our nobility, gentry, and others, and You, MISTER BERIER, a sitting there (to MASTER WUGSBY, who burst into tears, and was immediately threatened with bed), I say, as I said afore, MISTER BERIER, a sitting there, which I take it verry kind on him to come all this distance, as the passage from Buldown to Folkestone ain't that pleasant to some people, as I well knows to my own cost. (Here MRS. WUGSBY shook her head dismally.) I says, as I said afore, that when I see so many distinguished phases, I feel proud of bein' a member of the ancient Corporation. ('Ear, 'ear! from City friends, and approving nods from MRS. WUGSBY and the young ladies.) I lay my 'and on my 'eart, and say it does me good to see a distinguished Furriner 'ere, not as an Nenemy, but in the kapacity of a friendly gent. ('Ear, 'ear, 'ear!) In 'is politics he 'as be'aved like a true Britton, with all the pluck of a English Terrier; an' if my LORD MAYOR will pummit me, and you, your Royal 'Ighnesses, I will say, in a manner of speaking,

"There ain't no English Terrier,
As can compare with MR. BERIER."

(Cheers.) My LORD MAYOR, your Royal 'Ighnesses, and MISTER BERIER, we meet every 'ear to do H-Honour to this auspishious occassion, and I am proud to drink the 'ealth of all 'ere; and you, MISTER BERIER, as a leading member of a Furrin Bar ('Ear, 'ear, 'ear!)—of a Furrin Bar ('Ear, 'ear!)—a Furrin Bar ('Ear!)—and I speak the sentiments of hall—of all of us, in saying, as we 'ope it aint the fust time, nor the last time, as we shall welcome you among us ('Ear, 'ear! and cheers from everybody). And I 'ope this appearance of yours 'ere, MISTER BERIER, will promote the Ongkong Cordial 'atween the two nations. ('Ear, 'ear!) I proposes the 'ealth of MISTER BERIER, coupled with the Furrin Bar.

(On the worthy Alderman resuming his seat, supper was announced, and MISTER BERIER, in his own character of MASTER WUGSBY, having been sent to bed, the party sat down to a substantial meal.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER BORROWING.

WE cannot help quoting the subjoined passage from the eloquent address delivered by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the closing of the North London Industrial Exhibition:—

"If it be closed, it is closed like the corn which you drop into the earth, and which is placed there in order that its death may be the precursor of renovated life and new fertility."

MR. GLADSTONE's hearers cheered this comparison, and well they might. It was not exactly original; but never mind. Although you must not rob PETER to pay PAUL, you are at liberty, however, to borrow from PAUL; and even in robbing PAUL of an illustration, the learned Member for Oxford might justly say, *Furto letamur in ipso*. We trust that he will some day devise a system of equitable taxation, which, if it now existed, would enable us to say that nobody but PAUL is robbed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Dramatic Duet.

Sharp Person (asks, singing). In what hand should a Cricketer write?
Dull Person (answers, also singing). I don't quite understand.

Sharp Person (annoyed). Shall I repeat—

Sharper Person (briskly sings).

Oh no! I see't,

He'll write in a bowl'd round hand.

[Exit SHARP PERSON L.H. SHARPER PERSON dances off R.H.]

DULL PERSON is left thinking.

MOTTO FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"The Cart before the Horse."

"DOING" BANTING.—Getting fat.



OH, HOW ARTFUL!

Wife. "WHENEVER I WANT A NICE SNUG DAY, ALL TO MYSELF, I TELL GEORGE MY MOTHER IS COMING; AND THEN I SEE NOTHING OF HIM TILL ONE IN THE MORNING."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

(HIGHLY PROBABLE.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, which have been sent him as Conscience Money, to be applied to the reduction of the Income-Tax:—

A VIRTUOUS CABMAN.—Sixpence: a half-crown having been given him by mistake instead of his just fare, a florin.

A DONE OLD CLOTHES-MAN.—A farthing, which he found in the pocket of a pair of trousers, for which he gave very little under their value, because he felt the coin during negotiations, and thought it might be a sovereign.

A BOXKEEPER.—Nine-and-sixpence; being the balance of a half-sovereign paid to him as a sixpence by an inebriated patron of the Sensation Drama.

A STUDENT.—An old five-pound note, found in a copy of the *Whole Duty of Man* which he procured at a book-stall, and would have paid for, but that the old lady-proprietor was not looking his way.

A BATHING-WOMAN.—Five shillings; being the proceeds, less deduction for necessary expenses, of the produce of a gold watch found in a bathing-machine, and which watch the lady who asserted that she had lost it failed to describe with the perfect accuracy necessary to satisfy the finder's conscience that it would be right to give up the article.

A MARGATE LODGING-KEEPER.—Five *sous*, discovered (with English money) in a dressing-glass drawer.

A TURNPIKE MAN.—Fourpence, which he charged a second time, owing to his having accidentally forgotten the number of the day, and having compelled a person who remembered it to pay twice.

A PENITENT PEW-OPENER.—One shilling, thoughtlessly taken from a couple of little children who had been told to put it into the plate, and who supposed that she was the collector.

A TOUTING PHOTOGRAPHER.—Half-a-crown, paid by a poor maid-servant for a portrait so abominably bad that she cried, and would not take it away.

A SUMMONER OF JURIES.—A sovereign, given by an author whom

STRANGE STAGE WANTS.

WHAT queer jumbles one sees in theatrical advertisements! Look at this, for instance:—

WANTED, a **LEADING MAN**, and a **COMIC SINGER**, to combine Utility. State terms. No answer a negative.

LORD PALMERSTON and MR. GLADSTONE may both of them undoubtedly be viewed as leading men, but it hardly seems respectful to name them in the same breath with a comic singer, or to expect them to "combine utility" with any such a person. What this latter phrase may mean we do not thoroughly perceive, but perhaps the leading man is merely wanted for the purpose of joining in the chorus when the comic singer sings. We can fancy what an audience would be attracted to a theatre, were it announced that LORD PALMERSTON would appear in the Pantomime, and assist the Clown in singing the ballad of *Hot Codlins*, by bawling out the "Tol lol iddy iddy" at the tip-top of his voice.

WHO WILL PROP THE POPE?

THE French withdrawn, what new allies will come To prop the tottering autocrat of Rome? Say, will his props be Poles? or will he seek An Austrian friendship, or a Dutch, or Greek? Haply the Turks for temporal aid he'll bother, And of the Two Siek Men one help the other. Haply for troops he'll sue the Portuguese, Or send to ask them of the far Feejees. Haply to Norway he'll proclaim his need, Or hope that aid may turn-up from the Swede; Or else perchance to Yankee land he'll send, And beg each foe of slavery be his friend. Whate'er his troops, we may be sure that they Will not stand by him if he does not pay: So of all help his hopes will surely vanish, Unless he be supported by the Spanish.

A Spirited Remark.

"Too much spirit in the ports, indeed!" exclaimed old BEESWING to a friend. "I tell you there are ports without a particle of spirit. For instance, my dear fellow, just look at the DAVEN-PORTS."

the S. J. had already summoned nine times in ten months, knowing that he was good pay for exemption.

AN OLD PARTY IN CHARGE OF A HOUSE.—A penny, paid to her (instead of for a jam tart) by a little boy whose cap had been thrown into the area by a big lad, and which cap the Old Party said—and is sorry she said—that she wasn't going to be bothered to pitch up for nothing.

THE LEADER OF THE LIBERALS.

SAID the *Times*, the other day, anent the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH and his Italian policy:—

"He pays the penalty sure to be incurred by such Princes as have the misfortune to be more liberal and enlightened than their subjects. He is obliged to adopt a line of policy which does not satisfy himself, and yet which there is the greatest reason to believe will not satisfy them. He is obliged to defer to prejudices to which he is superior, and to feelings with which he has no sympathy. Anxious to place France in the position which she ought to occupy as a leader of the liberal opinion of Europe, he is constantly encountered by the fact that the nation, the destiny of which he directs, is devotedly attached to that very Papal Government from the support of whose temporal power he is gradually seeking to withdraw himself."

Has the EMPEROR, we wonder, any relish for a joke? Because, if so, he must have had a hearty laugh at this. After having gagged the Press, the mouthpiece of enlightenment, thus to find himself described as "more enlightened than his subjects;" ha! ha! *que c'est drôle ça*. And then to learn that he is "anxious to assist" the liberal party, whose newspapers he prohibits! Ha! ha! *ha!* A funny way of helping, truly. What a wag the writer must be who can pen so droll a pleasantry.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO POTENTATES.

Mr. Punch to the Lord Mayor. HALE, fellow, well met!
The Lord Mayor to the Police. Here!

A CLERICAL ERROR.—Brother IGNATIUS.

PRINCE BABY'S COURT CIRCULAR.



THE great satisfaction which was given to the mothers of England by the faithful narrations about PRINCE BABY which were supplied during the recent tour of PRINCE BABY'S Royal parents, and the delight which was felt in reading, in, a subsequent Court Circular, that he had been out for an airing, has induced his friend and god-father, *Mr. Punch*, to make arrangements for the regular preparation of a Court Circular that shall be devoted only to PRINCE BABY. The following is the chronicle of the past week:—

Sunday. H.R.H. very good indeed. Slightly incensed after church at being interrupted in sucking the velvet on Mamma's Prayer-book; but instantly pacified. Grabbed at a wine-glass and

threw it down, but only laughed at the pieces, and wanted another.

Monday. H.R.H. did not cry during the whole day. Observing, from the window, his Royal parents going out for a ride, distinctly remarked "Ta-tar," innocently unconscious that they were out of hearing.

Tuesday. H.R.H.'s usual amiability was disturbed by a special petition, on the part of his head-nurse, that he would put the coral into his mouth instead of SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, whom he endeavoured to introduce there all at once. He was graciously pleased, however, to substitute the elephants for the family of NOAH.

Wednesday. H.R.H. evinced a great desire to eat his toes. During a ride in the afternoon, he distinctly pointed at a horse, and made a remark, which the head-nurse is inclined to believe was "see," but which the second nurse considers to have been "gee."

Thursday. H.R.H. very sleepy; but the medical attendants did not think that the symptoms were in the least alarming, though his remonstrances on being moved certainly were. He was pleased to break a Sèvres cup in the afternoon, and to laugh very much at the crash.

Friday. H.R.H. much displeased at a bib being inserted under his double chin, and he spat out his nutriment with much vigour. Afterwards, a sudden clutch at his Royal mother's Dagmar brooch slightly hurt his hand, but he was delighted when the naughty brooch was well whipped.

Saturday. H.R.H. in the highest spirits, and kicking vehemently. An attempt to swallow his red sock was happily frustrated, and his Royal father's watch went into his mouth instead. He enjoyed his evening bath exceedingly, and utterly refused to allow himself to be removed from the water. At length an Angola kitten effected a diversion, and H.R.H. concluded the week by going to sleep with the affectionate kitten's tail in his hand.

DEVOTION TO MARS.

THE subjoined outburst of devotional enthusiasm, according to the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, proceeded from the lips of LIEUTENANT PANONDU HAZIER, commander of the French transport *Licorne*, at the head of a pilgrimage made by his crew to the temporary tomb of NAPOLEON THE FIRST at St. Helena, on the anniversary of the birth of that benefactor of Europe and mankind:—

"This God of Battles had his agony and his Calvary! A terrible agony—a mysterious grief which none of us can comprehend. But let us reject these melancholy reflections while recollecting that this God of Battles has had his resurrection."

The resurrection of LIEUTENANT HAZIER'S God of Battles was one such as, before the Anatomy Act, used to be accomplished by resurrectionists. It consisted in the removal of his remains to France—a sufficient paradise for such a divinity. The pious Lieutenant's Christianity is evidently that of the War Christians. He seems to confound the God of Battles with the Prince of Peace. Apparently, he considers the God of Battles to have been embodied in the form of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, and he makes the mistake of worshipping that God of Battles. Let us hope that he will find out his mistake in time.

HEAD-DRESS.—Powder, an exploded fashion.

THE GOSHAWK AND THE HEN HARRIER.

(To the HONOURABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY.)

GRANTLEY,

YOU'RE a Sportsman and I'm a Poacher, What's the difference 'tween a patridge and a sparrer? That's what I says. I did once say I took a patridge for a sparrerhawk. 'Twas when a Gearn keeper found me wi' the patridge. If you'll believe me, I thought it was a sparrerhawk.

You'll say you knows better. Better about hawks? Come, now, GRANTLEY. How about the Goshawk? Hears you wrote a letter about un in the *Times*. Understand you says you shot five on 'em tother day in this here county. Five Goshawks. Goshawks, common birds in Hampshur. Hen Harriers! Them's your Hampshur Goshawks, GRANTLEY. "By the word 'goshawk,' I suppose is meant the 'hen harrier,' or 'ring-tailed falcon,' the male of which bird is blue." That's what you says. Which is wuss, GRANTLEY BERKELEY, my mistake or yourn?

We ought to know summut about hawks, both on us. Birds of a feather, hawks, you, and me. Consarned in the pursuit o' geam. But I hunts wi' the owl too, when the moon's up, for a shiny night is my delight in the sason o' the year. The Owl is the bird o' wisdom, GRANTLEY. He knows a hawk from a hen harrier. I wonder you don't, of all English gentleman. Thought you know'd all 'bout woodcraft. Falconry! Fancied you was up to all whatsomedever about that there, anyhow. What would are a one o' any of them there old. ancestors o' yourn, as spent their time in hawkun, and used to goo about wi' falcons on their fistes, a thought o' you if he could a foreseed you takun a hen harrier for a goshawk! Dost n't know that the Goshawk was reckoned one of the first-rate hawks by them there ancient Barons as wore coats of arms, and went to war on hossback cased in iron, wi' shields and battle-axes? Dost n't know that there was long-winged hawks, that is true falcons, and short-winged hawks, my friend the Sparrerhawk, and the Goshawk, yourn, GRANTLEY? And dost n't know that kites, and buzzards, and harriers, was counted 'mungst what they called the ignoble falcons? I got an old book at whoam, mun, tells all about it, bless 'ee.

Goshawk, *Astur Palumbarius*. Got a new book, too, tells all 'bout that likewise. Hen Harrier, *Circus Cyaneus*. Them's the larned neams o' nateral history. Book 'em, GRANTLEY. Goo to British Museum up in Lunnun. There thee 'st zee Goshawk and Hen Harrier, both on 'em, stuffed, and by'n by larn to tell one from t'other.

I got another book at whoam. A old book, wi' leather covers. Bigger than books be now-a-days. Printed in different fashioned letters, most wi' e's at the ends on 'em. SHAKESPEARE! There, in a play, *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, says he know'd a hawk from a handsaw. GRANTLEY, I doubt if thee ever didst; but arter the infamation which I've a gin thee, I hopes in futur, at laste, thee know a hawk from a harrier.

I be, or a med say wuz,

BOB MOODY.

The Cellarage, St. Swithin's Walk.

P.S. I should be glad to drink your Honner's health, if you would chuck half-a-crown or so down this here way.

B. M.

SHAKSPEARE'S LIBRARY.

SHAKSPEARE'S Books, it seems, are being discovered in various directions. His *Prayer Book* is reported to have turned up somewhere in Wales, and it is probable that he took it with him there in case he might have to go to church while on the journey he took to get up facts about the Welsh lady in *Henry IV*. He was very particular about going to church, as must be clear to all students of his history and writings. The Dramatic Authors' Society have good hopes of discovering his BOYER'S *French Dictionary* one of these days. We trust also to hear of the recovery of his *Book of Cab-fares*, which, as is well known, suggested to him the line in *Macbeth*, "fare is foul and foul is fare." We fear that his last *Bradshaw* is destroyed, at least we have no evidence that the Poet imitated the one careful man of our own time, who binds his old *Bradshaws*, but his *Euclid*, from which he drew the beautiful image in the *Winter's Tale*, about "the Angle that plucks our son thither," may yet be heard of, and we shall rejoice with unfeigned joy to learn that his *Book of Etiquette* has re-appeared, from which no doubt he got the idea for the rule he prescribes (in *Henry VIII*.) to gentlemen who go for a walk with ladies:—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you."

TO BILLIARD PLAYERS.—If you would obey the rules of Billiards, always attend to the *Cannons* of the game.

DEATH FROM MUSHROOMS.—DÆDALUS, when he tried Champignons (Sham-pinions).



OH, BY ALL MEANS REVISE THE CODE!

Teacher (certificated). "'ENERY, 'ENERY! WHERE'S YER 'ANDS?'"

A LETTER TO LORD WESTBURY.

MY LORD,

THE man who fails to recognise your Lordship's eminent sagacity in everything you do is a fool whom it were flattery to call a brainless ass. For my part, so impressed am I with wonder at your wisdom, that I cannot for an instant entertain the rude belief that any act of yours has ever fallen short of expectation, or failed in its wise aim. Other persons may, however, be less awestruck than myself, and may with weak credulity believe there is some truth in the following remarks upon your Lordship's Law of Bankruptcy. You may read them in the *Standard* of the 2nd ult. :—

"The failure of the Act of 1861 was prophesied from the first by every one competent to form an opinion, and is now admitted even by its author. The evils it has wrought are known to every lawyer, and have been experienced by every trader in the country."

It is just possible, perhaps, that your pet Act, my Lord, has failed to prove so perfect as we, your admirers, thought it would; but it is not credible that you yourself have been betrayed into admission of its failure. Hear, however, what the *Standard* further has to say respecting it :—

"Every *Gazette* tells how the late Act has multiplied the number of bankruptcies; every creditor feels, every knavish debtor knows, how easy it has made the process of 'whitewashing.' Accounts which should have been rendered in 1862 were not forthcoming till last February. The expenses of the Court rose from £81,000 in 1860 to £125,000 in 1863—an advance of more than 50 per cent.; while the sums collected fell in the same period from £1,250,000 to less than £700,000, an absolute falling off of more than half a million, though the business of the Court had enormously increased."

My Lord, these statements are all false, as everybody ought to know. I at least, for one, shall stick to it they are so; and shall continue to regard your Lordship's law of Bankruptcy as the brightest emanation from your Lordship's brilliant brain. But, as I have hinted, other people are alive whose faith in your unerring wisdom is not so fine as mine; and as these persons all have tongues and pens to publish their opinions and to damage your fair fame, it were well to take the edge off their weapons of attack. Of course your Lordship will not deign to squabble with a scribbler, whom a word of yours would crush. But for

the benefit of poor benighted readers of the *Standard*, who may be weak enough to think there is some particle of truth in the remarks which I have quoted, you might command some one in Basinghall Street, who is well acquainted with the working of your Act, to put forth an official report of its success, and to furnish such good proofs of it as will refute the foolish slanders wherewith it is attacked.

If to this report your Lordship will but add a few expressions of your sublime contempt for the miserable drivellers who have awakened your just wrath, I have no doubt that the pamphlet will be greedily inquired for, and perused with great delight.

Repeating my belief in your never failing wisdom, which I may almost say it were sheer blasphemy to doubt, I have the honour to remain,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and admiring servant,
PUNCH.

THE SENTIMENTS OF ONE "LONDON CRITIC."

MR. PUNCH acknowledges the receipt of a pamphlet containing tolerant notice and vulgar puff of a Jewess who is attracting the least respectable portion of playgoers by an exhibition not quite so disgraceful as the pictures that invite them, but sufficiently vulgar and indecent to deserve such patronage. Her nationality is vaunted, or he should not allude to it, the less that modesty is, both from religion and from habit, a strong characteristic of the females of her race. He, the true and tried friend of the Hebrews, is in no danger of being misunderstood when he expresses a satisfaction that the poor creature is not called a Christian. He has no more to say upon an odious subject, out of his jurisdiction.

Serenade for November.

YOUR Troubadour's toes are beginning to freeze,
Your Troubadour's nose is beginning to sneeze,
A violent cold does his singing mar,
As he chants to the tune of a light *catarrh*.

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR OWEN.—Is Neptune a Kingfisher?



CONDESCENSION.

Ostler (confidentially). "THAT'S THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."

Old Gent (much refreshed). "OH!"

Ostler (taken aback). "I—I SAID THAT WAS THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."

Old Gent. "YES! YES! YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE."

Ostler. "WELL, THEN—THEN, WHY DON'T YER SHAKE HANDS WITH 'IM—'E'LL LET YER!!!"

AN INQUEST ON AN INQUEST.

AN inquest was held on Tuesday last week by *Mr. Punch*, upon an inquest which had been held the day before by *MR. W. PAYNE* on a body. The circumstances of the case were these:—

A Clergyman, the *REV. JOHN HUNT*, Curate of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, had systematically studied anatomy, for the very best of reasons, among them because "he held it to be his sacred duty as a theologian to inquire into every quarter of Nature's kingdom, to search out her mysteries, and see her glorious and miraculous works." He obtained, from a physician, the necessary means for acquiring anatomical knowledge, and in so doing neither infringed the Anatomy Act nor violated the decencies of life or death. That which he had procured for his purpose was the most unobjectionable thing for it that could possibly be conceived. However, a churchwarden, a *MR. DAVID KING*, found the thing in his possession, had suspicions about it, thought it formed a matter for investigation, "refused to allow the case to drop, and would not have hushed it up for £1000." Accordingly, he sent to the Coroner; an inquest followed; everything was quite satisfactorily explained. The Coroner, in charging the jury, was pleased to remark that "it was clear the rev. gentleman had pursued medical studies; but whether wisely, or not, it was not for him to say." He added, however, the following considerably more pertinent observation:—

"Certainly in a country district a Clergyman might be called in to a woman to give her religious consolation, and it might so happen that she might become suddenly ill, and his medical assistance would be of great use."

The jury then laid their heads together to consider their verdict, and the conclusion which they arrived at was as follows:—

"That the deceased was stillborn, and the jury, while admitting the right of the *REV. MR. HUNT* to study medicine, are of opinion that it would be better if he confined his studies to matters of a clerical character to the exclusion of the study of anatomy."

Mr. Punch, after having pointed out the logical difficulty of accepting the statement that the "deceased" was "stillborn," said he would only remark that ignorance of natural knowledge, and especially of anatomy, was particularly objected in the present day against the clergy, and greatly impaired their influence and usefulness. His jury would now consider the verdict of that other jury, and give their own thereon.

Without a moment's deliberation the jury empanelled by *Mr. Punch* returned a verdict of "Snobbish Impertinence." They added that, whilst admitting the lamentable fact that vulgar blockheads are eligible to serve on Coroners' juries, they are of opinion that it would be better that such persons should cease to be so, and should be obliged to mind their own business, and confine their attention to their awls, or their geese, or to dispensing candles, red herrings, penn'orths of cheese, balls of twine, small parcels of sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, and pepper, and other groceries, or the like commodities, over the counter, to the exclusion of any office whose performance affords them an opportunity of making uncalled-for, offensive, and ridiculous remarks on the meritorious conduct of gentlemen.

Question and Answer.

(Translated from A-Norse Song.)

WHAT colour, Sir, should be a horse
That's yours, and yours alone?
D' you give it up? Why, Sir, of course,
That horse must be *your roan*.

VERY NATIONAL SYMPATHY.

THE efforts made by the German Legal Protection Society on behalf of their countryman *MÜLLER* show how the Germans all hang together. Their treatment of Denmark had shown that they should.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.



HERE have been Handy-books published on all imaginable subjects, including some of those best as well as worst-fitted, apparently, for packing into the dimensions of a duodecimo.

Thus, there are Handy-books on Law, teaching you everything from the mysteries of an action of ejectment to the art of making your own will—a practice much to be recommended to any person with a proper respect for the legal institutions of the country, and a benevolent wish to distribute his property, after death, among the members of the legal profession.

So we have a Handy-book on the duties of Executors—well calculated to open the eyes of any one who is about to act in that capacity, to a sense of his situation; to show him the traps and pit-falls kindly laid by the Law to warn him off the very dangerous ground he is about to venture on; and, in a word, to make him generally uncomfortable.

Then there are Handy-books for Unprotected Females, impressing such useful lessons as that all 'busses do *not* go to the Bank; that crossing a cheque is not quite as difficult an operation as crossing Regent Street during the height of the Season; and points of practice in business and money matters equally useful and comforting to the feminine mind.

Why need we speak of Handy-books for the Piggery, the Poultry-yard, the Orchard, the Dairy, and all the other Domestic Offices—

Or of Handy-books for the Crystal Palace, and the British Museum, the Tower, and Kew Gardens, and all the sights of London—

Or of Handy-books for the Civil Service—

Handy-books of the British Constitution—

Handy-books of Dates—

Handy-books of Cookery—

Handy-books of Candidates for Direct Commissions

Or—if Handy-books and Handy-books may claim cousinship, and we only see one reason (y) they should not—of that greatest achievement in the way of handiness and condensation—

Murray's Hand-books, the staff and stay of the British Tourist!

But there is one Handy-book which remains to be written. This is the Handy-book of the Theatre. *Mr. Punch*, as the author, leading actor, proprietor, and manager of about the oldest theatre and most popular play in existence, is clearly *the* person to write it.

There are reasons which make the subject particularly opportune at this moment. In the first place, everybody assures us that "the Theatre is looking up."

Looking at the facts, this can hardly mean that the Drama is aiming too high—firing over people's heads, trying to be sublime, or poetical, or imaginative, or full of purpose, making any absurd pretension to high art, or any such transcendental nonsense. No; the harshest critic of the Stage cannot say that our Theatre is looking up in *this* sense.

But the Theatre is prosperous, popular—even fashionable—especially since it has had the advantage of an infusion of Parisian blood among the actors as well as the pieces.

It is evident that something like a new life is stirring both before and behind the curtain.

Sensation has galvanised the Stage into vitality, as it has all other branches of art and literature to which its enlivening stimulus has been applied. The Theatre never before employed such enormous capitals—at least the Posters and their print, were never so large. Pieces can run their hundreds of nights now, which in less advanced times would have been unable to totter through a sickly month of existence; nay, would hardly have succeeded in keeping their legs for a first night.

We have a highly intelligent and eagerly appreciative public, which can see force, meaning, and point, where our obtuse ancestors would have only discerned extravagance, nonseuse, and vulgarity. Hardly any piece is brought out now-a-days but we learn, on the authority of the bills and the newspapers, that it is "an enormous success." And even if bills and articles were silent, we should be led to the same conclusion by the appearance of the theatre before the curtain—crowded stalls, private

boxes all filled, well-tenanted dress-circles and pits—as much as is left of them. As for galleries, except at Drury Lane, we won't answer. They appear to be considered low. Probably the people who used to go to the galleries on this side the water, now go to the boxes over the Bridges.

The malignity of rivals, or the incredulity of cynicism, may suggest "paper," as the explanation of at least some of these well-filled houses. One hears such sneering remarks as that "Order is Manager's first law;" and we know that pasteboard has been used for making houses elsewhere than in Japan. But if we doubted the evidence of audiences, we have only to read the criticisms. Criticism is emphatically a growth of our own generation. Everybody now-a-days is a critic. Look at the *Saturday Review*, if you want to see the critical lash well laid on. And there is a whole legion of weeklies following suit of the *Saturday*, though they don't use the knout with so much vigour, or apply the cayenne and chili-vinegar, after flogging, with such evident relish. Then look at the *Quarterlies*. The fathers of the race—who used to have a monopoly of critical rod and gauge, and quite sufficed our simple fathers in the way of literary butchery—have to struggle for life with a host of young and vigorous competitors, and can hardly hold their own. So, if no play is ever damned now-a-days, and newspaper notices of new pieces are, in nineteen cases out of every score, one string of praises and pæans over author, actor, and manager, it must be because the pieces are good, and not the critics unwilling or unable to find fault.

Perhaps MR. BOUCICAULT may have gone a little too far when he fixed the profits of a well-conducted West-End theatre, of fair dimensions, at twenty thousand pounds per annum. His own successes have been colossal, and, besides, he has the sanguine temperament of a great imaginative creator, and may be excused for seeing things theatrical in a high light. He lives in a blaze of triumph, and naturally surveys the profits as well as catastrophes of the Drama through a magnifying binocular glass, and under effects of blue and red fire. But there can be no doubt, to any ingenuous mind looking patent facts in the face, that the London theatres *are* flourishing—in every sense of the word.

But not only is the Theatre prosperous and popular—it is in a transitional state—just the condition for a useful application of sound precepts and directions to all parties concerned in its prosperity—whether actors, managers, authors, critics, or spectators.

For example, the weighty conclusions of old experience are, we fear, falling into a dangerous desuetude among actors. There are signs, here and there, of a fatal disposition to forget that acting is an art, and, as an art, must be carefully kept apart from Nature. Not that this mischief has gone *very* far; but we have a few actors and actresses, otherwise of promise, who seem to be dropping into natural tones and movements, and stooping to an imitation of everyday life, which is quite out of keeping with the conditions of the Stage. Thus, we have even seen actors of late forgetting themselves so far as to remove their hats when they enter a drawing-room, or pausing to salute a lady before beginning the words set down for them; and actresses have been heard to object to walking in the streets at all times of the day in evening dress, and without bonnets.

These are, evidently, vicious concessions to that realism which is fatal, we fear, to all art, and which has already invaded the scenic department of the Theatre. Happily it has not yet got farther, or only in very few cases. Managers have not yet, we are thankful to say, insisted on natural action and unexaggerated delivery—much less on probable incident or possible story—in these rooms which the scene-painters build so solidly, and furnish with such completeness; or before the landscapes, in which the skill of a BEVERLEY, a GRIEVE, a TELBIN, or a CALCOT struggles not unsuccessfully with Nature. The piece and the acting still bring us back to that domain of the imagination, in which Nature is felt to be out of keeping, and imitation of realities impertinent.

Even managers are by no means [beyond the need of some useful hints. Fortunately the good old rules, which prescribed the discomfort of audiences, the dirt and dinginess of private boxes, and the extortions of boxkeepers, as the best conditions for enhancing the enjoyment of the play, by operation of the well-known law of contrast, are still adhered to by the majority of this class. But a few misguided persons have not scrupled to substitute for these chastening influences, comfort, cleanliness, and civility. The effect, we need hardly say, has been to encourage a captious and fault-finding spirit in the visitors to other, and more intelligently administered, Theatres.

Again, among actor-managers,—a class that now almost monopolises the direction of our theatres—there are a few who show no sense of the responsibilities of their double character. They are content to figure as merely stock-members of their own companies; their names are not printed in larger letters than those of the men and women whom they hire and pay. Pieces are not selected with a view to the display of their individual talent. They seem content ignobly to stand on common ground with the rank and file of their profession, instead of taking up a becoming position of pre-eminence upon the pedestal of their managerial dignity.

Actor-managers must not be allowed thus to forget themselves, with-

out an appeal to the noble example set them in these respects by men who have a truer sense of the duties of their position.

For other reasons, authors, critics, and spectators of stage-plays need warning, instruction, and guidance, just as much as managers and actors.

To all these classes *Mr. Punch* hopes to offer practical advice of a highly valuable kind in his "Handy-book of the Stage," of which this may be regarded as the preface.



Actor (excitedly). "FOR TWO LONG YEARS HAVE I——"
A Voice from above. "SO YOU 'AVE, GUV'NOR!"

LETTER FROM A MAN.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

WOMAN is our Master, there is no doubt about that. But we have not ceded the last shred of our liberty. One privilege is reserved to us, as if to remind us that we had once been the stronger. By the law of England we may beat, rob, insult, and in fact, inflict any outrage upon a woman, and (in the absence of other testimony than hers) do exercise these manly rights with impunity, if it happen that, by reason of defective theological education, she is unable to declare in a court of justice, that she believes in the dogma recently condemned by the Privy Council.

I earnestly hope that a bold and strong stand will be made against the meditated attempt to deprive us of this right. I regret to see that the REV. F. MAURICE joins in the cry that a woman ought not to be deprived of the protection of the laws merely because she does not believe in the Devil. Who is she, to set herself up against Him?

An article in the *Morning Star* also advocates a change in the law, and considering that the original *Morning Star* was LUCIFER, I consider the conduct of the journal as exceedingly ungrateful and unfilial. In other respects the article has ability and merit, and I extract a passage:—

"A prisoner may call as a witness his mother or his daughter, his sweetheart or his mistress, and the jury will pay all proper attention, and attach all befitting weight to the testimony; but no British jury must be allowed to hear one word which a wife can say to establish the innocence of her husband."

Here I think the law may advantageously be altered, because men are often sufferers by the existing system. And I have the less objection to the change, as, from what I have heard of wives, I believe there is no great danger of their abusing, by carrying to excess, the right of saying anything in favour of their husbands.

Believe me, yours truly,

Themis Lodge, Justitia Road.

A MAN.

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."—LORD RUSSELL'S Lecture on the British Constitution.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

TO THE STATION.

Wonder if my watch is right, or slow, or fast.
Wonder if that church clock is right.
Wonder if the cabman will take eighteenpence from my house to the Station.

THE STATION.

Wonder if the porter understood what I said to him about the luggage.
Wonder if I shall see him again.
Wonder if I shall know him when I *do* see him again.
Wonder if I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.
Wonder where I take my ticket.
Wonder in which pocket I put my gold.
Wonder where I got that bad half-crown which the clerk won't take.
Wonder if that's another that I've just put down.
Wonder where the porter is who took my luggage.
Wonder where my luggage is.
Wonder again whether I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.
Wonder which is my train.
Wonder if the guard knows anything about that porter with the writing-case.
Wonder if it *will* be "all right" as the guard says it will be.
Wonder if my luggage, being now labelled, will be put into the proper van.
Wonder if I've got time to get a sandwich and a glass of Sherry.
Wonder if they've got the *Times* of the day before yesterday, which I haven't seen.
Wonder if *Punch* of this week is out yet.
Wonder why they don't keep nice sandwiches and Sherry.
Wonder if there's time for a cup of coffee instead.
Wonder if that's our bell for starting.
Wonder which is the carriage where I left my rug and umbrella, so as to know it again.
Wonder where the guard is to whom I gave a shilling to keep a carriage for me.
Wonder why he didn't keep it; by "it," I mean the carriage.
Wonder where they've put my luggage.

THE JOURNEY.

Wonder if my change is all right.
Wonder for the second time in which pocket I put my gold.
Wonder if I gave the cabman a sovereign for a shilling.
Wonder if that was the reason why he grumbled less than usual and drove off rapidly.
Wonder if any one objects to smoking.
Wonder that nobody does.
Wonder where I put my lights.
Wonder whether I put them in my writing-case.
Wonder for the third time whether I gave my writing-case to the porter or left it in the cab.
Wonder if anybody in the carriage has got any lights.
Wonder that nobody has.
Wonder when we can get some.
Wonder if there's anything in the paper.
Wonder why they don't cut it.
Wonder if I put my knife in my writing-case.
Wonder for the fourth time whether I gave, &c.
Wonder if I can cut the paper with my ticket.
Wonder where I put my ticket.
Wonder where I *could* have put my ticket.
Wonder where the deuce I put my ticket.

Academical.

Is the Master of Caius, Cambridge, of necessity a married man? Whether this is the case or no, the Mistress of Keys (Caius) should hold in perpetuity the venerable title of Mother Bunch.

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.

SIR HENRY STORKS is appointed to Malta. This will give an opportunity for contrasting the rule of King Storks there with King Log in the Ionian Islands.

QUESTION FOR IRISHMEN.

PAT, what's the best *way* of travelling?
Troth, sure, an' isn't it the "rile" way (*railway*).



FIRST CLASS TRAVELLING.

VARIOUS EVOLUTIONS PERFORMED BY MR. M'LANKIE, AFTER THE EIGHTH HOUR OF THE JOURNEY FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON, IN THE VAIN ENDEAVOUR TO OBTAIN RELIEF FOR HIS LEGS.

THE GUILDHALL ECLOGUE.

'Twas midnight in Guildhall. Two voices broke
Into the darkness : GOG and MAGOG spoke.
Who heard their conversation ? Ask you who ?
Let Echo answer, What is that to you ?
Perchance *perdu* some penny-a-liner lay
Recovering from his drunk on Lord-Mayor's-Day ;
And crouching low where PITT and BECKFORD stand,
Noted the talk in tremulous short-hand.
Take thou this truth, enough for man to know,
Punch hears of all things in this world below.

Gog. My brother !

Magog. You're another.

Gog. Repartee,

Pleasant at times, just now delights not me.
Restrain your wit, my MAGOG, and with ears
Hear me ; then, if you can, restrain your tears.

Magog. Down Pluto's iron cheek distil the brine,
But blow me if it wets this wood of mine.

Gog. 'Tis sternly said, yet sternness oft can turn
To softness. Who has blubbered more than STERNE ?

Magog. Beshrew thy quips and cranks and puns grotesque,
Or send them for the Royalty burlesque.
State in a jiffy what thou hast to state,
Or let me sleep, because it's precious late.

Gog. My brother !

Magog. Bother ! You said that before.
Gog, you become a sentimental bore.

Gog. Hear, then, and listen to a mournful tale.

You saw the new LORD MAYOR. His name is HALE.

Magog. Do I not know it ? How the changes rung
Upon it, on the ninth, from Cockney tongue.

"He brews good hale." "Hail in November's due."
"Ope he won't ail his turn of hoffice through."

"Nay, he looks hale." "Hail, fellow, and well met,"
With other epigrams which I forget.

Gog. Why then rejoice the more. But now, I guess,
I rather think that you'll rejoice the less.

That HALE, whose name should hint a flowing can,
Has turned—

Magog. What, sour ?

Gog. No, worse. A Temperance Man !

Magog. You scoffed at me for jesting. At the best
This is a very dull and pointless jest.

Gog. O, MAGOG, that it were ! My tale is true.
He hath allied him with the Temperance crew ;
And at the Mansion House, yes, MAGOG, there,
Hath bid them muster—nay, has filled the chair.

Magog. I'm loth to doubt my brother, yet I try.
Gog, are you telling me a —

Gog. Brother, fie !

No, MAGOG, it's the truth. Our hearts may burst,
But this is so. Tea-cups have done their worst.
The Mayor—the idea, the marrow, and the pith
Of hospitality—is now a Myth.

Gog. 'Twas in Egypt's Hall for him to frame
Unto himself a pyramid of shame :

Yes, in that Hall whose every echo brings
Thoughts of the shout the voice of Bacchus flings,
Amid those columns at whose base would sink
The Alderman disguised in robes and drink,
Upon that dais, fount, on festive eve,
A step to climb, a precipice to leave,
Stood London's Mayor, and, MAGOG, woe is me !
Preached moderation and a cup of tea.

Magog. O CUMMING ! CUMMING ! CUMMING !

Gog.

Come along.

Magog. Joking is coming it a deal too strong.
I called upon the Doctor. It is clear
He's right—the world's done up, or very near.



THE LOVING (TEA) CUP.

GOG, "SOMETHING LIKE A LOVING CUP THIS, BROTHER MAGOG, EH?"

MAGOG, "HMI! THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION, BROTHER GOG."

[See Lord Mayor's Speech as Chairman of the Temperance League.

Gog. Respect good grammar, though you feel severely.
And mend that final word of yours to nearly.

Magog. Orthography be hanged, and syntax stowed,
And prosody and what's his name be blowed.
Henceforth the very Alphabet shall be
Accurst, for it includes the letter T.

What, shall the Loving Cup be made of brew
Which women sip while talking what's not true?
Shall Lord Mayors' guests drink gruel thick and slab,
And leave so sober they can hail a cab?
O'er hiccups, say, shall tea-cups now prevail,
And all along of that owdacious HALE?

Gog. Your violence, my MAGOG, is as low
As was your levity an hour ago.
We must submit to Fortune.

Magog. Meau you, mate,
FORTUNE who wrote on tea?

Gog. I mean to Fate.

Magog. Whom must we fête?

Gog. Nay, wilt thou not have done?

A pun, and Paul's Cathedral striking one.

Magog. It strikes not one but all who view the pile,
'Twas reared by WREN, and is in classic style;
In CHARLES THE SECOND's time 'twas partly built,
And on the top's a ball and cross, both gilt.

Gog. He has gone mad. This news has been too much.
I wish I had that weapon in his clutch.

MAGOG, my brother!
Magog. O, I know your tricks
And manners. But in sixteen sixty-six

This Hall was burned, rebuilt in sixty-nine,
Since when it's witnessed many a glorious shine.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE came here to a feast,
And never got excited in the least.
So did the Sovereigns, when we'd put down NAP,
So did his Nephew, that long-headed chap,
So did PRINCE ALBERT, and it's very plain
We shall not look upon their like again.

Gog. There, go to sleep—you're maundering, which is sad.
I own that things are looking precious bad,
But HALE's an annual, and our friends may choose
Next time a magistrate of sounder views.

Magog. No; mark my words, and bid thy heart despair,
Next year will bring us a Tea-total Mayor.

Gog. Why then, indeed, it will be time to weep
Water for water. Now let's go to sleep.

AN IN-SOLENT REMARK.

A NEW York journal states that CAPTAIN (Alabama) SEMMES—

"Has obtained another ship, and under the name of SMITH has reached Havannah in the Solent."

Havannah in the Solent! We suppose we next shall hear of Manilla in the Thames! But the fright that the New Yorkers must have been thrown in by the mention of the name of CAPTAIN SEMMES, may have possibly prevented their discovering the little geographical mistake. We can relieve their minds by stating, on "reliable" authority (we use their own pet word), that CAPTAIN SEMMES is snug and safe in the Solent, near Southampton, and that the new vessel which he has just "obtained," is one of the new Ryde and Portsmouth ferry steamboats. CAPTAIN SEMMES, as we all know, has, for some months past, been in command of the *Victoria and Albert*, in the Ryde and Portsmouth service, and has lately been promoted to be captain of the *Emmet*, which is a bigger boat.

As for the ridiculous report about his "having reached Havanuah in the Solent," we presume it has arisen from the fact that one fine evening, a little while ago, as his vessel crossed the Solent, the gallant captain felt inclined for a cigar. So he went into his cabin to fetch one of the fine Havannahs he imports; and, as for safety's sake he keeps the box on a high shelf, he of course had to assume such an attitude as justifies the statement that he "reached" it.

Admirable Imitation.

WE may venture to give publicity to a report that the generous example set by EARL SPENCER in taking measures for the perpetual reservation of Wimbledon Common for the benefit of the public, has produced such an effect upon an honourable baronet that similar steps are about to be taken with respect to Hampstead Heath, so as to secure it as a pleasure-ground for the people for ever, according to the dying wish of the father of SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

DOG LATIN.—*Cave Canem.*

THE DAVENPORTS DONE UP.

OH, have you heard the tale of sport
About the Brothers DAVENPORT,
How their career has been cut short?

The way it was effected
By DR. SCOFFERN you shall learn;
He has their goose cooked to a turn,
He has exposed the whole concern,
The humbug has detected.

The Doctor, like a knowing one,
Determined he would not be done,
Went to the Hall at Islington,
To watch their exhibition;
He called on them with truth to state
If they knew how they operate,
But, finding them prevaricate,
Suspected imposition.

He asked that he their hands might tie,
Their showmen would not let him try,
And said as much as "Ax my eye,"

When he made application
That he might be allowed to get
Within the wooden Cabinet;
For no impostor, ever yet,
Would stand investigation.

But SCOFFERN, bent the trick to trace,
Upon the platform took his place,
The "structure" treating as a case
Of phthisical affection,
With ear as to a patient's breast,
What's going on therein to test,
He stood and listened at the chest,
To their extreme objection.

A bar of metal, from inside,
The Doctor at his head had shied,
By hands that were of course untied,
And then, when he presented
Himself the meeting to address,
The Yankees did around him press,
And, hustling him with downright stress,
Awhile his speech prevented.

But, in the body of the Hall,
The people heard him at his call,
Cried "Off!" as loud as they could bawl;
In Quacks made unbelievers,
They hissed and hooted them away,
The DAVENPORTS, and MR. FAY;
So there's an end to public pay
Of impudent deceivers.

THE FUSIBILITY OF THE PEOPLES.

IN the debate on the Convention in the Italian Parliament, GENERAL LAMARMORA said that the fusion of the Italians is a fact throughout the army. It may be asked if the fusion of the Italians is a fact throughout the marines. It may also be asked whether, if the fusion of the Italians throughout the army is a fact, the inexorable logic of facts does not compel us to believe the possibility of the liquefaction of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS at Naples. The fusion of the Italians, if a fact, is an extraordinary fact to have been accomplished at this time of year; might have been expected to take place, if at all, in the summer. Now, however, suppose the Italians are fused, a question which may be asked is, "Will Italy run into Greece?"

Economical Munificence.

WITH the sole addition of merited italics, we copy the following statement from the *London and China Telegraph*:—

"A pension of £300 a-year has been voted to the BISHOP OF VICTORIA, subject to a deduction of any sum he may derive from an appointment in England."

Shabby!

PRO-PUNCH AND TURTLE.

FROM the portentous fact of a Temperance Meeting held at the Mansion House, it may be surmised that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen are about to embrace tea-turtle principles.



A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

Mother. "NOW, LAURA, IT'S NO USE DENYING THAT YOU'VE SEEN CHARLES. HE IS THE ONLY PERSON WE KNOW WHO SMOKES COMMON TOBACCO, AND YOUR CLOTHES SMELL LIKE A TAP-ROOM."

MEPHISTOPHELES TO THE REICHSRATH.

THE existence of MEPHISTOPHELES is denied or doubted in the present day by many of your Honours and Worships, and by some, even, of your Reverences. MEPHISTOPHELES does, nevertheless, exist, and if his queer foot and cock's-tail feather are invisible, his working can be discerned by the clear eye. MEPHISTOPHELES first eggs on his fools to kill and take possession, and then inspires them to satirise their own deeds. Thus, for instance, does the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, with the mouth of MEPHISTOPHELES at his ear, address his Reichsrath:—

"A subject of dispute for many years in the north of Germany has just been settled in the most honourable manner. The representatives of my empire will participate with truly patriotic feeling in my satisfaction that a close has been put to the war between the German Powers and Denmark by the Treaty of Peace, signed at Vienna on the 30th of October, and the ratification of which is expected in a few days."

Schleswig and Holstein have been stolen "in the most honourable manner." Marry, how? FRANCIS-JOSEPH tells the Austrian Parliament, thus:—

"The courage of the allied troops and the navies of Austria and Prussia has conquered that splendid prize; and the wise and just reticence of the Allied Powers has facilitated the final understanding."

The mouth which emitted this terrible irony was indeed the mouth of FRANCIS-JOSEPH, but the tongue within that mouth was twisted to talk mockery by MEPHISTOPHELES. FRANCIS-JOSEPH speaks of having "conquered that splendid prize," Schleswig-Holstein, exactly as FRANCIS MÜLLER might have spoken of conquering that splendid prize, the watch and chain of MR. BRIGGS. However, the cases of FRANCIS-JOSEPH and FRANCIS MÜLLER differ in this, that MÜLLER robbed and murdered MR. BRIGGS single-handed, whilst the Danes were dealt with by "the allied troops and the navies of Austria and Prussia." Moreover, MÜLLER was hanged last Monday week.

Neologians may say what they like, but with Sönderborg and Dybbøl unavenged in this world, there must be a MEPHISTOPHELES. The snarl of the mocking fiend is audible in the gibes which the infatu-

ated KAISER is impelled to utter under the idea that they are eulogy and glorification of himself and his Royal accomplice. Meanwhile, MEPHISTOPHELES bides his time.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

MR. PUNCH has seen, with a sensation which he can hardly describe, a most contemptible card of verses intended as a preface to Photograph Albums. The composition is fearfully snobbish. It contains the word "Phiz," which is never used in decent society except when reference is made to the distinguished artist who, in mockery of Snobs, selected the name. And it has also the word "Quiz," which is never used except at Islington and in the back streets of the City Road. That no person may have an excuse for using, for a moment, the vulgar affair in question, he subjoins some verses in the same metre, but of a different kind, and he presents the copyright to the Collectors of Photographs:—

Yes, here is my Album,
And my Affidavit:
If you beg for one picture,
I'm blessed if you'll have it.
And don't offer your own,
But just take it for granted,
That if not in the book,
It's because you're not wanted.

QUESTION FOR AGRICULTURISTS.

WHAT vegetable *only* petitions not to be eaten?
Why, of course, the Lettuce alone (*let us alone*).

NEW NIGGER SONG, UNPOPULAR WITH SCHOOL BOYS.—"The happy land of *Canaan*."

WIMBLEDON PRESERVED.

ANTÆUS, of life's struggle in this town
Exhausted, ever must renew his force
Upon Earth's bosom, though he lie not down
Like the old Giant; must have due recourse
To field and forest; there, at Nature's source,
Draw vigour, drink, unfaithful care to drown.

If we would live, and not decline and fade,
We must regard the lilies of the field,
At least with open eyes, for they were made
Reading, which should inspirit Man, to yield,
Heaven's hieroglyphics in Earth's book unsealed,
They and the flowers in glory all arrayed.

But how, if always spreading, day by day
The City creep o'er meadow, heath, and moor,
Weary, hot, feverish, to get away,
Out of the sultry crowd and its dull roar,
To common, furze, and brake, where song-birds pour
The melody which makes the sad heart gay?

There is for us, and shall be, one retreat,
If but that only one, saved stucco-free;
Wimbledon, evermore for pilgrims' feet
Kept sacred, noble SPENCER, thanks to thee!
Thy generous charter gives us scope to flee
Still thither from the hubbub and the heat.

P-promise and Pep-performance.

MR. PEPPER, of the Polytechnic, gives notice, that, by the time the ice is on the ground, he hopes to have made several new slides for his own entertainment.

OLD NURSERY RHYME.

(Re-arranged by a Dancing Master.)

Hi diddle diddle,
The kit and the fiddle.

SPORTING FASHION.—*Dangerous Style of Tie for a Fox-hunter.*—A Fall for the Neck.

WHAT is the most sensational Periodical of the day?
The Powder Magazine.

A FRAGMENT.



A FRAGMENT of the long lost Eleventh Chapter of the *Compleat Angler* has been discovered at the Rye House. We subjoin it *in extenso* :—

VENATOR and PISCATOR at the Water-side.

P. And now, friend VENATOR, I will tell you somewhat concerning the Chubb. This fish is most found in safe places and in locks, where it often attains to large size. It can then only be taken in the night time, and is much prized; but very difficult to pick. You may, however, sometimes get one with a ledger line. Some anglers maintain that this fish is a variety of the Bramah or Bream. Next of the "Parr," of which I myself know little noteworthy, but GESSNER relates, that one has been known to live upwards of a hundred years. Of the Bleak I can only say that it loves an east wind—but soft—I have a rise. No. I have missed him. I fear these flies are too large for the water, but I have a cast in my eye.

V. Ay, marry indeed thou hast.

P. Peace, friend, and be not personal in thy remarks; and now let me tell you what

I know of the Pike or Parr, which is solitary, morose, and very voracious; you may see it lurking behind a weed, and taking toll of all that pass. It is so savage that it will rise to you, even if you have not stopped to bait. A fly is almost sure to fetch him out, but he will not take twice in the same day. Never strike this fish, or you will come to grief. The male Pike is often called Jack, and takes kindly to his gill: a drag will always draw him. Now concerning the Rod-pole or Perch. I must tell you that this fish runs much of a size, and is frequently caught by small boys, so that at schools the tables are well supplied with it.

V. But, MASTER PISCATOR, methinks it begins to rain somewhat heavily, shall we not take shelter?

P. Ay, truly, and in yonder water-shed that seems to have been erected for the use of our brotherhood. [Exeunt ambo.]

"I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR PAINTINGS, TOO!"

OH, that HAMLET had lived in these days! How he *would* have flogged the ladies! He had only face-painting, and ogling and ambling, and mincing and lipping, to abuse in *his* time. What a field he would have had in crinoline and porter's-knots of false hair, and enamelled faces, and painted eyelids, and Brummagem golden locks, and all the thousand and one exaggerations and falsifications and sophistications that now go to the "making up" of a woman! Still, clever as our female face and figure forgers may be, they manage these things better in France. In the way of hair-dye, for instance, the maxim of your British *belle* as a rule is, "never say dye" till she begins to get grizzled. The British *brunette* is generally content with the glorious crown of brown or black hair with which nature invested her—though we do know exceptions. But your Parisian *petite maîtresse* defies fact and defies fashion. Nature puts her out—as FUSELI said. French figures and faces are absolutely regulated by the fashion-book. You must be fat or lean, full-bosomed or flat, long-faced or squab, as *La Folie* may rule, and the milliners pronounce their fiat. Here is a case in point. When Mrs. Punch was in Paris—now some years ago—she wrung from Mr. P. his "slow leave" to employ a dress-maker in the *Rue de la Paix*. When the dress came home, Mrs. P., who bears a bosom worthy to suckle young *Punches*, could not breathe in the dimensions MADAME LA MODE had allowed her, and timidly told her so! "*Mais, Madame, on ne porte plus de gorge*" (bosoms are not worn), was the stern rejoinder. "But, what do the ladies do?" asked poor Mrs. P. "*Dame, on ôte la ouate*" (they take out the wadding). On the same principle, if *Blondes* are *la mode*, everybody insists on being *blonde*.

Nature is expelled, not with a fork, but with the *friseur's* irons, and black or brown hair is made to strike its colours and come out as *blonde cendré, blonde dorée, blonde rousse*, or any particular nuance of *blonde* that the lady may fancy, or her *coiffeur* has the secret of.

"We have no Wighs (Whigs)," writes from Paris an enthusiastic Anglo-maniacal French correspondent of Mr. Punch, who amongst other British fashions affects puns; "but we have *énormement of dorées*" (Tories.)

From dyeing ladies to dyeing lap-dogs is only a step. And that step has been taken, if we may believe the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe*—punningest and pleasantest of foreign letter-writers. The Parisian poodle is no more allowed to go about in his native colours now-a-days than his fair owner. While the *soubrette* converts her mistress from *brunette* to *blonde*, the mistress glorifies her unhappy pet—poodle or Skyc, or King Charles, or Italian greyhound—with a coat of sky blue, pea green, or rose du Barri!

Puppy is thus at least put on a level with *petite maîtresse*. Like the poor Indian (with a difference),—

"She thinks, admitted to that equal dye,
Her faithful dog may keep her company."

The quotation is so far pertinent, that if POPE was talking of Heaven, the Parisian lady is thinking of the Elysian Fields.

If Paris be the Heaven of Yankees ("Good Americans," it has been said, "when they die, go to Paris!"), the Champs Elysées is the Seventh Heaven of that Heaven, and is eminently worthy of its celestial hierarchy of *demi-monde* angels with dyed hair and rose-coloured poodles.

THE GREAT SEWAGE QUESTION.

My favourite notions are rudely upset

By the movements at work in the City:

Here I read of a Temperance gathering met

In the Mansion House, more is the pity.

And fact number two as much wonder affords

As a Lord Mayor the loving-cup shirking;

The new Board of Works has, of late, giv'n up words,

And really taken to working!

Then our friends GOG and MAGOG, who've sat there so long,

Serene within sniff of Thames brewage,

Are laying about them, so hot and so strong,

About Metropolitan sewage:

Getting all by the ears with THWAITES and his peers

For not making due calculation

What price is expedient for this rich ingredient

In the wide pale of civilisation.

Time was, in most places, Town Boards set their faces

'Gainst sewers, and said "rather not,"

When asked to lay mains down to take poor folks drains down,

Or when begged to have rubbish clean shot.

But if London's beginning to think gold of winning

From her drains, she won't long be left *solus*:

We shall cherish each sewer—the more rich the less pure—

As a rather strong branch of Pactolus.

With our iron and coal fields, we'll boast of our gold-fields,

Irrigated by streams (od) auriferous;

On our own banks of guano draw drafts, *pieno mano*,

Productive, if somewhat pestiferous.

As to spreading the wet—by ditch, pipe, hose and jet?—

On these points Time will make the world wiser;

But ere scents go scot free, let us hope we may see

Every man his own deodoriser.

Many battles we've seen, that of late times have been,

Which though bloodless awakened their rages,

And called out both reasons and rhymes too, I ween,

As the battles of styles, schools, and gauges,

For a new battle now see two hosts face to face,

On a quarrel that well fits this new age

Which defines Dirt as "matter left in the wrong place"—

The battle of schemes for the sewage.

In the open already the skirmishers show

Though they shoot rather wide and still want a cue;

'Tis a fair stand-up fight of THWAITES, NAPIER & CO.,

Against ELLIS and BRADY and MONTAGUE;

May the best win—the winners' shares go up like rockets,

While capital's purse-strings are undone,

And the end not be draining their shareholders' pockets

As well as the levels of London.

THREE RAILWAY GAUGES.—Trains are made for the Broad Gauge, the Narrow Gauge, and the Lug-gage.



PRETTY INNOCENT!

Miss Muff. "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT TO BE MARRIED."

Registrar. "QUITE RIGHT. WHAT'S HIS NAME?"

Miss Muff. "PLEASE, SIR, I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT YOURS WAS LIKE EVERY OTHER REGISTRY OFFICE—I PUT MY NAME ON YOUR BOOKS, AND YOU FIND SOMEBODY WHO WANTS ME."

[The Registrar immediately left Town, and has not been seen since.]

WAR WITH GERMANY.

WHAT is the use of LORD RUSSELL's taking so much pains to keep us out of a war with All Germany, when SIR GEORGE GREY's cynicism impels us in the opposite direction. Does the HOME SECRETARY read the papers, or the despatches of his colleagues? Is he not aware that within the last year a great band of Germans broke burglariously into Denmark, and committed murder by wholesale on the persons of helpless Danes. If so, and aware of the sympathy which the fate of a German murderer would excite in Father-Land, how dared SIR GEORGE to outrage the Great and Good nation by refusing to interfere with the course of English justice in the case of MÜLLER. Now we shall be plunged into war. Here is the Declaration, which we extract from the *Berlin Reform*, a liberal paper of large circulation. Speaking of the last scene in the life of HERR VON MÜLLER, Germany says:—

"But it was worse than murder—it was a murder on the ground of national prejudice and hatred. The Schleswig-Holstein war, and the impotent rage of the English aristocratic mob, tied the noose by which was hung the man MÜLLER. The drop was made to fall by the noble zeal of the German Legal Protection Society, which by the journalistic hounds was denounced as an attempt against the ancient dignity of English judicial proceedings. And that venerable assembly which uses to attend on hanging days in front of Newgate prison, that most respectable conglomeration of thieves and robbers, would have stormed the scaffold and destroyed the victim had the QUEEN dared entertain the prayers of her crowned cousins of Germany, who a few days previous had been dragged in effigy through the mire of the capital to invest the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day with fresh charms."

Now we are in for it. The Rubicon is passed. The German fleet has been ordered to be ready for an invasion, and where shall we all be this day six months? It is true that the Penny steamers in the Thames have undertaken to demolish that fleet, and will probably do so, but what are we to do with the armies which will be led on by the Crowned Cousins, HERR VON MÜLLER's patrons? We are glad that the Government has the sense to take some precautions, and has ordered MESSRS. MEUX, MESSRS. TRUMAN and HANBURY, and other gigantic brewers to

send thousands of Beer barrels to the coasts nearest Germany, and it is to be hoped that the effect of the liquor, which will be furiously seized by the troops of Father-Land, will make them easy victims to our police. But who knows what may happen in war-time? The immediate dismissal of SIR GEORGE GREY is matter of course, and the German Legal Protection Society have been offered the free run of all the beer-shops and tobacconists' in London, and these concessions may avert the blow. But we are in an awful state of alarm, and beg our readers to prepare for the worst.

A Snip's Sensational Advertisement.

(In the latest style.)

"CLOTHES! Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!"

"Who's there but knows,"

"For soldiers, gents, or sailors."

"That none, you see,"

"Make togs like me."

"The others are all Failers!"

We've had Sensation *Headers*, we
Have now Sensation *Tailors*.

Note by Mr. }
Punch. }

Temperance at the Mansion House.

THE LORD MAYOR has been lending the Mansion House for a Temperance demonstration. And why not? Extremes meet. Besides, there is already one point of resemblance *at least* between Lord Mayors' Feasts and Temperance tea-parties. At both there is an immense consumption of toast and butter.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

IN France they wax their floors with "*flooring wax*;" in England we only hear of "*sealing wax*."

& CO'S WAREHOUSE



A CAUTION

TO YOUNG LADIES WAITING FOR AN OMNIBUS.

A FLOURISH BY OUR FLORIST.

Now men November chill benumbs,
In bloom are the Chrysanthemums;
Now while its gloom the town beglums,
How bright are the Chrysanthemums!
So to the Temple Garden comes
The world to the Chrysanthemums;
By omnibuses, cabs, and "brums,"
All flock to the Chrysanthemums.
From splendid squares and squalid slums
They crush to the Chrysanthemums.
Hear how the crowd, admiring, hums
Its praise of the Chrysanthemums!
See how the children suck their thumbs
While viewing the Chrysanthemums!
Miss LAURA her piano strums,
Then hies to the Chrysanthemums;
And MASTER CHARLES invites his chums
To see the famed Chrysanthemums.
Some white as snow, some red as plums,
Ne'er grew such grand Chrysanthemums.
In India there are no Begums
So gay as the Chrysanthemums.
Now sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Let off your loudest a-la-rums,
For lo! great *Punch* the Conqueror comes
To visit the Chrysanthemums!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following works will be published, in the course of the Season, by the annexed eminent Firms:—

A History of Giants (LONGMANS).
The Manufacture of Port-wine (SMITH & ELDER).
The Court of King Arthur (VIRTUE & Co.).
A Manual of Heraldry (GRIFFINS).
The Undertaker's Vade-Mecum (HURST & BLACKETT).
A Treatise on the Skeleton (BOHN'S Series).
The Philistine's Captive (SAMPSON LOW).

MOTTO FOR THE LATE TOLL-KEEPER OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.—"*Non toli me Tangere.*" Freely translated: "I touch no more Toll."

[THE SAXON "PUNCH."—The *Wittynagemot*.

APOLOGY FOR THE GERMAN SOCIETY.

BY HERR VON SCHWEPENBIER.

THE spectacle of Germans loving one another out-and-out, and sticking fast to one another through thick and thin, notwithstanding aught that one another may have done to anybody else, dumfounds Englishmen with angry bewilderment. A clear explanation of this mystery shall therefore be offered to the beef-headed ones.

The common sonship of Fatherland unites all Germans in the paramount bond of a brotherhood of transcendental holiness. Every German individual unit is as one of the molecules of a mass of matter united with the cohesiveness of wax. Hence the homogeneity of the German people.

Every German has an inner subjective self, of divine essence, and an outer objectivity into which the subjective occasionally passes, and having there awhile submitted itself to the appetites and the impulses, returns into its pure Ipseity, none the worse for having perhaps been engaged in picking pockets or cutting throats in the meantime.

It is in the state of objective consciousness that the great German nation, as one man, actuated by an acquisitive enthusiasm, rushes in overwhelming force on a neighbouring State, and dismembers it of two provinces necessary to complete the idea of German unity, and realise a German fleet. What if, in the execution of that exploit, they kill and mutilate any number of the antagonists who offer them resistance? For when Germany has returned from the objective into serene subjectiveness, what has been has ceased to be in the thought of Germans, and is not any more, so they innocently wonder to hear themselves accused of robbery and murder.

So when, in a momentary excursion from the Inner of Moral Consciousness, the German mind, rendered for the time objective by the attraction of a watch and chain, or a portemonnaie, impels the German hand to grab those articles, and to knock their owner on the head for

brevity and precaution, the German, having satisfied his objective craving, retires into his subjective tranquillity, and resumes his habitually mild and gentle demeanour. The assassination and robbery which his objective personality has committed, are a mere episode of his essential life. They are dismissed from his subjective mind, and he goes about as light-hearted as though nothing had happened. He and his countrymen regard those acts as the work of a past entity, and not his present own. They, therefore, think it monstrously cruel to hang him on the ground that he is guilty of them. The inner I of the German ever retains its essential purity unsullied, under all circumstances, and, consequently, his brothers use their utmost endeavours to prevent brutal foreigners from putting out his I, as if he were a common objective ruffian, by the capital punishment of stretching his neck, for the trifling offence of cracking an old gentleman's skull, by the way.

It is hoped that this elucidation of a sentiment which has been blindly mistaken for the mutual sympathy of rascals, may prove satisfactory.

Note on Dress.

In an article that appeared lately in the *Times* on "Left-off Clothes," there was an omission of some moment. No mention was made of the fancy Watchmakers have for *second-hand* things. They were also the last to leave off wearing clocks on their stockings.

A VEXED AND VERY VEXATIOUS QUESTION.

THERE is a question of another Italian loan of three millions. This seems destined to be the perpetual great difficulty that Italy, as an united kingdom, will have to contend with, viz., the settlement of its Capital.

ONE WAY OF RISING IN THE NAVY.—Being mast-headed.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER I.—DIRECTIONS TO ACTORS.



THE Handy-book will deal first with the Actors, not only because they are the objects of most public interest in a theatre, but because they are the real foundation-stones of the theatrical edifice.

"THE ACTORS MAKE THE THEATRE."

Let this fundamental principle be deeply impressed on the mind of every one who follows that noble profession, which can boast the names of a SHAKESPEARE, a BEN JONSON, and a GARRICK. It will encourage self-respect, which the lingering influence of a wretched social prejudice might otherwise impair in the Actor, and teach him a lesson

he needs above all men—to set a proper value on himself. Besides, a conviction of this truth is, in a great measure, the secret of the Actor's public importance—the key stone of his position. We may be told that the Manager and Author are just as essential to the fortunes of a theatre as the Actors. But where would the Manager or Author be without the performers? The one has merely to settle the plans of his theatrical campaign, to find pieces and capital, to pay his company, to hear their complaints, arrange their little difficulties, protect their interests, and find them proper opportunities for the display of their abilities. Anybody can make a Manager. Don't we see, every day, men who have failed in every other calling, taking up this, and doing just as well in it, apparently, as those who have been at it all their lives? In comparison with the Actor's the Manager's work is child's play. And besides being easy, it is mole-like, dull, obscure, and mechanical. You can no more put the two on the same parallel than you can level distinctions between the crawling grub or torpid chrysalis and the brilliant butterfly. As for putting the Author before the Actor, you might as well say the tailor was greater than the man who wears clothes. The Author is the poor drudge who laboriously fashions the pale outer husk and dead case of the part, which it is the Actor's business to endow with life, colour, and motion. He is the true creator, who breathes over the dry bones of the play-wright, and bids them put on flesh, and rise and walk. That this is the right estimate of the two callings, is shown by their relative position and remuneration. Compare the social position of the Actor—courted, *fêted*, caressed, the darling of the public—with that of the Author, an obscure drudge, too often shy, shabby, altogether the sort of person to fight shy of rather than *fête* or ask to dinner. Put the rewards of the successful Play-actor by those of the successful Play-writer. The one shall be receiving his £50 a night, perhaps, for his performance in a play the Author of which thinks himself well paid by a fiftieth part of that sum. Look at the Author—even the successful Author—before the Manager. What do we see? A poor creature, submissive, if not abject, thankful for an audience, grateful for a payment on account, submitting to snubs and sneers, glad to clip, and carve, and remodel his work at his customers' dictation—too thankful to have it tried upon any terms, and the bill paid. Then see the Actor in the Manager's room, dictating the terms of an engagement—throwing up a part, or exacting satisfaction for a grievance or failure of proper respect. You find in him a man animated by a becoming sense of his importance to the theatre, dealing with his Manager rather as a superior than an equal, imposing his own terms, buoyant, and self-confident with that noble assurance which springs from the proud sense of power, and the invigorating consciousness of universal recognition.

As, then, the Actor is the back-bone of the theatre—the working pivot of the whole stage machinery—it is with the Actor that our Handy-book first deals.

But the reading and rehearsal of a Play must precede the acting of it, and in both the Actor has some concern.

A few rules, therefore, for his guidance on these occasions, may properly precede our hints for his conduct on the Stage:—

AT THE READING OF A PLAY

Do not trouble yourself to be punctual to a few minutes—if your position in the theatre renders you safe from a fine. Nothing is so foreign to the spirit of an essentially artistic calling as a mechanical, business-like exactitude. Time was made for slaves—such as clerks, men-of-business, lawyers, tradesmen, and railway guards—not for the volunteers enlisted in the delightful service of the Arts.

Besides, a little waiting will give the Author time to collect himself. If he know his place, he will feel timid and nervous, as inferiors must be expected to feel in the presence of their betters: if he do *not* know his place, it will be wholesome to teach him; and for this purpose nothing is better than to let him kick his heels for a little time on a cold stage, or in an empty green-room.

Be careful in your demeanour, and in any remarks you may address to the Author—I do not object to your speaking to him, though I must caution you against any undue familiarity, *which is pretty sure to be presumed upon*—to show that you thoroughly understand his position and your own. Do not let him for a moment forget that he is conversing with a superior.

When summoned to the reading, do not take your seat hurriedly, and never submit to any discomfort, such as a place near the door or the fire, or a possible exposure to draught. To do so, shows a disposition to put up with slight and disrespect, which is fatal in a theatre. Always take the best place, and then find fault with it. This will show you are not a person to be put upon, and will prepare the Author for that critical severity in your judgment of his piece which is the kindest service you can render him.

If a lady, you will, of course, take the opportunity of the Author's opening his manuscript, to recognise your particular friends in the company, exchange the civilities of the morning—which should never be omitted in a theatre, where good-breeding ought ever to find a home—and any remarks which may be naturally suggested by last night's performance, the play-bills of the day, or the morning papers. These little neighbourly attentions cannot be so well paid later in the reading, and they will help to put the Author at his ease, and show him he is among friends who make no ceremony with him.

Be careful how you choose your place. Always command a mirror, and avoid a strong light. You will thus be able to observe the play of emotion on your own features during the reading—the most improving study for the Actor—and you will avoid exposing your complexion to that disagreeable observation, from which even the cordial good-feeling and mutual forbearance generally to be found among members of the same company will not always preserve you.

I need hardly caution you against feeling—much more showing—an interest in the scenes as the reading proceeds. Interest is the most unceritcal of all possible moods of mind, and as completely unfits you for clear judgment, as a keen appetite for the appreciation of refined cookery. If you feel an interest growing up, in spite of your better judgment, struggle against it. Think of something else. Blow your nose noisily. Shift your position. Whisper to a neighbour. Rise to shut or open the window . . . or pretend to fall into a dose, and wake suddenly, with an exclamation. You will thus break the chain not only of your own ideas, but of your companions', and, probably, the Author's, and recall him to the region of hard fact, from which he may be beginning to stray under the united operation of his self-conceit and the mischievous excitement of reading.

One useful rule for destroying any interest the piece may be awakening is not to listen to any part but your own. The unerring instinct of the artist will, of course, soon guide you to the character intended for yourself. Follow that closely and critically, and see that, in justice to himself, as well as to you, the Author does not trifle with it. Remember that golden rule of your art—to think that the success of the piece rests entirely on *your* shoulders. In this way, only, can thorough devotion to your part be secured. Any attention to the other parts will naturally weaken your interest in your own, and so diminish your contribution to the effect of the piece.

If every Actor follow this rule, the result will, of course, be, that all the parts will be strengthened, and the effect of the *ensemble* raised in proportion.

But even if your part should leave nothing to be desired, you will, of course, be careful not to let the Author see that you think so. Besides the general impolicy of encouraging a class at all times too ready to presume, it is clearly against your interest *ever* to be satisfied, as you may thus bar the way against future requirements. The best part is likely to have its weak points. Carried away by the general effect, you may at first overlook these. But be cautious how you yield to your first impression. Never commit yourself to strong approbation. Shrug your shoulders; grumble inaudibly; tell the Author you have failed to discover the part meant for you; and when he tells you, smile, and appear surprised, and say that somehow you do not see yourself in it.

You will thus prepare the Author's mind for any demands you may afterwards find it your duty to make upon him for the enrichment or strengthening of your part; or in the improbable event of your remaining satisfied with it as written, his mind will be more relieved than if you had never grumbled.

If you find that the Author has wronged you by giving any of his good things to the other characters, do not submit to the injustice, but insist at once, and firmly, on having them transferred to your own part. Even if it were not your duty to consider your own interests first, and supposing that anything which gives prominence to the other personages were not, so far, an injury to you, you will thus be advancing the interests of your theatre. For if the Author takes the plums from other parts to stick them into yours, he will have to provide other plums in lieu of those thus transferred, and the piece will thus be benefited.

However good your part may be, always speak diffidently, or even despairingly, of your power of doing anything with it. Let no false delicacy induce you to keep back the weak points of his work from the Author. Candour is a duty in your relative positions, and the more you decry the part, the more the Author will feel what he owes to your acting of it should it be successful.

Should the Author so far forget himself as to ask your opinion of his piece after the reading, do not encourage rash hopes by premature approbation. It is safe to suggest that it seemed rather long, as the pruning-knife is sure to be called in during rehearsal.

Generally, remember that true kindness to the Author requires on your part everything in word, act, look, and demeanour, which is likely to send him away hopeless and depressed under a deep conviction of impending failure. If he fail, you will know that you have done nothing to foster unfounded hopes. If he succeed, you will enjoy the pleasure of thinking that you have enhanced his triumph, by contrast with the discouragement you have done your best to engender. I need hardly point out how much gratification this reflection is calculated to afford to the benevolent mind.

The Actor's proper conduct at rehearsal must be the subject of another chapter.

THE POODLE'S PETITION.

AIR—"My Mother bids me bind my Hair."

"The French ladies, after having their own hair dyed, have taken to dyeing their lap-dogs."—*Parisian Correspondent of the Globe.*



Oh, Mistress, do not dye my hair,
Your own though dyeing too:
Tie up my tail with ribbons rare,
But paint it not sky-blue.
'Tis sad to hang a pea-green head,
A rose-hued tail to sway,
I feel 'twere better to be dead,
Than dyeing every day!

Oh, for the days ere fashion said,
To all "try change of hair;"
Pronouncing, by her *fiat* dread,
All foul that is not fair.
I'm proud of my flesh-coloured nose,
Proud of my pinky eyes;
But must I go *couleur de rose*,
Because my Mistress dyes?

A Nice Thing in Caps.

A LETTER appeared the other day in the *Times* with the signature of "One who knows what he is writing about," and headed "Volunteer Percussion Caps." It is not to be supposed that caps so called are, as their name might be supposed to intimate, accustomed to go off of their own accord. Some of them, indeed, do not go off at all, but those that do mostly go off into small pieces, which fly about in all directions, occasionally into the rifleman's eye.

DOUBLE TROUBLE,

OR THE TWO MACBETHS.

ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE BILL OF THE SAME THEATRE ROYAL.

Macbeth (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) . . . MR. *
Macbeth (on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) . . . MR. * *
Macduff (on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) . . . MR. * *
Macduff (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) . . . MR. * *

SCENE 1.—ACT II. OF MACBETH.

N.B.—Time: Tuesday Night (refer to Bill).

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Macbeth (Tu. Th. Sat. *Macbeth*) is on the stage, and having just dismissed his attendant, is preparing for his soliloquy.

Enter, oblivious of Tu. Th. Sat. Macbeth's presence, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Macbeth, dressed of course as Macduff. (See Bill.)

M. W. F. Macbeth (losing no time over it). Is this a dagger which—
T. Th. Sat. Macbeth (turning sharply and angrily upon him; aside). No! No! You're Monday, Wednesday, and—

M. W. F. Mac. (aside). Beg pardon: I've been thinking it was Wednesday all day.

[*Exit scowling, and slowly, to give the audience the idea that his entrance was no mistake, but an intentional new reading. He remains at the wing to criticise the performance.*]

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (on stage).

Is this a dagger which I see before me?

The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee:—

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing). Bah! not a bit like it.

[*Gives his own reading to himself, sotto voce, with appropriate action.*]

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (seeing *M. W. F. Mac.* at the wing; annoyed).

"I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

(*To himself.* "I wish he'd go away.")

"Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight?"

(*To himself.* "Confound the fellow!" *Eyes M. W. F. Mac.* viciously, and continues)—

"Or art thou but

A dagger of the mind—a false creation?"

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing, sarcastically). False creation! Gad! I should think so.

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (on stage, continuing soliloquy)—

"I see thee yet —"

(*Eyeing M. W. F. Mac.* more savagely than ever)—

"—in form as palpable

As that which now I draw."

M. W. F. Mac. (at wing). Draw, indeed! Won't draw a shilling. Better let me play it every night.

[*Retires from wing, and the soliloquy is continued.*]

Last Scene (same night).

M. W. F. Macbeth as Macduff. "Turn, hell-hound, turn!"

Both (together, excitedly). "Of all men else I have——"

M. W. F. Macbeth as Macduff (giving in—aside to *T. Th. Sat. Mac.*). Quite forgot.

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (going on regularly.) "I have avoided thee."

(*To himself.*) "And will in future."

(*Aloud.*) "But get thee back," &c. &c. [*They fight viciously.*]

M. W. F. Macbeth, as Macduff, taking a mean advantage of T. Th. Sat. Macbeth's pause for breath, determines to show a Tuesday night audience that they ought to hear him as Macbeth, cries furiously,

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cowed my better part of man.

And be these," &c. &c.

"I'll not fight with thee."

T. Th. Sat. Mac. (forgetting, in his excitement, what day of the week it is.) "Then yield thee, coward," &c. &c.

M. W. F. Mac. (not caring what day of the week it is)—

"I'll not yield.

To kiss the ground," &c. &c.

"Lay on, Macduff,

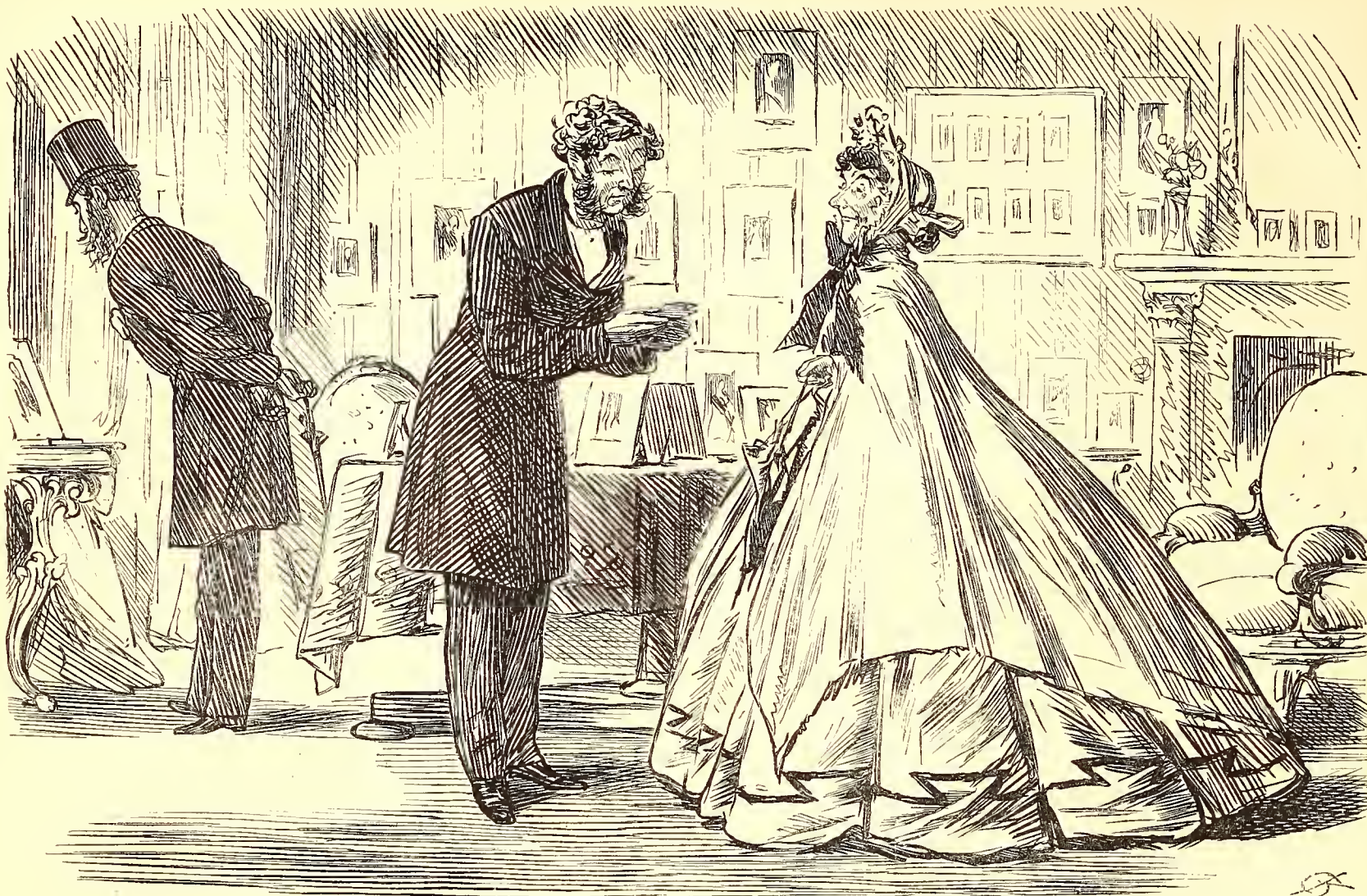
And damn'd be he that first cries hold, enough!"

[*They fight, and, after a furious encounter, T. Th. Sat. Macbeth kills Macduff* (i. e. *M. W. F. Macbeth*).

M. W. F. Mac. (dead and breathing hard on ground, to *T. Th. S. Mac.*). I—say—my boy—it's—TUESDAY NIGHT! [*Dies happy.*]

[*Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Macbeth suddenly realises the horrid truth as the Curtain descends.*]

Finis.



UNANSWERABLE.

Old Girl. "OH, I'VE BROUGHT BACK THESE CARTES OF MINE, MR. KAMMERER. MY FRIENDS ARE VERY DISSATISFIED. THEY——"

Photographer. "DEAR ME, MUM, I'M EXTREMELY SORRY; I THOUGHT THE PORTRAIT VERY——"

Old Girl. "OH! IMPOSSIBLE; IT'S HIDEOUS!"

THE FEDERAL PHOENIX.

WHEN HERODOTUS, surnamed "The Father of History"
(We are not informed who was History's mother),
Went a travelling to Egypt, that region of mystery,
Where each step presented some marvel or other,

In a great city there, called (in Greek) Heliopolis,
The priests put him up to a strange story—rather—
Of a bird, who came up to that priestly metropolis,
Once in five hundred years, to inter its own father.

When to filial feeling apparently callous,
Not a plume ruffled (as *we* should say, not a hair rent),
In a *pot-pourri* made of sweet-spice, myrrh, and aloes,
He flagrantly, burnt, after burying, his parent.

But POMPONIUS MELA has managed to gather
Of this curious story a modified version,
In which the bird burns up itself, not its father,
And soars to new life from its fiery immersion.

This bird has oft figured in emblems and prophecies—
And though SNYDERS ne'er painted its picture, nor WEENIX,
Its portraits on plates of a well-known fire-office is,
Which, after this bird's name, is christened the Phoenix.

Henceforth a new Phoenix, from o'er the Atlantic,
Our old fire-office friend from his brass-plate displaces;
With a plumage of greenbacks, all ruffled, and antic
In OLD ABE's rueful phiz and OLD ABE's shambling graces.

As the bird of Arabia wrought resurrection
By a flame all whose virtues grew out of what fed it,
So the Federal Phoenix has earned re-election
By a holocaust huge of rights, commerce, and credit.

TWO QUACKS IN QUOD.

Two of the Advertising Quacks have caught it. Well done, BARON BRAMWELL, and we wish that many more of them may come under your "unforgiving eye." DOCTOR HENERY and his accomplice ANDERSON, the extortionists, who traded on the silly fears of a young officer, are sentenced to hard labour for two years. We hope that the governor of the gaol will see that it is very hard, and will remember that felons with a smattering of medical science may easily feign illness, for which a mild whipping will be the best cure. But have we only two rascals caged? There are scores at liberty, who are advertising themselves freely, to the disgrace of certain newspapers. Silly young officers and all other silly persons, recollect that extortion is more or less the game of the whole gang. *Mr. Punch's* file impales heaps of information which has been sent to him touching the doings of many who have not yet been brought before BARON BRAMWELL. Woe to the first on whom *Mr. Punch* shall lay the Iron Flail! But it is the fools who make the knaves. We dislike the subject so much that it is only from a sense of duty that we mention it. Dearly beloved young donkeys, do take warning and eschew these cold-blooded extortioners and quacks. "Country papers, please copy," and London papers, too.

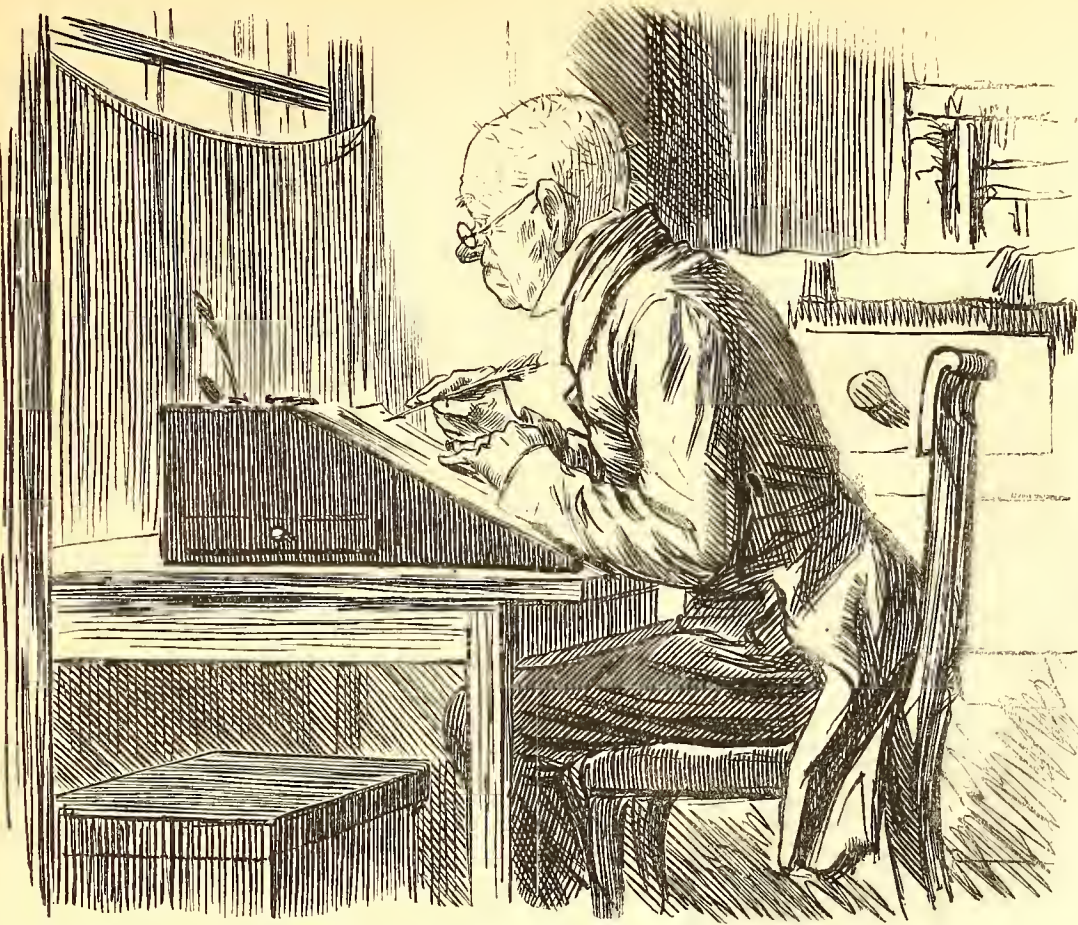
"Angels and Ministers."

MR. DISRAELI, in a speech of much religious unction, has just declared this to be the question now asked by science of society. "Is man Ape or Angel?" "I," says MR. DISRAELI, "am on the side of the Angel." The Ministers had best look out, for in March the House will "ring to the roar of an Angel onset." DISRAELI, D.C.L., shall henceforth be our "Angelic Doctor." We are not surprised at his declaration—we never thought him in the least like an Ape-man, but we fancied him a little of *Apemantus* :—

"Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself."



THE FEDERAL PHOENIX.



THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

(Vide Advertisements.)

"DEAR SIR,—After six months' use of your valuable preparation, my hair has already recovered its former luxuriance," &c. &c.

MR. COBDEN AND HIS CLIENTS.

WELL, COBDEN, what you say is true, the North is in the right,
The men of Yankeedoodledom are fighting the good fight.
The Southern States are fewer, and the Northern States are more,
And that 's as plain a case as 'tis that two and two make four.

A Heaven-ordained republic is a great and holy thing,
Endowed with that divinity which doth *not* hedge a King.
Secession, just, from GEORGE THE THIRD did independence win;
Rebellion against LINCOLN is as witchcraft's deadly sin.

All wars of conquest ever waged were wicked save this one,
The first exception to the rule that heretofore had none,
Its aim the stiff-necked South beneath the North's mild yoke to bend,
And sanctified are all the means to work that righteous end.

Then let your friends, that they may the revolted States regain,
Hound on them all the rascality of Ireland and Almain;
Soldiers who, though they triumph not, do service in defeat,
And when they fail of victory will plunder in retreat.

Let TURCHIN's valiant myrmidons, and BUTLER's gallant bands,
The rebels' homes set blazing, and lay waste the rebels' lands,
What if they meet repulse from men on many a battle plain,
The women they can war upon, and manhood lightly stain.

The Yankees' arms if Fortune with success refuse to crown,
Let them undam a river and at once a whole State drown.
This is a war of giants, this the way such war to wage,
Warfare that shames the chivalry of this degenerate age.

To bayonet and rifle, not deciding this great strife,
Why don't they join the tomahawk, and add the scalping-knife?
Tie to a stake six prisoners, and in cold blood shoot them dead!
What 's that? First torture captives; go the whole hog, go ahead!

Good, if wrongheaded, COBDEN, of your clients give you joy,
How long, think you, are they to sink, burn, slaughter, and destroy?
None, let us hope, the longer for aught you and friend BRIGHT say;
Then you 'll have cause to blame yourselves not much another day.

A STRINGED DUETT.—The Brothers DAVENPORT.

UNACCOUNTABLE BUNKUM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the other day, recommended his people to thank Heaven for having averted from them foreign intervention. According to MR. SEWARD, "foreign wars loom over" the Yankees, and he declares that he, for his part, will never surrender to the rebels, "though they come backed in their unholy quarrel by one or more foreign states."

What foreign intervention did ABRAHAM refer to, what foreign wars are those which MR. SEWARD apprehends, and which are the foreign States which he deems disposed to back those whom he calls rebels? This country, surely, cannot be one of them. Is it not a fact, of which MR. LINCOLN's and MR. SEWARD's magnanimous countrymen are sufficiently satisfied, that the mean, spiritless, contemptible JOHN BULL is not even to be "kicked into war." Cannot they, at all events, rest assured that he will never go to war with them until they kick him?

AN ECCENTRICITY OF ZERO.

THE following, extracted from the *Times*, is a somewhat extraordinary announcement:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the second halves of bank-notes to the amount of £350 from 'O.'"

The axiom *Fit nihil ex nihilo*, if bank-notes to the amount of £350 have really been received from O by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would seem to be a rule which admits of a remarkable exception. But the wonder is, not so much that O sends anything, as that aught but O is ever sent to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, since O is the outside of all which that Minister of his own accord ever refunds.

AN INFANT PHENOMENON.

CONSTANT readers of the newspapers see strange things now and then. Only look at this announcement, which the other morning appeared among the "Births":—

"On the 11th inst. at Plymouth, the wife of 'Parallax,' founder of the 'Zetetic Philosophy,' of a daughter."

Who, ye Stars! is PARALLAX? What in wonder's name is the Zetetic Philosophy? Such questions is the notice intended to provoke; for of course its object simply is to advertise the works of the Zetetic Philosopher, if any works of his there be. At any rate we trust that the infant above advertised will be fitly named. What does her fond father say to letting her be christened PARALLAXIA ZETETICA?

MÜLLER AND HIS MEN.

THE Germans who clapped when the Diet dared draw
Execution to deal on the Duchies,
Howl against execution, awarded by law,
To MÜLLER, in CALCRAFT's stern clutches.

Can the reason that Vaterland thus makes black white,
From applause to abuse shifts its song;
Be that our execution was proveably right,
And their own as demonstrably wrong?

EMANCIPATE YOUR GAS.

BRITONS! This is the cry of our time. Let us, ha! ha! let us—hee, hee, throw a little light upon the subject, ha! ha! ha! The point is this. Gas is four shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet. Never mind what cubic feet are—but understand this. You ought to get the same quantity (and much better) for two shillings and ninepence. The difference goes into the pockets of the monopolist companies, who despise and defy you. Now, are you going on bearing this? If not, join the cheap gas movement, headed by the gallant GEORGE FLINTOFF. Paddington is up in arms, and has flung down the gage of battle. Up, up, and put the tyrannic Companies' pipes out. *Punch* will lead you on. You have recoiled from their charge too long, now is your time. Charge for Cheap Gas, and Down with Dear Ditto.



LOOKING AHEAD.

Harry. "I WISH I WERE YOU, AUNT!"

Aunt. "WHY?"

Harry. "BECAUSE I SHOULD HAVE SUCH A JOLLY CHAP FOR A NEPHEW! WOULDN'T I GIVE HIM A LOT O' THINGS NEXT CHRISTMAS!"

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

We have it now in our power to lay before the public from time to time exclusive information on the topics mentioned in the heading of this notice. Our correspondents, whose names, for very obvious reasons, we are not permitted to make known, have already furnished us with the following most interesting and important intelligence, coming from reliable sources, totally inaccessible to the daily or weekly journals.

The Weather.—London, Nov. 24. We have but just heard from a friend whose official position gives an incalculable weight to any statement he may make, that it was, at the time of his communication, *a very cold day.*

The statement made, in an off-hand manner, by MR. CORDEN, at Rochdale, to the effect that "it was seasonable weather," was not, as we have since ascertained, strictly in accordance with fact.

It is whispered that a certain noble Lord observed at the commencement of last month that the days would now begin to draw in. Be this as it may, it is undeniable that the days *have been drawing in considerably ever since.*

The Barometer.—The Astronomer Royal has, we hear, lately ordered in two dozen barometers, "to try." Yesterday morning, before leaving his house, he tapped one of the samples. A wet night is expected.

There were great rejoicings at MR. BISHOP'S Observatory some little time ago, on account of the barometer being 21 in the shade last birthday.

The Parks.—The Gardens of Kensington are still used, even during the winter months, as the Metropolitan Nursery Grounds.

The late gales have been severely felt on the Serpentine, and several fine vessels would have been utterly lost in sight of their owners, who were standing anxiously on the shore, but for the laudable exertions of the Dogs belonging to the Newfoundland Breed. Smaller craft foundered in crossing, but it being their admirable custom never to carry any one on board, no lives have been lost; of course, those members of Lloyd's who do the Serpentine Ship Insurance business will be heavy sufferers. On Thursday last a trim rakish-looking cutter was suddenly capsized by an irritated swan. This will, as usual, lead to complicated legal proceedings.

THE LAST FREEDOM CONFERRED BY THE CITY.—The Freedom of Southwark Bridge.

MOTTO FOR FINSBURY.—"Cox et præterea nihil."

PUNCH'S SCIENTIFIC REGISTER.

AT the re-iterated desire of the Scientific World, a desire signified, we must say, in letters of extreme illegibility (yet NEWTON wrote, and FARADAY writes, beautifully) *Mr. Punch* has consented to devote a portion of his invaluable space to a record of the proceedings of the various societies which meet to bewilder themselves with wisdom. The expense of preparing this register is awful, but when did a gentleman trouble his head about such a trumpery detail as the price of anything he wanted. He edits the *résumé* himself, so that the slightest inaccuracy would be impossible if anything were impossible to *Mr. Punch*. Henceforth, scientific society will look to *Mr. Punch's* pages alone for the latest and best information on science, as all the rest of creation does for everything else.

Geological Society, Dec. 1.—The PRESIDENT in the Chair. An interesting paper was read by MR. FONDLESQUAW upon Corals. He stated that in passing down Cockspur Street, in London, he came upon a large number of interesting miocene corals, in various beautiful forms, and that they were deposited behind a transparent medium resembling plate glass. Having fractured this with several blows of his heavy stick, he proceeded to collect some specimens of coral. He was somewhat impeded by the aborigines of the place, who remonstrated energetically, and invoked the aid of one of their deities, whom they appealed to as "BOBBY," but after some negotiation, and making a present of some coins, he was permitted to remove some types of the productions, which were embedded in several strata of a soft substance, not unlike velvet. He described them, but had been unable

to bring them to the meeting in consequence of the magnetic attraction which they possess, and which rendered it impossible to detach them from the persons of some feminine members of his household to whom he had unguardedly entrusted them. A vote of thanks was given to MR. FONDLESQUAW, and he was requested to bring the ladies themselves to the next meeting, if the corals could not otherwise be obtained. MR. LOBSCOUSE then produced some other specimens of coral which he had discovered in a species of fish, known in commerce as the lobster, and an interesting discussion ensued. Their lithological character was disputed, and they were eaten by the President, who stated that though he did not agree with the discoverer, he hoped that the coral would agree with himself.

Archæological Institute.—The VICE-PRESIDENT in the Chair. MR. BUGGLETON exhibited an autograph letter from Tubal Cain, written in cuneiform Semitic, and desiring a person to come and tune his organ. MR. NUMPS exhibited the original MSS. of HOMER'S *Iliad*, with marginal notes by ALEXANDER THE GREAT, as also the casket in which the latter is recorded to have kept the work. MR. GRUNDY exhibited an ancient heir-loom, which had evidently been used for weaving hair. MR. M'OSSIAN exhibited the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed. MR. JONES exhibited a valuable picture by Van Eyck in his eleventh manner, and on the Meeting insisting on scratching the painting off to see what was under it, MR. JONES also exhibited a great deal of temper. The Vice-President remarked that the picture was probably in tempera. MR. BROWN exhibited the dagger with which JULIUS CÆSAR was assassinated by CASSIUS. It was of British manufacture, and had probably been given by CÆSAR to his friend as "a Trifle from Britain." The inscription was partly illegible, but the letters

M.T.T.H.W.S.H.F.F.L.D could be traced. The steel was very fine, showing the advance of the English in manufactures, even at that early date. MR. ROBINSON exhibited the Key of the Iron Gate on the Danube. It was brought over by KOSSUTH after the Hungarian revolution. MR. WOBBLES had nothing to exhibit, but told a very long and interesting story of a dream which he had had, and in which it was revealed to him that if the Tower of London were removed, and the foundations dug up, some odd things would be found. The meeting, having exhibited contempt for MR. ROBINSON, adjourned.

Zoological Society.—PROFESSOR PORPUS in the Chair. MR. STRATELACE read a Paper on the exceedingly vulgar language used by some of the cockatoos in the Society's Gardens, and upon the probable origin of it. MR. BRUCE, who had just returned from Abyssinia, gave an interesting account of its fauna, and stated that the natives when travelling use elephants' trunks for portmanteaux. He also informed the meeting that he had frequently been knocked down by the wild animals he had met, on which the Chairman observed that the fauna was a floorer. MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS exhibited three plover's eggs which he had obtained at TUCKER'S, and ate them, in order to test the wholesomeness of the article. He remained perfectly well up to the adjournment of the meeting. PROFESSOR PHLUNKY exhibited an exceedingly fine large toad, which he had captured in a pond at Hampstead, and which he stated to be edible. The meeting resolved unanimously that the Professor himself was entitled to the honour of trying, and he was instructed to attend at the next meeting and report results. MR. CRANKY exhibited the scull of a boat, and was proceeding to describe the difference between it and the scull of a man, when he was shoved out of the room. The proceedings concluded with the reading of an interesting Paper by MR. STANSFELD, on the question of the affinity between MR. COX, M.P. for Finsbury, and the ordinary donkey with his foot in a plug-hole.

Geographical Society.—The PRESIDENT in the Chair. A deeply interesting and valuable letter was read from MR. WOOL GATHERER, a corresponding member in foreign parts, who stated that he did not exactly know where he was at present, but that when he found out he would let the Society know. Thanks and the Gold Medal were voted to him, and the letter was ordered to be entered in the Minutes. MR. BAFFIN exhibited a beautiful map, by himself, of the interior of Pomerania and its watersheds, and a lively discussion ensued on his stating, first, that Pomerania was in Africa, and secondly, that he had never been there. MR. MURKATOR produced a chart of the world on his little boy's projection, the infant having thrown it out of window. MR. HORNSEY WOOD read a paper giving an account of a river which had just been discovered at Islington, partly subterranean, and abounding in catfish, or in fish very like dead cats, and it was resolved that this should be named the New River. The President stated that most gratifying news had been received from PROFESSOR BRICK, who had been sent out by the Society to discover the true source of the Nile. He was in perfect health, and had got as far as Gravesend, where he had been sojourning for some weeks, and had been received with much hospitality at the Falcon. A letter was read from PROFESSOR MEANDER, who stated that he had discovered a new and stupendous range of mountains in the Isle of Wight, but he declined to say where unless he received some more money. They were volcanic, and were all smoking, and he had therefore named them the Kitchen Range.

Photographic Society.—The Lord Chief Baron in the Chair. A Paper was read on the Best Mode of Keeping Babies Still for the Photographic Sitting, and a debate ensued. Some unmarried members thought the best way was to frighten them by an awful shout at the moment of exposure, but the married members objected that maternal resistance to this course would probably be offered. Moreover, an ugly face was produced by terror. Chloroform was also suggested, and it was resolved that experiments should be tried with it. A member said that if the mothers would only stay away, there would be no difficulty, as all babies were exactly alike, and a single type could be reproduced from an old picture. Thousands of photographs of the last Royal baby were sold which had never been taken from that princely infant. MR. SNUBBER read a Paper on the Negative, as employed in answer to touts. MR. POSER explained his process for photographing ladies who had large ugly hands. He tied their arms behind them, and placed beautifully modelled wax arms under the shawl or mantilla, with the hands exposed. This he considered legitimate idealisation. It was stated that MR. GLADSTONE, in his next Budget, intends to impose a penny stamp upon every photograph sold, which will bring many thousands to the revenue without injuring any person. MR. NOCULAR exhibited a fine photograph of the Milky Way after a storm, so exquisitely faithful that the rain-drops could be seen mixing with the milk.

Astronomical Society.—The VICE-PRESIDENT in the Chair. A memorial was presented by the officials at the Admiralty, praying that the constellation called the Great Bear should have its name changed to the First Lord. MR. DE TRANSIT read his "Observations upon the last

Solar Eclipse," which he had been unable to see, owing to its being invisible in England. He conjectured that if he had been in some other portion of the world, he might have seen it. MR. PETER WILKINS read a bold and interesting Paper, in which he contended that the Moon was square—a truth which had been known to SHAKESPEARE, one of whose witches spoke of "the corner of the moon." Considerable debate followed, in the course of which a Member stated that the original discoverer of the moon was a tinman named RICHARD, whence the classic authors called that planet Dictynna. MR. PEEPER read a Paper on the question, "Are the Tails of Comets Inhabited?" and MR. MUFF read one on the question, whether a chronometer will go if taken in the pocket through a crowd? He was authorised to try the experiment at his own expense. Forty-seven Members then announced that they had all discovered comets, which it was resolved should be named after the members of the Court of Aldermen, as far as they would go, and the rest after the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

THE FELLOW-FEELING OF PRUSSIA.



THE GENEROUS KING OF PRUSSIA is paying his people handsomely for the loyal support which they wisely afforded him in the invasion and spoliation of Denmark. See, in the subjoined extract from the *Post*, what the Prussians are getting by their devoted fidelity to their Sovereign:—

"THE PRESS IN PRUSSIA.—The prosecutions against the Press in Prussia are still conducted with great rigour, and amongst the announcements daily made on the subject is one that the editor of the *Kladderadatsch* (the Berlin *Punch*) on Thursday last commenced to undergo the sentence of imprisonment, for a month and a week, passed on him for an article which he had published, which was considered to be calumnious of the PRINCE OF REUSS-GREIZ, a Sovereign with whom Prussia is on terms of amity."

When our Brother of Berlin comes out of the dungeon into which he has been cast for exceeding the ample liberties which the gracious WILLIAM, by the advice of the liberal BISMARCK, has conceded to the Prussian Press, he will take care how he again offends his Royal Master by writing anything that can possibly be considered calumnious of any Sovereign with whom Prussia is on terms of amity. For instance, should he venture to review CAPTAIN BURTON'S lately published work, *A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome*, he will doubtless studiously refrain from any disparaging remarks on the Grand Customs of the dark potentate to whom it relates, or on the exploits of his dusky MAJESTY'S army of Amazons; the rather that any unfavourable comment on those achievements might fairly be considered as implying still severer censure of the gallant deeds of the heroes who triumphed at Dybbøl and Sønderborg, and were quartered upon Jutland. Knowing, indeed, what it is to censure a Prince with whom Prussia is on friendly terms, surely the Editor of the *Kladderadatsch* will be careful not to say anything uncivil of the very Prince of Darkness.

A MAN OF PEACE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IN sending to the Mediterranean, as flag-ship of the Admiral in command, the *Victoria*, three-decker, carrying 121 guns, 1,100 men, and engines of 1,000 horse-power, but being a wooden vessel, which a little ironclad could destroy in a brace of shakes, the Admiralty has sorely puzzled all those persons who imagine that she is sent there to fight, if necessary. She is sent there as a hostage, or security, that the Mediterranean fleet will observe a policy of strict non-intervention; and the Admiral's flag which she carries is of the nature of a flag of truce. The Admiral on board of that flag-ship will, in fact, be Admiral of the White.

Oh! Oh!

SCENE—Smoking Room of Club. Enter somebody with a Riddle.

Somebody. What description of soldier would be most unwelcome to MISS BATEMAN?

Everybody. Give it up. Well?

Somebody. Why, a Fusilier of course. Don't you take, a Few-see-Leah. [Exit SOMEBODY quickly.]

A REGULAR MAKE-SHIFT.—The Sewing Machine.



HALT! HALT! HALT!

THE VOLUNTEERS ARE THE MOST TRACTABLE TROOPS IN THE WORLD, PROVIDING MISS ROSERINGTON, OR ANY OTHER LADY, DOES NOT FALL INTO THE POND WHILST THEY ARE BEING DRILLED.

MÉNU OF THE FUTURE.

A Possible Result of the Efforts of the Acclimatisation Society.

SOUPS.	
Boa Constrictor.	Horse.
Frog.	Rhinoceros.
FISH.	
Boiled Sea-Devil.	Fried Jewfish.
Crimped Kraken.	Filletted Trumpeters.
Pickled Polypus.	Broiled Barracouta.
ENTRÉES.	
Scorpion and Dead Sea Apple Sauce.	
American Oysters and Treacle.	
Chinese Birds' Nests.	
Surinam Toads and Guava Jelly.	
JOINTS.	
Saddle of Tapir.	
Roast Leg of Giraffe.	
Cat and minced Kittens.	
Ostrich's and Horned Owl's Eggs.	
Coral Insects and Melted Amber.	
Potted Bear. Dodo's Liver.	
Bread Fruit. Upas Onions.	
Pickled Scales of Sea-Serpent.	
Gorilla's Ears in Sherbet.	
White Beer.	Nectar. Palm Wine.
N.B. Cannibal Gentlemen and Ladies will be attended to at the Side-board.	

MORE MYSTERIES.

EVERYBODY knows what a puzzle *Bradshaw* is; and this advertisement, from *Bradshaw*, is almost as perplexing as the work itself:—

C— COFFEE HOUSE, — will be found on trial one of the best in the Metropolis for accommodation, price, and central situation. Beds in separate rooms for one person, is 1s. 6d. each; double-bedded ditto less, which are particularly healthy, the establishment having been a gentleman's mansion. Refreshments unusually low, a list of which is exhibited in the Coffee Room. An attendant up all night. Held by the same proprietor 17 years."

Beds for one person in separate rooms! How on earth can any one person ever be in separate rooms when he wants to go to bed? and how many separate rooms and beds is he, or she, required to occupy? Then, pray what are the "double-bedded ditto?" Are they rooms or persons that are "particularly healthy?" and what proof is there that they are so in the fact that the establishment was once upon a time the mansion of a gentleman? Moreover, we should fancy the "proprietor" must be getting rather tired, if it be true that he has "held an attendant up all night" for seventeen years, as the wording of the notice would lead one to imagine.

Lines to be Lugged into the next Burlesque.

"THE barber's beery: place him in the arbour,
You see he's really now an *Aley Barber*!
Aley! alas, the word quite makes me pale,
Beer's at a discount under LORD MAYOR 'ALE!"

A FAST PERFORMANCE.—One HERR TOLLMACH, a clever conjuror à la DAVENPORT, is the greatest traveller of the present day. He exceeds in speed the *Persia*, or any of the fastest Cunard boats, for he can go at the rate of from sixty to a hundred *knots* an hour.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.—*The Reading Station.*—The crowds outside *Mr. Punch's* shop window in Fleet Street.



A DAY AFTER THE SHOW.

Farmer. "TAKE US TO THE CATTLE SHOW."

Cubby (who does not care about the Job). "IT'S NO USE OF ME A TAKING YOU; THE LAST DAY TO RECEIVE WAS SATURDAY."

[Of course the Farmer will have nothing to do with such a Blackguard.]

NO RELIEF ON SUNDAY!

THE North British Railway Company has terribly frightened SIR JAMES GARDINER BAIRD, the REV. SIR HENRY MONCRIEFF, REV. MR. MANSON, of Perth, REV. MR. GRAHAM, of Newhaven, REV. DR. MACFARLANE, of Dalkeith, and a multitude of Scotch Sabbatarians to whom those pastors minister thistles. They resolved that they, "considering the Divine law of the Sabbath to be one of the essential supports to vital and practical Christianity, feel it incumbent on them to make every exertion for the maintenance of that law as it has hitherto been understood by the Scottish people." Accordingly, if an ox, or if one of themselves, were to fall into a pit on a Sunday, they would doubtless forbid anybody to pull him out.

Of course, these Scottish Sabbatarians will have been much edified by the following statement of "A Medical Officer" in the *Times*, who, after detailing some facts illustrative of the parochial treatment of the poor in "a large London Union," says:—

"I also came across last Sunday a most dreadful case of malignant fever, requiring wine, which I directed the people to fetch from the relieving officer. The reply was, he was not at home, and if he had been, nothing would be given on Sunday."

A poor creature is sinking for want of a drop of wine, but could not have it in any case, because even if the relieving officer were at home, "nothing would be given on Sunday." Is there any difference between sinking from malignant fever and tumbling into a pit? Some, perhaps, in the opinion of the people who thought it wicked to heal on the Sabbath Day. None, of course, in that of those who understand the Divine law of the Sabbath "as it has hitherto been understood," if they are to be credited, "by the Scottish people." It seems that the guardians of "a large London Union" understand it in the same sense. Pious souls! May none of them ever feel the want of a drop of wine or a drop of—water!

A NEW FREIGHT.—The Parcels Delivery Company had recently a novelty entrusted to their charge—a Lady wrapt up in her Baby.

THE NAME OF THE PUBLISHER OF MR. BANTING'S PORTRAIT.—M'LEAN.

THE SONG OF THE DRAINS.

DEAR! I thought the Thames business was over,
Do you mean there's a question remains?
They've one sewer, and they'll soon have another,
And don't know what to do with the drains!

Why lor! says an M.P., what stuff!
You've forgotten those fast special trains,
And the lunch both for blue and for buff
That they gave us down there in the drains.

May be so, says an unlucky liver
Down at Erith,—yet still he complains
You have poisoned us all on the river,
By the mess you have made with the drains.

Then the waste! Oh, the scandal and shame!
Cries a farmer intent on his gains,
Why I'd make both my fortune and fame
With the stuff that you waste in the drains.

So LORD ROBERT he took up the case,
Though quite at the end of his brains,
And he tried to put on a good face
About all they had done with the drains.

And his Lordship at once called a meeting
With many long-winded refrains,
And after much drinking and eating,
Asked, what's to be done with the drains?

Then a noise and confusion arose,
He scarcely a hearing obtains,
For mudlarking contractors and those
Who all of them wanted the drains.

And the people of Edinburgh city
Cried, see all our trouble and pains:
'Tis a shame and a terrible pity
You don't do as we do with the drains.

The contractors of Rugby cry, look;
Why we're quite independent of rains.
Let them dry up the river and brook,
We just water our land with the drains.

There's NAPIER and HOPE are so leary,
That, as sure as Her Majesty reigns,
They'll make of those quicksands so dreary
A Paradise all from the drains.

Then there's Highgate and Hampstead as well,
Where the owners of lands and terrains
Say, we don't care a fig for the smell,
But we want the contents of the drains.

Then they write to the *Times* every day,
Squabbling over their filthy old mains!
Oh, good gracious! do settle't some way,
For we're all of us sick of the drains.

And by Neptune we swear that whoever
Cleans the water from Sheerness to Staines,
And sweetens our jolly old river,
We'll make him the King of the Drains.

A COVERED INSULT!

WHEN the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA addressed the Reichsrath, he delivered his speech sitting, and *with his hat on*. Take care, FRANCIS JOSEPH! Indulge in many more such unmannerly arrogant pranks, and the day may come when you may be left without as much as a covering to your head, or perhaps even a head to cover. Perhaps it is better, however, to take a charitable view of the matter, and to suppose that there is a motive that offers some palliating excuse for this bit of aristocratic impertinence. It may be that the EMPEROR purposely wore his hat, to avoid showing his extreme baldness as a reigning Sovereign; or probably it was done for the purpose of hiding the crack that there has notoriously been for some time past in his Crown.

MINISTERS OF THE INTERIOR—WITH A SEAT IN THE CABINET.—The DAVENPORT Brothers.

INDIGNATION MEETING OF QUACKS.



HERE took place yesterday, at the Hall in the Haymarket, a meeting attended by all the advertising quacks in the kingdom. The occasion of this concourse was the

sentence of two years' imprisonment and hard labour on two of their number, MESSRS. HENERY and ANDERSON, for the crime of extortion. Amongst the blackguards present were noticed MR. STOAT, MR. SKUNK, MR. FOMART, DR. CUTTS, MR. LAROGUE, DR. DE LA RUSE AND CO., and others whose names are notorious.

The chair was taken by MR. STOAT, who said he was sure that all present would sympathise with their brethren in bonds, their brother HENERY and their brother ANDERSON, whose case might be their own if not to-morrow, anyhow at the next sitting of the Central Criminal Court, or the approaching Assizes. The worthy speaker concluded by using strong language with relation to the Judge and the Jury by whom the prisoners in question had been tried, applying to them each and all a term and an epithet too habitually employed in controversy by the lower orders.

MR. FOMART said the exposure which had attended the trial of HENERY and ANDERSON was a very bad job. It had aroused the attention of the most powerful part of the Press, which was now exerting its power in a manner calculated to crush them, if any power on earth could. But he had great confidence in certain newspaper proprietors' love of gain, which, he trusted, would, in spite of anything their Editors might say, secure their persistence in allowing to be inserted in their columns those advertisements which writers inspired with virtuous indignation called obscene (*a laugh*), and infamous (*renewed laughter*), but which were the necessities of their position, of their very existence as practitioners. (*Hear, hear!*) If they could no longer advertise, it would be all up with them. But so long as their advertisements were permitted to appear in papers of respectability (*laughter*) there would be plenty of readers, whom no disclosures, and no cautions or warnings, would deter or restrain from consulting the advertisers. He was happy to say that in spite of all that had been said, the papers that had hitherto published, still continued to publish those announcements that served them for the same purpose as limed twigs did the bird-catchers. (*Cheers.*)

MR. LAROGUE, matriculated member of the University of Perth! was afraid that the so-called respectable part of the Press would proceed from bad to worse. The *Lancet* had mentioned names. The same course might be taken by a leading newspaper. One or two of the principal papers might unite not only in denouncing advertisers by name, but also in calling public attention to the papers which continued to insert their advertisements, pointing the advertisements out, and stigmatising the papers in which they appeared as unfit to lie on breakfast or drawing-room tables. That would be enough to smash them all.

DR. DE LA RUSE said that must be looked to. However, if the papers were closed to their advertisements they might still fall back on posters and handbills. As yet, happily, there was no law which ren-

dered the authors and distributors of the puffs which so vexed the righteous (*laughter*) liable to hard labour in the House of Correction. (*Hear!*)

MR. SKUNK agreed with all that had fallen from the Chairman relative to the Judge and Jury that had sent poor HENERY and ANDERSON to oakum and the treadmill. But there were other Judges and other Juries, and, thank Parliament, there was the Law of Libel still strong enough, he hoped, to enable them to set the Press at defiance. His (MR. SKUNK'S) name might be a by-word of infamy, but he didn't care for that one dump, and he exulted at the thought that, notorious as he was, and noisome as his reputation might be, if anybody dared in print to apply to him individually the language that public writers applied to advertisers of his stamp in general, he should, if he chose to bring an action against that party, have no difficulty in finding a barrister to undertake his cause, and very likely persuade a British jury to give him heavy damages. (*Loud cheers.*) He would move that the Meeting resolve itself into a Mutual Protection Society, whose object should be to provide means to enable any one of its Members who might happen to be exposed in any of the papers, or other publications, to bring an action against the proprietors of the print in which his practices were reprehended, or any attempt was made to prevent the sale of his medicines. (*Hear, hear!*)

The resolution having been carried unanimously, the Meeting dispersed, and, the room having been cleared,

An Officer of the Board of Health (attending by order) entered, and sprinkled the place with chloride of lime.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

DEAR CHAWLES i ope you keeps in ealth which it leave me at presink, Haltho the Whether lately has bene reelly most unplesink; For its daily bin a blowing and a blustering and a raining, HEND people as is Dellikit in course have been complaining. Which to men of our Purfession it is sertingly a mussy That we're alive and kickink still and isn't wicey wussy: For a footman's got no trousers to protect his carves from damp, And its horful what we suffers from the roomatiz and cramp. HEND though we've great cotes, some of us, has reaches to our eels, When the wind gets underneath M why its full effex we feels.

You menshinged in your last as you were hanxious for your figger, Which you reether felt alarmed to find your waste were getting bigger, HEND you asked if MR. BANTINCK would do you any good, Where to I may make hanswer that I dessay as E wood: Only mind, you'll hev to give up beer & portwine & sham pain, And content yourself with claret, which when good I dont complain. HEND you mustnt eat potatoes nor ave sugar in your T, Or a puffick DANNEL LAMBERT in a few years U may B. And you maynt eat bread and butter, but only hard dry toast, Which if you perseweres you'll get as thin as any post.

But talking of Obeastity, i've been to sec the Beasts As are phatted up for christmas time & all its jolly Pheasts. Our guvnor's a I breeder now, but this is *enter noo*, So E & i went in of course to see the private voo. The show's not eld in baker street as formerly it were, Nex door to madam Toosoo's—which I ear that Muller's there— But they've moved it to the Haggriculchitoorallooral All, For the hanimals they growed so big the old shop got too small.

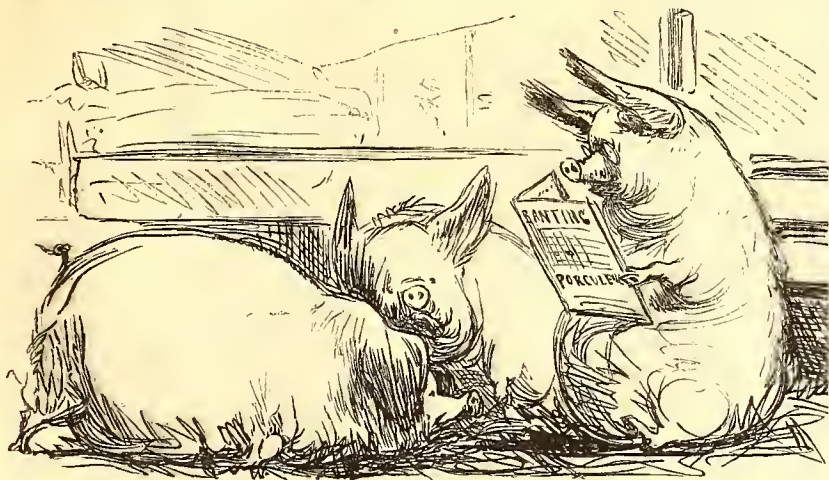
Dear chawles I walked round hurly there with all the other judges, And we tested of the beasts with knowing pinches, pokes, and nudges: HEND we poked our phingers in the pigs, which only gave a grunt, As if to say "we wunt get up—we Wunt—we Wunt—we Wunt!" So plump their phaces were they couldn't C out of their P's, For the bridges of their noses they was each a Bridge of Size; Their tails would hardly curl for phat, and reelly you'd have said Them prize pigs looked as heavy as if they'd been pigs of lead. Hi can't say if twas impidence that made 'em grunt and squeak, But sertingly they showed a most uncommon deal of Cheek.

The sheep were very Andsome too and had a lot of fleece, HEND looked so Fat you'd say they'd all been bread and born in Greece, But tho they'd such a look of Greece, at this peraps you'll smile, I heard the guvnor say as all weer natives of our Ile. Pore things! they seemed so short of breath, a gasping and a panting, I thought how much they'd benefit by tryink MR. BANTING.

But pigs and sheep were pigmies quite compared to the Prize Oxes, Which they ad been brort to their Stalls by rail in Private Boxes. Short Orns were there, and Long Orns too, black scots and devons red, HEND moddles all for simmertry and eligance of Ed. Big beasts there came from Erriford and littler ones from whales, I smacked my lips and thought of Soup while viewing of their tales! Ho, Chawles! I got a happy tite exceedink common bounds To see them there prospective stakes, and future ribs and rounds! And then to C them Cows so plump, their coats without a seam, Hi reelly thort with so much Phat their milk would all be Cream.

If ever I gets skinny, which men must do if they starves,
I'd like to meet with such a cow to fatten up my Carves!

But I ain't no fear of starvink, in my present place at least,
For our guv'nor E ave promised us to taste of his Prize Beast:
Which its back is like a table, its so even and so flat,
And as for dining off it—R! a score might well do that.
Twos said there wernt no roots this year, because of all the drou't,
And as for beef at christmas we sho'd ave to go without,
But lor! if you'd been with me at the Culchilooral Hall,
You'd ave seen that of Short commings then there wern't no fear a Tall;
And the Pharmers looked so plump and phat, in spite of their distress,
They didn't seem a bit afraid their shadders mite grow less.
So if you'd like to taste Prize meat, which butchers say its Prime,
You'd better come and stay a week with hus at Christmas time,
Hend wishink you a happy tight, which roast beef takes it from us,
With best respec to Mary Hann believe me yours JOHN THOMAS.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL SPEECH.

(By Ultramarine Telegraph.)

WELL, we've done it, gentlemen. Bully for us. Cowhided the Copperheads considerable. *Non nobis*, of course, but still I reckon we have had a hand in the glory, some. That reminds me of the Old world story about the Hand of Glory, which I take to have been the limb of a gentleman who had been justified on the gallows, and which the witches turned into a patent moderator lamp, as would lead a burglar safe into any domicile which he might wish to plunder. We ain't burglars, quite t'other, but I fancy that if ULY GRANT could get hold of that kind and description of thing to help him into Richmond, he'd not be so un-Christian proud as to refuse the hand of a malefactor. (Right, right!) Well, right or left hand, that's no odds, gentlemen. (Laughter.) Now I am sovereign of the sovereign people of this great and united republic for four years next ensuing the date hereof, as I used to say when I was a lawyer. (You are! Bully for you!) Yes, gentlemen, but you must do something more than bully for me, you must fight for me, if you please, and whether you please or not. As the old joke says, there's no compulsion, only you must. Must is for the King, they say in the rotten Old world. Well, I'm King, and you shall be Viceroy over me. But I tell you again, and in fact I repeat it, that there's man's work to do to beat these rebels. They may run away, no doubt. As the Irishman says, pigs may fly, but they're darned unlikely birds to do it. They must be well whipped, gentlemen, and I must trouble you for the whipcord. (You shall have it!) Rebellion is a wicked thing, gentlemen, an awful wicked thing, and the mere nomenclating thereof would make my hair stand on end, if it could be more standonender than it is. (Laughter.) Truly awful, that is when it is performed against mild, free, constitutional sway like that of the White House, but of course right and glorious when perpetrated against ferocious, cruel, bloodthirsty old tyrants like GEORGE THE THIRD. We must punish these rebels for their own good, and to teach them the blessings of this mighty and transcendental Union. (We will, we will!) All very tall talking, gentlemen, but talking won't take Richmond. If it would, and there had been six Richmonds in the field, we should long since have took them all. If Richmond would fall like Jericho, by every man blowing of his own trumpet, we've brass enough in our band for that little feat in acoustics. But when a cow sticks, as GRANT does, in the mud, how then? (Great laughter.) Incontestably, gentlemen, this great and mighty nation must give her a shove on. Shove for Richmond, gentlemen. (That's the talk!) Now about these eternal blacks, you expect me to say something touching them, though I suppose we're none of us too fond of touching them, for reasons in that case made and provided, as I used to say. Well, listen. We've got them on our hands, that's a fact, and it reminds me of a nigger story. Two of these blacks met, and one had a fine new hat. "Where you got dat

hat, SAMBO?" says t'other. "Out ob a shop, nigger," says SAMBO. "Spex so," says t'other, "and what might be the price ob dat hat?" "Can't say, zactly, nigger, the shopkeeper didn't happen to be on the premises." (Laughter.) Well, we've got the niggers, and I can't exactly say—or at least I don't think you'd like to hear—what might be the price of those articles. But we must utilise our hats, gentlemen. We must make them dig and fight, that's a fact. There's no shame in digging, I suppose. Adam digged, and he is a gentleman of older line than any of the bloated and slavish aristocracies of Europe. And as for fighting, they must feel honoured at doing that for the glorious old flag that has braved for eighty-nine years and a-half, be the same little more or less, the battle and the breeze. (Cheers.) Yes, and when the rebellion's put down, we'll see what's to be done with them. Perhaps if the naughty boys down South get uncommon contrite hearts, we may make them a little present of the blacks, not as slaves, of course, but as legal apprentices with undefined salaries determinable on misconduct. (Cheers.) Meantime, gentlemen, I won't deny that the niggers are useful in the way of moral support. They give this here war a holy character, and we can call it a crusade for freedom. A man may call his house an island if he likes, as has been said by one of those fiendish British writers who abuse our hospitality by not cracking us up. (War with England!) Well, all in good time, gentlemen. Let our generals learn their business first. I don't blame them, mind you, that they haven't learned it yet, for when a man has kept a whiskey-store, or a bar, or an oyster-cellar, or an old-clothes' shop for years, he can't be expected, merely because he puts on a uniform, to become a Hannibal or a Napoleon, or even a Marlborough or a Wellington. Likewise, they must learn to keep reasonable sober. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. (Roars of Laughter.) When that's done, and the rebels are whipped, and we are in want of more fighting, we'll see whether Richmond in England, where the QUEEN's palace of Windsor Castle is situate lying and being, is a harder nut to crack than Richmond nearer us. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, one thing more. Did you ever hear the story of the farmer who had been insulted by an exciseman? "He wur so rude," said the farmer, "that I wur obliged to remonstrate with him." "And to what effect did you remonstrate?" asked a friend. "Well, I don't know about effect, but I bent the poker so that I was obliged to get a hammer to straighten it." Gentlemen, we must straighten this glorious Union, and the hammer is taxes. (Laughter.) You may laugh, but you must pay. I don't mean to be hard upon this mighty nation, and our friend MR. COBDEN (cheers) has already indirectly informed the besotted masses of British slaves that we intend to repudiate our greenbacks, except to the amount they may be worth in the market when redeemed. But the poker wants a deal of hammering, nevertheless, and you must pay up. You'll hear more about this from a friend of mine in the Government, so I only give you the hint, as the man said when he kicked his uncle down-stairs. (Laughter.) I believe that's about all I had to say, and this almighty Union will be conserved to shine throughout the countless ages an ineffable beacon and symbol of blessed and everlasting light and glory if you will only mind the proverb of Sancho Panza, which says, "Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly." (Laughter, cheers, and cries of "Bully for you!")

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK!"

A COVENT GARDEN SERENADE, FOR THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK,
AFTER SHAKSPEARE—

(Respectfully dedicated by MR. PUNCH to his friend, PATRICK GREEN, ESQ.)

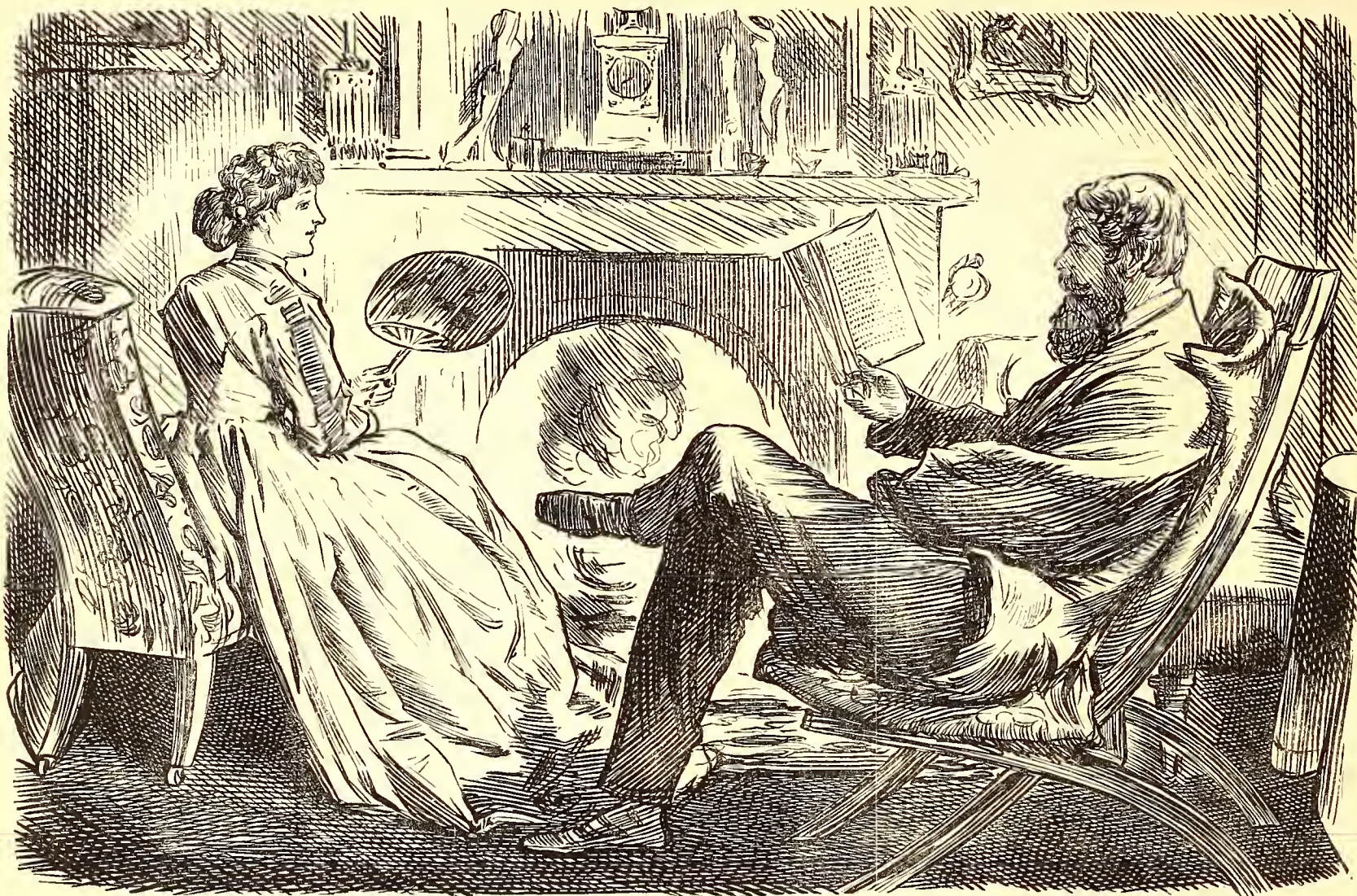
HARK! hark! the lark at EVANS' gate sings,
And Gents rush for supplies
Of gin-and-water, and those springs
In BARCLAY'S butts that rise.
And winking waiters now begin
To ope their owlish eyes—
With glees to sing that pretty bin,
My PADDY GREEN, arise!
My PADDY GREEN, arise!
Arise!

As it Should be.

WE could not but feel pleased the other day to see the following:—
"ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—W. H. C. NATION, Esq., of Kensington, has given fifty guineas to this College, in aid of the funds."
The College is quite worthy of national support, and we advise the nation generally to follow the example of its namesake.

NOLO ARCHIEPISCOPARI.

"LORD DERBY has succeeded brilliantly with Greek," said a nobleman to the BISHOP OF OXFORD, "I wonder whether he could translate Hebrew." "I dare say he could," replied the witty hierarch. "I wish he were in a position to begin with a translation of SAMUEL."



THE SNUB CONNUBIAL.

Loving Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULD PUT DOWN THAT HORRID NOVEL AND TALK TO ME; I FEEL SO DULL; AND——
OH, CHARLES! MY FOOT'S ASLEEP——"

Charles. "HUSH——SH! MY DEAR, YOU MIGHT WAKE IT!"

"APE OR ANGEL?"

"What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature, and when I compare the interpretation of that highest nature by the most advanced, the most fashionable, and modest school of modern science with some later teaching, with which we are all familiar, I am not prepared to say that the latter is the more scientific. What is the question? It is now placed before Society with, I might say, a glib assurance which to me is astonishing—the question is, is man an ape or an angel? (*A laugh.*) Now, I am on the side of the angels. (*Cheers.*)"—MR. DISRAELI'S *Oxford Speech*, Friday, November 25.

"ON the side of the angels," my DIZZY?—ah, then
How happy the angels should be,
The ally whom they least could have looked for of men
In their army enlisted to see!

The Angelical Doctor's eclipsed in the blaze
Of a new Arch-Angelical DIZZY—
Now that brain big with schemes, and that tongue glib of phrase,
On their mission angelic are busy.

Lifting 'gainst the Broad Church a contemptuous heel,
At Reviewers and Essayists pointing
The dagger scarce drawn since you fleshed it on PEEL,
Wit's edge with Hate's poison anointing.

Poet, novelist, journalist, hustings-cry maker,
Copt of Grand-Caucasian mystery—
Agriculturist, Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Now author, now actor, of history—

Yet scarce the best mimes can from Nature escape,
And what's Simious to Saintly brooks change ill:
Have a care lest thou then shouldst be most of the Ape,
When most bent on enacting the Angel.

A FAIR CHALLENGE.

WE admit that the DAVENPORT gang have at last offered a fair trial of their preternatural powers. They have printed a book, in which they state that having been arrested at Oswego as unlicensed jugglers, they were sent to gaol for a month. Here, episodically, but respectfully, we drink the health of the magistrates of Oswego. Committed for a month, the jugglers remained in gaol for twenty-nine days, when, in the evening of the twenty-ninth, angels came to them, and one spoke thus to the showman:—

"*Rand, you are to go out of this place this night. Put on your coat and hat—be ready.*" Immediately the door was thrown open and the voice again spake and said, '*Now walk quickly out and on to the attic window yonder, and let thyself down by a rope, and flee from this place. We will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks.*' The angelic command was strictly obeyed."

This has been sworn, and a Justice of Peace attests the oath. They publish the statement as a challenge to unbelievers. Now, as there can be no doubt that whatever the angels attendant upon these jugglers may think of them, the law of England regards them as persons who obtain money under false pretences, the crucial test may be applied with perfect fairness. Let somebody summon them before the police-magistrate in whose district they perform, and let that gentleman commit them to prison. If an angel delivers them five minutes before the time at which their sentence expires, the miracle will be so splendid that their fortunes will be made for ever. If no angel come, why

"Despair their charm,
And let the angel whom they still have served
Tell them they're lucky to escape the doom—
'Severely whipped.'"

To Bookworms.

MAGDALEN College, Cambridge, possesses a Pepysian Library. Would it be correct to call a collection of books, belonging to a doctor whose speciality was indigestion, a Dyspepsian library?



DRESSING FOR AN OXFORD BAL MASQUÉ.

“THE QUESTION IS, IS MAN AN APE OR AN ANGEL? (*A Laugh.*) NOW, I AM ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. (*Cheers.*)”—MR. DISRAELI’S *Oxford Speech*, Friday, November 25.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THE JOURNEY—(CONTINUED).

Wonder how I came to put my ticket in my right-hand waistcoat pocket.

Wonder if I can read by this lamp-light in the tunnel.

Wonder (to myself) why they don't light the carriages in a better way.

Wonder (to my fellow passengers) that the Company don't provide better lights for their carriages. Fellow-passengers say they wonder at that, too. We all wonder.

Wonder what makes the carriage wiggle-waggle about so.

Wonder if we're going off the line.

Wonder what station we stop at first.

Wonder if there will be a refreshment-room there.

Wonder (for the fifth time) whether I gave my writing-case to the porter, or left it in the cab.

Wonder if I left the key of my writing-case in the lock.

Wonder what the deuce I shall do if I've lost it.

FIRST STATION.

Wonder if this is Tringham or Upper Tringham.

Wonder if it's Tringham Junction.

Wonder if we change here for Stonnhurst.

Wonder if any one understands what the guard says.

Wonder if any one understands what the porter says.

Wonder where the refreshment-room is.

Wonder if I run across eight lines of rail, and over two platforms, to where I see the refreshment-room is, whether I shall ever be able to get back to my own carriage.

Wonder (while I am crossing) whether any of the eight trains, on any of the eight lines, will come in suddenly.

REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

Wonder what's the best thing to take.

Wonder whether soup's a good thing.

Wonder whether the waiter heard me ask for soup, because I've changed my mind, and will have some tea.

Wonder if the young lady at the counter knows that I've asked for tea, twice.

Wonder if those buns are stale.

Wonder if tea goes well with buns.

Wonder what *does* go with buns.

Wonder, having begun on buns, whether it wouldn't have been better to ask for sherry.

Wonder if this tea will ever be cool.

Wonder if that's our bell for starting.

Wonder if the young lady at the counter is deceiving me when she says I've got exactly a minute and a half.

Wonder if anybody's looking at me while I put my tea in the saucer.

Wonder if that *is* our bell.

Wonder if I shall have time to get back to my carriage.

Wonder how much tea and buns come to.

Wonder where I put my small change.

Wonder, having nothing under half-a-crown, if I could get off without paying.

Wonder they don't keep change ready.

Wonder as I'm recrossing the lines whether any train will come in suddenly.

THE PLATFORM.

Wonder which is my carriage.

Wonder (to guard familiarly) why they don't provide better lights for the carriages. Guard says, he wonders at that, too. Every one seems to wonder at that.

Wonder (to guard again) if I can get a hot-water bottle for my feet anywhere. Guard wonders they don't keep 'em.

Wonder (to guard once more) if I've time to go across the line, get my change out of the half-crown for buns and tea, and return to my carriage.

Wonder if the guard is right in saying that we shall start directly.

Wonder I forgot to ask the guard all about my luggage.

THE CARRIAGE.

Wonder, being safely in my seat, that there are not more accidents from people crossing the rails in a large station.

Wonder why there's not a refreshment-room on either side.

Wonder why they always come for your tickets after you've made yourself comfortable.

Wonder where the dickens I put my ticket.

Wonder, supposing I can't find it, whether the man will believe I ever had one.

Wonder, on this matter being settled satisfactorily, which is the best pocket for keeping tickets in.

Wonder why they can't shut the carriage-doors without banging them.

THE JOURNEY—(CONTINUED).

Wonder if anybody thought of getting any lights.

Wonder if I should have had time to cross over to the refreshment-room and get the change out of my half-crown.

Wonder (to my opposite neighbour) what county we're passing through. He wonders, too. We both look out of our own side windows, and go on wondering.

Wonder if that protracted shrill steam-whistle means danger. Opposite neighbour wonders if it does.

Wonder why we're stopping; 'tisn't a station.

Wonder what's the matter.

Wonder what it is.

Wonder what it *can* be.

Wonder if it's dangerous to put one's head out of window.

Wonder if the engine has broken down.

Wonder if there's anything on the line.

Wonder if the Express is behind us.

Wonder if that man on the line is making a danger signal.

Wonder (as we are moving again) what it was.

Wonder passengers can't have some direct means of communicating with a guard.

Wonder how long we shall be before we get to Stonnhurst.

AN ANTI-GAS LEAGUE.

ENGLISHMEN, AND ENGLISHWOMEN,

CAN it be that you like to pay Four Shillings and Sixpence for a bad article when you can have a good one for Two Shillings and Ninepence?

Do you need to be reminded—(ladies, I am sure that you do not, for it is you who are the thoughtful and thrifty guardians of our homes)—that One and Ninepence saved is One and Ninepence got?

Then, Out with the Gas until the Companies cease to cheat you.

Remember how the grocers tried to do us, and we gave up sugar, until the grocers fell on their knees, and sugar fell also.

Remember how the butter-men cheated us, and we gave up butter, and down came the butter-men and their demands.

Let it be unto gas as it was unto sugar and butter, and again we shall triumph.

Are there not the beautiful oil, the sparkling camphine, the sanatory Photogenic Generator, the rosy paraffin, the elegant wax, the charming composite, the useful long six? For the time, let any and all help us to defeat the extortionate vendors of bad gas, which poisons the air, spoils the books and pictures, makes our little ones pale, and kills our eyes.

Ere long we shall have Magnesium, the loveliest light in the world, but as yet this is too dear.

But meantime we will have gas cheap and good, or none at all.

Let us have an Anti-Gas League. Ladies, the saving will give you the most delightful tours next summer. Men—you ought to need no stimulant but a burning sense of wrong, which should kindle every evening when the taper touches the burner.

Punch leads the way to light you to light pay; *Punch* leads you on with waxen brand far flashing in his dread right hand; *Punch* will relieve you from the yoke, he said, then seized a torch and broke the gas-man's head. To show how terribly in earnest he is, he yesterday *blew up a gas-collector*.

Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my charged-ones, trample them under us, go it Icenian, Catieuchlanian, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Yours to the last,

To the British.

PUNCH.

GLOVER v. PERSIGNY.

DEAR SERJEANT, that trial abundantly proves

What your own muddle-pate couldn't let you discover,
That Frenchmen, so fond of their neat nice new gloves,
Are not to be caught by a clumsy old GLOVER.

But a much deeper moral, in letters of gold

Is writ, in the *Chronicle's* tale of disasters:

The public won't buy what is privately sold;

And the worst pay of all is the pay of Two Masters.

A Fitting Comparison.

ANOTHER Lady burnt to death last week! Considering the number of fatal accidents that have occurred to ladies' dresses, it is painfully true to say that a lady is never so literally "dressed to death" as when she is wearing Crinoline.

BETTER HALVES, BEWARE. — Several husbands have lately been quartering their wives' arms.



A REVIEW AT CHATHAM.

First Boy. "BRING ANY O' YOUR 'OSSSES DOWN?"

Second Boy. "No, I ONLY COME DOWN TO DRESS!"

THE JUDGMENT OF THE JUGS.

A POEM, RESPECTFULLY BUT GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO
MESSRS. JUSTICES CROMPTON, MELLOR, AND SHEE, FOR
THEIR DECISION GIVEN 26TH NOVEMBER, 1864.

*Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bothered and bellowed below.*

"LORDSHIPS, we're forced to appeal to your ermine as
Magistrates menace the Briton's free Pot:
Pray, when a traveller comes to a Terminus,
Has he a right to refreshment, or not?
Water, no doubt, he may drink like a hermit, if
Willing—but few men on water can live.
Humbly, my Lords, I submit the affirmative
Is the decision your Lordships should give."

*Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bellowed and bothered below.*

"Lordships, I trust that, this question unravelling,
You to an opposite sentence will come:
Why should men tippie because they are travelling?
If they want drink, let them get it at home.
Sight of bright beer as it foams in a bubbly can
Forms a temptation few mortals can bear:
Do what you can to discourage the Publican,
He makes the Sinner, as Beaks are aware."

*Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
Barristers bellowed and bothered below.*

"Brothers! A man when he's purchased his ticket is
Fully invested with traveller's rights:
We shall not dock them by judgment iniquitous,
Whether he enters a train, or alights.
Bother all cant, be it elerie or laical."

"Ditto, and how would you like it yourself?"

"Ditto, and let's have no trash Pharisical."
"Beer to all jugs, be they China or delf."

*Jolly old Judges, they sat in a row,
And gave this just judgment, we'd have you to know.*

ADVICE TO MEDICAL MEN.—Never doctor your wine.
You will find no one patient enough to bear it.

THE BROTHERS MOSES.

In one column of the *Morning Post*, of November 30, we find an advertisement, of which this is part:—

DAVENPORT BROTHERS.—Farewell *Séances* prior to their departure for the Continent. Great success of the Public Cabinet *Séances*. THIS EVENING (WEDNESDAY) and Friday next at eight, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Body of Hall, 3s.

Another column of the same paper begins with a letter headed "The DAVENPORTS and the Press," signed "WILLIAM HOWITT," and containing the subjoined passage:—

"For the rest I am delighted to see the rampant attitude which the Press has assumed. It is the most convincing sign of their inward and inescapable belief. They are no longer indifferent—no longer in a mere mocking key, they are frantic with rage. They see and feel that all their oracular wisdom on the subject of the folly and fanaticism of spiritualism has gone for nothing. The great inextinguishable fact rises before them, higher, broader, firmer in its adamantine solidity. From end to end of Europe it is, every day, spreading like a forest on fire, striking its roots deeper into the soil of the human heart. Give the opponents rope enough, hurra them on, for the more they commit themselves the better."

Well but, MR. HOWITT, your friends the DAVENPORTS, and their showmen—your friends, too, apparently—refuse to do what you say they should do. They will not give the opponents of Spiritualism rope enough—to bind the DAVENPORTS in a satisfactory manner. They refuse to allow anybody to pinion them *secundum artem*, in the style of CALCRAFT. A man of science challenges them to let him subject the DAVENPORTS to decisive tests. Their showman, PALMER, replies by abusing the man of science with the characteristic scurrility of the insolent charlatan, and declining the challenge. Rope enough, MR. HOWITT? Yes, certainly, give your opponents rope enough; they have not had it yet. The Spiritualists have; and some of them appear to have made the customary use of that privilege. Among these there is too much reason to fear that your best friends will number the writer of the following words which occur in the same letter as that above quoted:—

"BYRON has said, 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' What is the fellow feeling between the Press and the conjurors, which makes it on all possible occasions exult in the very clumsiest imitations by the conjurors of the genuine manifestations of the Mediums! Makes them extol the 'Brummagem' counterfeits

at the expense of the true originals? The cause is the same which made the Egyptian savants applaud JANNES and JAMBRES, who withstood MOSES—JANNES and JAMBRES, the ANDERSONS and TOLEMAQUES of the time."

If PROFESSOR ANDERSON and M. TOLLEMAQUE are JANNES and JAMBRES, who is MOSES? Is it IRA DAVENPORT or WILLIAM DAVENPORT? or, suppose IRA to be MOSES, do you call his brother WILLIAM AARON? Or is the whole concern—DAVENPORT BROTHERS and Co., or DAVENPORTS, FERGUSON, FAY, and PALMER—a Joint-Stock MOSES? A rare MOSES, with the "structure" for an Ark!

You are a man of knowledge, MR. HOWITT, and you know, amongst other things, that there is an infirmity named "colour blindness." The person affected with this weakness can see all objects distinctly in every particular, except certain colours. You have been endowed with many bright faculties, but your mind in one respect appears to be as dark as the deepest hole in the moon. Nature seems to have denied you the discernment of quacks—the sense that detects humbug in its demeanour and style. Here is the remainder of the DAVENPORTS' advertisement, which appeared, together with your letter, in the *Post*:—

"N.B. After each Public *Séance* there will be given a Dark *Séance*, for which only a very limited number of tickets will be sold at a half-guinea each. Dark *Séance* will commence at a quarter past nine o'clock. Tickets for the Dark *Séance* only, or the Stalls for the Public *Séance*, can be obtained during the day at the office of the Rooms, or in the evening at the doors. On Saturday afternoon at Three.

Really, MR. HOWITT, this evidence of the "success" of Spiritualism is not the sort of thing to exasperate the Press by forcing thereon any belief in that ism. Public writers are only vexed to see an eminent brother-chip incapable of seeing through the transparent gammon of a regular and common puff, worded in the generic phraseology of mountebanks, whom he calls MOSES; thereby doing, unconsciously, no doubt, very gross injustice to E. MOSES and Son.

Appropriate Analogy.

THE MARQUIS DE MIRABEAU said, "*J'ai épousé la Discorde, et (in allusion to his son, the great orator) nous avons enfanté le Pillage.*" Couldn't America, at the present moment, piteously say the same thing in precisely the same words. "Our Union has been Discord, and our only offspring Plunder."

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. II.—RULES FOR THE ACTOR AT REHEARSAL.



HAVING mastered the rules for behaviour at the reading of a play, they will go a long way to prepare you for the proper conduct to follow at rehearsal. Rehearsals are inevitable evils, which the tyranny of Managers and the absurd exigence of Authors have combined to impose on the Actor. It should be your business to show, by your conduct under the infliction, that you feel this, and resent it, as a person with proper self-respect should. Let your manner throughout rehearsal be a silent protest against a practice which deadens the fire of inspiration, and tends to level the distinction between laborious mediocrity and genius.

It would hardly be too much to call rehearsal an un-English usage. Like so many other regulations of an arbitrary kind, in and out of the theatre, we may almost be said to owe this cruel inroad on the Actor's leisure to France. It is on the odious strictness of rehearsals in that despotically governed country, that a few Managers, and most Authors, found their pretensions to impose the same tyranny here. In Paris, a period of two or three months is often spent in the rehearsals of a new piece. Such is a Frenchman's notion of the value of time, and his indifference to the treatment of those who minister to his amusement! But this is not the most odious feature in French theatrical tyranny. The earlier rehearsals of a French piece are, in fact, readings by the Company, who are *actually* compelled to sit round a table, and to read their parts *while the Author is allowed to suggest, find fault, check, impose his own notion of emphasis, and not only to explain his meaning, but to impose it on the Actor!* Our astonishment at this inversion of the natural relations of Performer and Author, may be diminished when we remember that it is not so long since Actors in France were denied Christian burial!

I will not insult your profession even by supposing it possible that this humiliation should be inflicted on an English company. The English Actor respects himself too much, the English Manager knows too well the tenure by which he holds his authority, for the importation of *this* indignity ever to be attempted.

But though these table-readings are, happily, unknown in our theatres, we may often hear praises—not loud, but deep—of the laborious carefulness of the French rehearsals. They are invariably attended by the Author, who, in this, as in so many other respects, is allowed a monstrous amount of weight in the French theatre, and a ridiculously large share in its profits. He gives himself airs of authority, orders and alters business, regulates the action, and, in short, usurps most of the proper functions of a Stage-Manager. With that petty attention to details, which belongs to the centralised and regulation-ridden Frenchman, the position of the Actors, their crossings, retirings up and comings forward, the bye-play, every getting up or sitting down, the way of coming into a room, of lifting or putting down a hat, are all elaborately planned and repeated, over and over again, till they are gone through as mechanically as a soldier's drill. The programme thus tediously traced must be slavishly followed by the unfortunate Actor. Woe to him if he yield to a flash of inspiration—triple woe if he be a creature of genius, scorning the beaten track, and getting at his effects—as we so often see him on our stage, and as HAZLITT used to say the Elder KEAN got at the soul of SHAKESPEARE—by flashes of lightning! Of course, if there be such Actors on the French stage, their genius is quickly smothered—Pegasus may soon be seen jogging contentedly along in the stone-cart, alongside of the tamest horses in the theatrical team.

The result of all this deadening mechanical discipline is, of course, a smooth, and, to our eyes, tame performance, which is hardly to be distinguished from life itself. The Actors speak and move, in all respects, like ordinary men and women. There is little or no *effect*—none of that broadly-marked distinction between Art and Nature, which is still, we are happy to say, the rule in the English theatre. You hardly detect the *rouge* on the French Actor's face, or the elocution in his voice. The Art, as well as the Inspiration, has been washed out and killed, in the wearisome routine of the rehearsals.

We have had English Managers—we may still have a few—who have forgotten their nationality so far as to go to France for their practice at rehearsals as for their pieces, and—in recent times at least—their

Actors and Actresses. Let us hope that the first practice will be no more encouraging in its results than the last. Happily, the free English nature instinctively revolts against restraint; and the English Actor is eminently a creature of impulse. He knows that Licence is the life-breath of Genius, and in the occasional absence of genius, will go far to supply its place.

You will, therefore, never forget that rehearsal is an unwarrantable inroad on the domain of inspiration, and you will do your best to restrain and resist it. Be even more careful to mark this by unpunctuality at rehearsal than at reading. The latter can hardly be avoided: the former should be, whenever possible.

Besides, your absence will give you importance. Many a man whose presence would be passed over with heartless indifference by Author and Manager, may make both sensible of his value by keeping out of the way.

A medical certificate, however, should always be procured. There is no occasion you should be punished by a fine because you revolt against a rehearsal. And a medical certificate will shield you from any imputation of idleness or irregularity—the reasons for absence which are sure to be seized upon by a sordid and cynical Manager.

Besides, occasional absence is a duty you owe to your comrades as well as yourself. Such gaps at a rehearsal teach an Author his dependence on the Actor, and lead, thus, to those little attentions and marks of respect on his part, which must be gratifying to you, even more as tributes to your profession than to yourself.

I need hardly caution you against acting at rehearsal.

Acting is an inspiration. It cannot be cold-drawn, like castor-oil, or turned on at will, like the gas in a public-house bar, or the beer in the machine at the counter.

Besides, even if you could command your inspiration, why should you do so with an empty theatre before you? Applause is the breath of the Actor's nostrils. But for its invigorating and ennobling stimulus, he sinks into a mere drudge. Where there is no applause to win, acting is a waste of energy.

Again, it is your duty to spare yourself fatigue, and to keep your effects in the dark. The stars and the moon only shine at night; and the Actor belongs to the stellar and planetary system.

If you show in the morning what you mean to do at night, you deprive the Author of the excitement of suspense, and the gratification of surprise. He takes your measure coldly and critically; sparingly praises, or respectfully (it is to be hoped) censures. But in either case you are submitting yourself to his judgment, and so far stooping to the position of an inferior.

Think, on the other hand, of the calm superiority implied in a cold, monotonous, and careless delivery, an avoidance of all action and excitement, a studied languor, and a listless apathy at rehearsal.

Nobody, Manager, Brother-actor, or Author, knows what you are going to do. All are kept in a flutter. The chances of the night are a subject of animated speculation, of stimulating excitement. You give no undue advantage to your companions by letting them know *your* points, and calculating their own from them. You husband your strength, and leave the channel open for the countless springs of inspiration, which well up in your artistic nature, and make a volcano of your temperament, cold even to freezing, perhaps, externally, but a seething lava flood, within.

Then, at night, if the inspiration comes, you sweep all before you. The Manager is in the seventh heavens; the Author delirious with delight; your comrades, baffled and disappointed, have been compelled to minister to your triumph, instead of using you as the instrument of their own.

Compare the combination of effects thus produced, with anything you could have achieved by the most slavish regularity, the most energetic acting, at rehearsals!

Of course if the inspiration do not come, you are not answerable for its absence. If your part is worthy of your powers, it ought to come; and, if it fail, you will have a right to ascribe its absence to the wretched material furnished you by the Author. On him will fall, as it ought, the weight of the punishment. You will have a fresh opportunity for distinction soon afforded you. His trash will fail and be withdrawn, to make way for something better.

WAXING WRATH.

WE are credibly informed that the Prussian ambassador at this Court has formally, and in the very strongest terms, protested against MADAME TUSSAUD being indecently allowed to exhibit poor MÜLLER in her Chamber of Horrors. He is so incensed at this gross indignity, that he has plainly told LORD JOHN, in the event of the libellous representation of that injured German innocent not being removed within four-and-twenty hours, or the features so altered as to figure for an English criminal, that he must ask for his papers, and leave a country that takes every possible opportunity of vilifying his Fatherland. The affair is certainly assuming a very ugly aspect, and our only hope is, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's well-known diplomatic skill may prevent its leading to a *casus belli*.



REACTION.

Swell No. 1. "YOU DON'T LOOK UP TO THE MARK THIS MORNING." Swell No. 2. "NO, I'M NOT; I PROPOSED YESTERDAY."
Swell No. 1. "REJECTED?" Swell No. 2. "NO, BY JOVE! ACCEPTED."

A LETTER-BEGGAR'S PETITION.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sure that you will permit me so to address you, for one of your exquisitely kindly spirit will spurn no demonstration of affectionate regard. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, I have been reading your last number, and I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, humble though it be, that of all the beautifully majestic and augustly sublime publications which I have ever read, that number is the most ineffably transcendent and irrevocably gorgeous. I do not write to you in the language of flattery, which your stupendous nature would spurn, but would simply utter my heartfelt feelings of unutterable reverence. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, a soul like yours must be open as the day to melting charity, and when I tell you that even so small a sum (alas! not small to *me*!) as eighteen-pence, would relieve me—

I really beg your pardon, *Mr. Punch*, Sir. The force of habit has induced me to construct this last sentence without thinking. It so happens that this is not a letter begging for money, for I have had some good hauls this week, especially three. As one who lost his all by the Erith explosion, as a young girl thrust from a happy home by a cruel stepmother, and as a paralytic clergyman silenced by his tyrannic Bishop for opposing Puseyism, I have obtained a lot of money about Clapham and elsewhere, and I don't ask pecuniary aid, unless you like to leave me a trifle at the office, directed "*CAPTAIN MONTMORENCY MONTGOMERIE*," in return for this letter. How very good oysters are now, and a shilling a dozen is not really dear, to a man of taste.

But what I want is to ask you to let me protest against a new and brutally mean system which is now too common among parties who receive applications from strangers for assistance, and which are coarsely called begging-letters. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, do you know that men are found who are cunning and base enough to keep these letters, even for years, and to refer to them when they receive new petitions. Anything more dastardly I cannot conceive. How can I recollect what names I have signed during half-a-dozen years of begging? Do you think I have a letter-book, duly indexed, like a low person of business? I may at one time have called myself BROWN, another year JONES, and now I may choose to be ROBINSON; but what encouragement is there for ingenuity

if a sordid churl keeps my letters, and, putting them together, finds that the handwriting, bad spelling, and turns of phrase are all alike? I received a brutal repulse the other day, when I had written a beautifully touching and complimentary letter to an author (of whom I know nothing, and could not even spell his name right, so he ought to have borne me no malice), offering him the opportunity of doing good. The beast answered me with a list of my aliases! He knew them a deal better than I did, for I rejoice to say I have a soul above such pettiness. Has *he* never written under a false name? Sir, *Mr. Punch*, if you will take pity on my miserable destitution—I really beg pardon, habit again—if you will allow me to lash the rascally system naked through the world, I shall be so much obliged. And I am

Yours very devotedly,

Tuesday Morning, 11 o'clock.

RODERICK DOO.

P.S. I have tasted nothing to-day, except three sausages, potted meat, a couple of eggs, and some muffins. The smallest donation would earn my prayers and gratitude for ever.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

WE hear that MR. BANTING, whose crusade against obesity has attracted so much notice, has signified his willingness to attend at the Cattle Show, and deliver a short Lecture on the art of getting fat, and the evils which attend it. His remarks will be chiefly addressed to the prize quadrupeds, and especially the pigs; and if there be any bipeds of a porcine nature present, they will be allowed to listen if they think fit so to do.

SOMETHING OF BILLY'S FOR CERTAIN SILLIES.

To the Spiritualists, who can juggle only in darkness, and say that they employ evil angels, we say with *Falstaff*, "No, your ill angel is—Light."

EPITAPH ON A CRICKETER.—"Over!"



THE FORTHCOMING PANTOMIME.

Astonished Friend. "WHY!—WHY! WHAT ON EARTH ARE THESE?"
Manager. "THESE? OH! THESE ARE FAIRIES!"

SEVERE SCHOLARSHIP.

IN the "Table Talk" of the *Guardian* there are some remarks on "Bad Latin," exemplified by instances quoted from certain contemporaries as blunders, some of which are evidently misprints, others slips of the pen that occurred in hasty composition, and one is not exactly a case of Latin that can be properly called bad. It is this:—

"The editor of the *Saturday Review* seems either to ignore, or at least to forget his *Horace*, to judge from the following remark: 'We may just notice in passing, that if MR. CLAY's shelf had contained a Latin dictionary, he might have known better than to use *curriculum* for a chariot. The courteous CICERO would have been dreadfully puzzled at such an expression as driving a *curriculum*.' CICERO may or may not have used '*curriculum*' in this sense, but at all events HORACE does, in the very first Ode of his very first Book—*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat.*'"

Take an AINSWORTH'S *Latin Dictionary* down from your shelf, turn out the word *curriculum*, and you will find it defined as "a place to run in the lists," and also "as a cart or chariot." Next, take down a Delphin *Horace*, if you have one, and read the note to the first Ode, which is as follows:—

"*Curriculo*] *Pro curru, vel ipso cursu, vel etiam loco in quo decurritur, accipitur ista vox.*"

The *Saturday Review*, by the foregoing authority, is justified in assigning another meaning to *curriculum* than that given thereto by MR. CLAY. The same authority, which is not esteemed worthless, may be held to justify MR. CLAY in using that word in a sense different from that in which the *Saturday Review* understands it. But we will not hear the *Saturday Review* accused of bad Latin.

Have we not had rather too much, lately, of criticism on errors of quotation which are plainly clerical, errors which an average schoolboy would not commit plodding over his exercise, but which the profoundest scholar might find on coming to revise an article which he had written in haste? Somewhat too much, perhaps, of criticisms conceived by accurate, attentive, little minds, that can imagine no cause of error but ignorance; criticisms conceived in the spirit of a stupid but sarcastic school-usher.

TO AUCTIONEERS.

THE Regulations regarding Sales are not to be found in any *Bye Laws*.

ORACULAR.

THE brilliant success which our friend, the *Morning Advertiser*, has achieved in classical fields, and the memories of NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the King of the Jews, of marvellous inscriptions, and of tributes to our friend's interpretations of prophecy, justly entitle it to be heard touching LORD DERBY'S *Homer*. Without losing time, as more timid critics have done, our friend promptly taps the new cask of Greek wine, and pronounces it flat. Whether "earth and time" will "confirm the stern decree," remains to be seen. In the meantime, might we, in all humility, ask what is meant by the following mysterious passage in the *Advertiser's* criticism?—

"With such expedients as these, which we can all recal as the agonised resorts of our youthful minds striving against the evident purpose of Providence to be poetical at college, EARL DERBY," &c.

As a classical, poetical, and theological authority, the *Advertiser* has a right to be listened to as one listens to the thunder; but it is permitted to ask the meaning of an oracle, and this utterance is ultra-Delphic.

The Wind-Pipe.

PIPES, say anti-tobacconists, are all more or less injurious. Some pipes, such as wooden pipes, have, it is pretended, an asthmatical tendency, affecting the breath more than others. Among these must be reckoned the sailors' favourite pipe, the hornpipe, when indulged in too violently.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

IN the absence of all Sporting events at Epsom during the Winter, there will be a weekly review, all in the Downs, of the celebrated old Epsom Salts.

THE MOST NOTORIOUS *TIMES*'-SERVERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND Co., of the Strand, and nearly every railway stall in the kingdom.



WISE PRECAUTION.



Ignorant Operator. "AIR'S GETTING RATHER THIN ON THE TOP OF YER 'ED, SIR. TRY SOME OF OUR HESSENCE." (*The Patient is a follower of Brother Ignatius.*)

TO A FIRM TOO FOND OF "THE STREETS OF LONDON."

MOWLEM, BURT, and FREEMAN,
Aggravating three men,
Ar'n't I like a demon?
Or a naughty seamau?
When I hear your rammers,
When I see your hammers,
And your picks and axes
Raising local taxes,
All down Piccadilly,
When I, willy-nilly,
"Late—too late," must crawl on,
Though my hopes hang all on
Being in time for dinner
With *her* aunt at Pinner,
Who has kindly paved the way
For the offer which to-day
I had made, if you had mended
All our ways, but now—'tis ended:
Gravelled—floored—dead beat—
"Cabby, home!—Decorum Street."

Extension of Capital Punishment.

THE Commission on Capital Punishment had a meeting yesterday at which they came, it is understood, to a resolution, recommending the extension of the highest penalty of the law to the offence of making boots with loops which are not strong enough, and which break in a short time on pulling the boots on; and also for the crime of stopping bottles with bad corks, which crumble under the corkscrew, and fall inside the bottle, and, in the case of ink-bottles, and other bottles which contain any nasty fluid, cause it to spirt up and soil a person's fingers.

LINES BY A TY-COON.

THEY say the Brothers DAVENPORT
Will stop in Town until
They've bought a House; methinks they ought
To live at Notting Hill.

SABBATARIAN STRONG LANGUAGE AT KIRKCALDY.

THERE are, in the Free Kirk of Scotland, officers called moderators. There was even one presiding at an assembly of the Free Kirk of Kirkcaldy the other day, when the following examples of Sabbatarian strong language were uttered by a MR. DOUGLASS, of that ilk. MR. DOUGLASS, one of the DOUGLASSES of the a double s family, it may be stated, denounced for the sin of running Sunday trains—

"Railway Companies converting their lines into machines for catering to the wants of the profane and dissolute, and irrigating the country with the scum of the community."

By irrigating the country with the scum of the community, MR. DOUGLASS did not mean performing an operation subservient to Scotch farming, but simply conveying passengers not of the Sabbatarian persuasion. He went on, indeed, to explain his meaning, thus:—

"He said there was a section of the community opposed to the proper observance of the Lord's-day, and they knew of whom that section was composed; if they could gather them together, the mass would be found to consist of infidels, of latitudinarians, and the blackguardism of the country; that class of men who take for their rule of life the opinions of Paris and other Continental cities, instead of the doctrines of the Bible."

If those to whom MR. DOUGLASS imputes blackguardism were disposed to return railing for railing, what would they call MR. DOUGLASS? The doctrines of the Bible, if by that he means the Old Testament, prescribe the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. The doctrines of the New prescribe nothing about the Sabbath. MR. DOUGLASS, when he asserts that the doctrines of the Bible forbid Sunday travelling by railway, says the thing that is not. The travellers and excursionists whom he calls blackguards, might reply by calling him an ill name of two syllables. They will be content to say that he is mistaken.

The doughty DOUGLASS further declaimed as follows:—

"Railway Companies are not exempted from the binding obligations of the Fourth Commandment more than others, and these puny mortals who hold their existence from that God who says, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' are not at liberty to turn round and say, 'We will do in this matter just as we like, we will take our own way in this Sabbath question.'"

Here the DOUGLASS is mistaken again. People are at liberty to

regard the day which he calls the Sabbath, or not regard it, according to their consciences. If Christianity and the law of the land were not what they are, but what the DOUGLASSES and their kind would make them, that liberty would be destroyed. But instead of that, it is enjoyed, at least in some measure.

As a rule, MR. DOUGLASS does not approve of mutiny, but unruly Sabbatarians would form an exception to his rule:—

"He was against strikes generally, but he would hail with joy the intelligence that all the officials of the North British Railway had combined not to do a stroke of work during the twenty-four hours of the Sunday."

Perhaps MR. DOUGLASS would also hail with joy the intelligence that all the officers and men of the British Army and Navy had also struck on a Sunday. Perhaps, too, if MR. DOUGLASS, far from home, were suddenly seized on Sunday with cholera, for example, and were at the point of death, he would hail with joy the intelligence that, as the officials of the railway and electric telegraph office had all combined not to do a stroke of work on the twenty-four hours of that day, the doctor could not be sent for. He would rejoice in the martyrdom which would await him, in consequence of their combination to strike, and not do a stroke of work on Sunday.

The Moderator of the Free Kirk of Kirkcaldy, the next time he presides over a Sabbatarian meeting at which MR. DOUGLASS is to speak, will perhaps endeavour to moderate the rancour of that gentleman's tongue.

Too Good to be True.

THE New York Correspondent of a contemporary states that:—

"BUTLER had a crushing reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Monday evening."

If he had, he deserved it. But we are afraid that GENERAL BUTLER is not smashed as yet, and is nothing like so flat as he ought to be.

QUESTION FOR MR. BUCKLAND.

WHAT constitutes the visitors to the *Phoca* at the Zoological Gardens a body corporate? Perpetual Succession and a Common Seal.

AMERICA FELIX.



LL our housekeepers complain here of the dearness of provisions, and the scarcity of good fat juicy tender beef and mutton. But what would their complaints be were they living in America, in such a neighbourhood, for instance, as that which GENERAL SHERIDAN thus describes in a despatch?—

"I commenced moving back from Port Republic, Mount Crawford, Bridgewater and Harrisonburg yesterday morning. The grain and forage in advance of these points had previously been destroyed. In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made *entirely untenable* for a rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the Troops not less than 3,000 sheep."

Not much chance, eh, MRS. BULL? of getting a good joint of beef for Christmas in such a place as this? And if you wished for a plum-pudding, you'd have to send a longish way for flour and suet. But listen to the further boasts of SHERIDAN THE DESTROYER:—

"LIEUTENANT JOHN R. MEIGS, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burnt."

THALABA THE DESTROYER might have suggested such an act of cowardly incendiarism. But here are more brave words from SHERIDAN:—

"Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection-passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that valley. The people here are getting sick of the war."

"Getting sick of the war!" Yes, we should rather think they must be. And who that has a scrap of Christian feeling left in him can help being likewise rather sick of GENERAL SHERIDAN?

New Fashion.

It is proposed to make the Opera-crush-hats of a more durable and cheaper stuff, called "Rep." If this idea is ever fully developed, the fashionable gentry of our highly civilised nineteenth century will be walking about the streets, like Snake-charmers, with *Rep-tiles* on their heads.

CITY ARTICLE.

THE reduction in the rate of discount caused great relief, for the money-market was in such a feverish state that there were fears lest the Bank's "rest" should be broken.

GREAT SHOCK.—A Lady we know was startled the other day by being told, that some one was waiting below for her "body."—Dress-makers should be careful.

THE PRESENT SPIRITUALISTIC EXCITEMENT.—The *Tie-fuss* fever.

THE PRIMATE'S PASTORAL.

"An influential deputation has waited on the ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK, to thank their Graces for their recently issued Pastorals."—*Times*.

"We have obtained a copy of one of these Pastorals, which we think does the Most Reverend Poet much credit, therefore we publish it."—*Punch*.

Cant. My York, you're wanted. In alternate rhymes
Let's chant the Church's Troubles of the Times.

York. Yes, Primate of All England, I am game,
The rather that I bear a poet's name.
Begin, as twenty years my senior, you,
As challenger, and my superior, too.

Cant. Gladly I'd cede the *pas*, for, though you're young,
Most truths divine come mended from your tongue.

York. *Nolo episcopari* 'twixt us twain!
Is rather like the Augurs—

Cant. Good again.

Then I begin, and sing that, first of all,
I see the Church Rate nodding to its fall.

York. Ere long will landed gentry cease to snooze
In their exclusive and well-cushioned pews:
On equal benches all will say their prayers,
Even if we 'scape the Popish plan of chairs.

Cant. How long the grim Dissenter shall we keep
From sleeping where his own forefathers sleep?

York. The Beadle dynasty is nearly past
The next new gold-laced hats will be the last.

Cant. Yes, and the Parish Clerk will follow soon:
The untutored accent and the nasal tune.

York. Yet these are trifles which, I think, at need,
A prudent priest might hasten to concede.
But what of Convocation?

Cant. BETHELL stands,
A bill marked "Abolition" in his hands:

Perchance 'twere better so than bear the gibes
That BETHELL launches at the ghostly tribes.

York. Most threatened things live long, nor do I think
The parsons' Parliament on ruin's brink,
But yet 'tis *umbra nominis*, in fact,
For, scarcely met, it hears the Riot Act.

Cant. Priestly supremacy gets bruise on bruise.
That judgment on the *Essays and Reviews*,
Which lets a priest say less than *Duncan's* bell,
That summoned—

York. Yes, there sounded Dogma's knell.
And yet I know not (setting natural pride
And all professional regards aside)
The Church is loser by it, keeping those
Who might have left her, and become her foes.

Cant. There's comfort yet. But what remains to do
With him who listened to the mild Zulu?
That cynical yet most polite divine,
Who proves that three times three is only nine?

York. Let him alone severely. Men, you see,
Want more religion than the rule of three.
Let's run the *Golden Rule*, 'twill do the trick,
And a bad second leave *Arithmetic*.

Cant. 'Tis very clear, from each Doncastrian phrase,
A sporting diocese my EBOR sways;
Yet we have precedent that gives us claims
To borrow lessons from the Olympian games.

York. Well, on the whole, Most Reverend, it appears
The Church's Troubles are but idle fears.
Details of little moment, if she act
With much good feeling and a little tact.

Cant. And were they twenty-fold, be they defied!
Have we not now an Angel on our side?

York. The Angel BENJAMIN. Yes, he has come—
And my opinion's—hum—

Cant. Mine, too, is—hum.

Question in Ancient Zoology.

(From a University Examination.)

Q. Who was the biggest Don that ever lived?
A. The Masto-don.

"GO IT, YE CRIPPLES!"

THE foot-lights at Covent Garden are to see a one-legged dancer, engaged by the English *Hopera* Company. [A proper step of the Directors?

ARISTOCRATIC LOOKER-ON.—The EARL OF STAIR.



THE MORNING CALL.

The Rev. Alban Rochet (High). "WON'T IT COME TO ITS PRIEST THEN !!!" (Baby doesn't seem to see it.)

THE QUACK IN THE PILLORY.

OH, this is a very unpleasant position! This confinement of the arms and neck causes such a confounded aching, or else I shouldn't mind it so much. The ignominy of it I should care not a dump for, if it wasn't for the pain I feel, and the nasty things they throw at me—but I can stand those, too, so long as they are soft. Policeman! policeman! Don't let them throw apples unless rotten.

Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I had stuck to the sale of the specific, and to screwing out all the fees I could by legal means. I wish I had never committed myself in writing. Ah! what a fool, what an ass I was, to threaten violation of confidence in black and white, and so furnish evidence of extortion against myself! I deserve the pillory for being such a donkey. I ought to be whipped as well as pilloried. I ought to have confined my threats of betraying that last patient to private interviews. Yes, pelt me, go on, it serves me right—bless ye, my people!

Yah!—how they grin! Two could play at that game, if dirt would let them see my grimaces. Ha, another bottle of my own filth! Well, if I could blush, my blushes would be hidden too. Nobody could see them neither. I might look upon this unpleasantness that covers my features as a mercy—ha, ha, ha!—if I had any sense of shame; for this frame around my face prevents me from hiding it. But I can shut my eyes, if I like, and—oh dear, oh! smash on my nose again! I think I had better.

Yelling, howling rabble! Set of brutes! If it were not for the pain of this posture, and all this offensiveness, and the penal servitude I have to undergo, I could laugh in the teeth of ye. If I were presently to be set at liberty, and could return to my practices, this exposure would do me less harm than good. Considering how many fools there are amongst you, I cannot help feeling that, standing here all filth as I am, I constitute the very best advertisement of myself that could possibly be exhibited.

APPROPRIATE TESTIMONIAL TO THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.—Two ropes' ends—and the sack.

FLATTERY AND FLUNKEYISM.

WE object, for more reasons than one, to the subjoined announcement, which appeared the other day in the *Court Journal*:—

"THE QUEEN.—It will be noticed that MR. and MRS. WIGAN had this week the honour of reading before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. It is flattering in the extreme to these artists that they have been selected as the first who have been permitted to appear before Her Majesty."

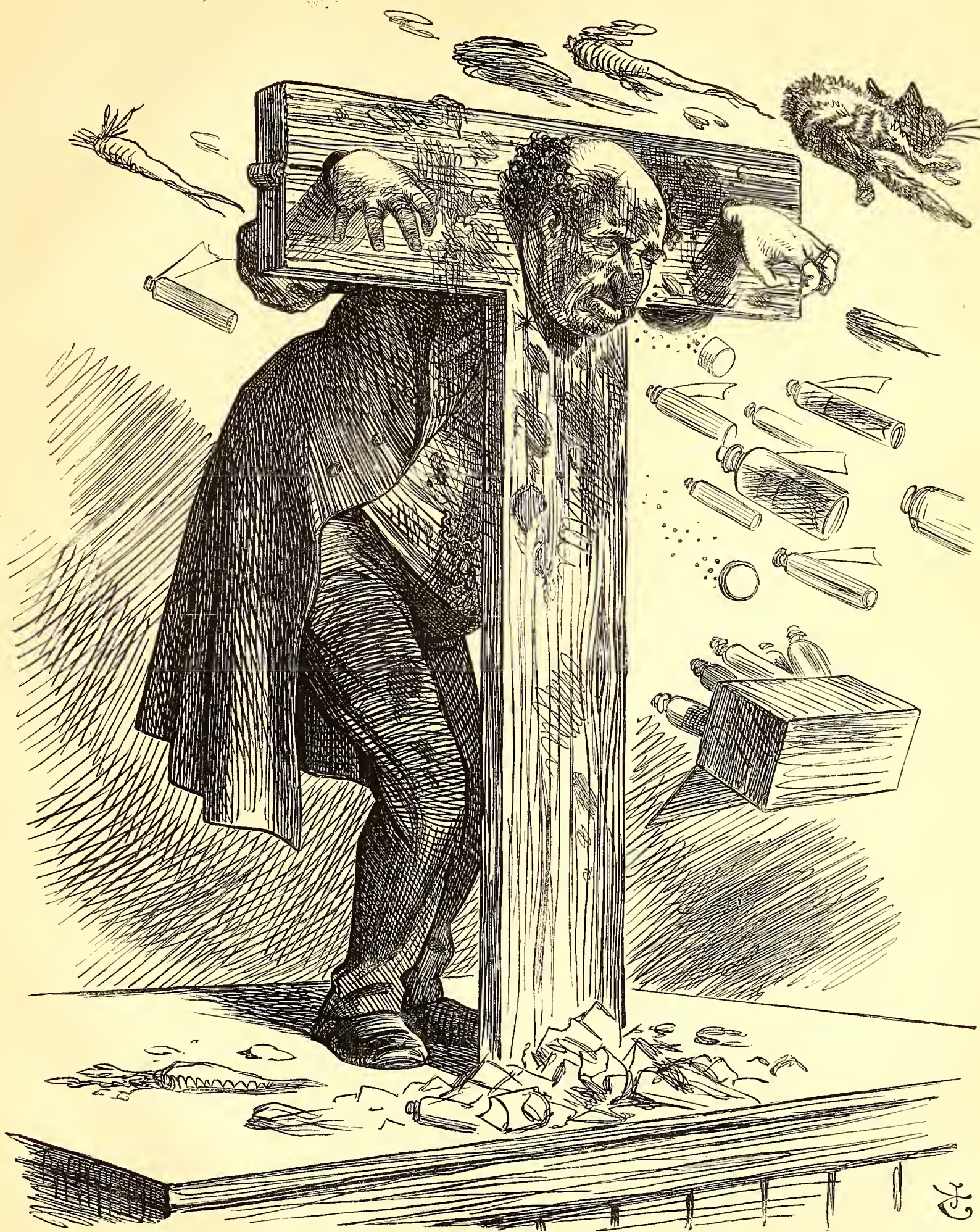
In the first place, the QUEEN does not flatter her subjects, though subjects may be so ignoble as to offer flattery to Sovereigns. In the next place, if the selection of certain artists as the first to appear before Her Majesty is gratifying to those artists, it cannot be flattering in their estimation; for to feel flattered is to feel more than duly appreciated. Thirdly, there is, so far from anything flattering, not even anything necessarily complimentary in being the first artists who have been permitted to appear before Her Majesty. The QUEEN might choose to see those whom she deems the best, first, or she might prefer to see them last. Of these two equally possible cases the case in question is very likely the former; but we deprecate slipslop.

"Speech is Silver, but Silence is Golden."

A NEW Club, it is said, has just been organised in Paris. It is called *Le Club Muet*, the rule being that its members, while within its portals, are not allowed to speak. The House of Commons has been called the nicest Club in London, if it were not for its Members. It would be perfect, therefore, if its Members were to follow the rule of *Le Club Muet*, and were elected on condition that they were not to speak!

PHYSICAL PHENOMENON.

AN Eminent Oculist lately informed us, that an intimate friend—one of his most intimate friends, finds great relief in *casting his eyes, when they are tired, upon a green covered sofa, and allowing them to rest for some time upon it.*



A QUACK IN THE RIGHT PLACE;
Or, What we Should Like to See.

CABINET COUNCIL ON REFORM.

[SCENE, *Downing Street.* : PRESENT, *The Cabinet.*

Lord Granville. Ha! Ha! Very good, indeed. But you know they always said *that* of her. Ha! Ha! Order! Order! Now, shall we go to business? I think we decided that we should consider the Reform question to-day, and nothing else.

Lord Palmerston. Suppose we don't call it a question, yet, GRANVILLE. It has hardly assumed a concrete form. *Quieta non movere*, as old SIR ROBERT WALPOLE used to say.

Mr. Milner Gibson. But I deny your *quieta*. There are a great lot of meetings, more or less influential, and we must do something.

Lord Russell. I cannot think why the matter is to be taken out of my hands. I shall do nothing prematurely; but at the proper time, and in the proper place, I shall be prepared with the proper Bill.

Mr. Gladstone. I cannot withhold my admiration from the triple condition in which your Lordship has crystallised the proposition, but if I understand 't to imply that the rest of the Cabinet is to be only a bed of justice—

Lord Palmerston. I'm blessed if it's a bed of roses. Do you remember LORD MELBOURNE'S first inquiry, when people told him of a difficulty? "Can't you let it alone?"

Mr. Milner Gibson. We can't let this alone.

Lord Palmerston. My dear GIBSON, no man knows his power of abstinence until he has tried it. Ask MR. BANTING.

Sir George Grey. The matter is not in my department, but—

Lord Palmerston. Then, GREY, rest and be thankful. Haven't you enough to do?

Sir G. G. Yes, and I don't want more, which the HOME SECRETARY will have, if you allow agitation to excite people to demand what you intend to deny.

Lord Palm. Very neat, but not to the purpose. Who's a-deniging anything, MRS. GAMP? But it's one thing to say that you will listen to a person's claim, when properly urged, and another to run out into the street without your hat to meet him, and give him what he asks.

Mr. Gladstone. The ancient Sibyl, repulsed, increased her demand.

Lord Palm. Old women are deuced impudent.

Duke of Somerset. I say to-day, as I said last week, and mean to say again next week, that I protest against any new subject being taken up until we have decided whether there is to be any reduction of the Naval Estimates, and what? I will not be hurried, or compelled to arrange changes at short notice.

Earl de Grey and Ripon. I have no right or desire to imitate the peremptory tone of the Duke, but I could wish to have an early idea of what is to be done with the Army Estimates.

Lord Palm. Both of you ask GLADSTONE to tell you, as the commercial traveller said in one of *Punch's* pictures, what is the least sum he can give the waiters without being considered mean?

Mr. Gladstone. I need hardly say, that such questions are not to be treated with levity or answered in haste; but if it will be any guide to the noble Duke and the noble Lord, I may say that any budget which does not include a certain reduction in the Estimates connected with the department of the former, and a still larger decrease in the calculation of expenditure in the department of the latter, will not be a budget which I should have any envy to introduce to the Legislature, or any great hope of advocating with success.

Lord Palm. There, now you know all about it.

Duke of Somerset. I say that I know nothing.

Lord de Grey and Ripon. And I must represent that I am entirely without practical information.

Lord Granville. Really this is a complete departure from our arrangement, which was that we should discuss the question whether any notice of the Reform agitation should be taken.

Lord Russell. I thought that I had settled that. Leave it to me.

Lord Palm. I see no objections.

Mr. Milner Gibson. But I see a great many. Nobody in the world has more admiration for LORD RUSSELL'S character, public and private, than I have, and if I had him on board my yacht, he should steer it if he liked. (*Laughter.*) Well, I would forgive him, even if he ran us ashore. But he will allow me to say that he has not been so successful in the manufacture of Reform Bills as to justify the Liberal party in handing over the whole business to his charge.

Duke of Somerset. Whom do you call Liberal; or, rather, am not I a Liberal?

Lord Russell. And I?

Lord Stanley of Alderley. I hate rudeness, as everybody knows; but I don't know what the — what in the world the right honourable gentleman means by his inuendo.

Lord Palm. There, there, what nonsense. We are all Liberals, *par sang*, Liberals to the marrow, as the Spanish say. Who doubts that? Didn't we turn out the Conservatives, and how could we have done that if we had not been Liberals? (*Great laughter.*)

Lord Granville. If I could only induce you to settle one thing at a

time. The PREMIER is for doing nothing, the Foreign Secretary is for doing the thing all by himself, the Army and Navy are for being attended to first, and the Board of Trade is for an immediate promise of a larger Reform Bill. Now, do let us discuss these points *seriatim*. Who is for doing nothing?

Lord Palm. My dear GRANVILLE, you, of course unintentionally, rather misrepresent me, or at least fail quite to convey my meaning. I strongly advise that before we take up this question, we should be quite sure that it is necessary to do so, and that we don't mistake a few meetings of nobodies, which can always be got up at the shortest notice, for the voice of the country.

Lord Russell. I shall not be misunderstood, I trust, when I say that my noble friend may not contemplate remaining in office so long as some other persons may feel it their duty to do, and that this circumstance may induce him, unconsciously, to disregard the necessity for— for placing ourselves in an advantageous position in the eyes of the nation.

Mr. Gladstone. Entirely, but respectfully, repudiating any participation in the imputation that a certain interested motive exists in the bosom of the Noble Lord at the head of the Government, I would also say that I think the caution of the noble lord the Minister for Foreign Affairs is somewhat in excess of necessity, as in my very humble judgment the people of this country may, in an hour of crisis, look elsewhere for leadership than in the direction anticipated by himself.

Lord Clarendon. Perhaps so.

The Lord Chancellor. If I have hitherto refrained from mingling in this discussion, it has not been because I did not feel its importance, but from my conviction that it was being conducted in a way which rendered seriousness superfluous. Now that it appears to take a rational form, I have no objection to say that if we are to stand as a Liberal Government (it is needless for me to add, that I do not in the least care whether we do or do not) we must issue a Reform scheme, but it must be a sound and complete one. I will draw one up, and you can give your formal assent to it at our next meeting. Excuse my going, as I have engagements of importance. [*Exit.*]

Lord Palm. I like WESTBURY, do you know?

Mr. Milner Gibson. Of course we know it. (*Laughing.*) But he is right about the necessity of a bill.

Lord Palm. I don't see the necessity, but anyhow, let us see his bill. Suppose we meet again in a fortnight.

Several Voices. Sooner, sooner.

Lord Palm. Very well. Settle it with GRANVILLE. But we understand—mind—nobody is pledged to anything.

Lord Granville. If we were, how could we exist as a Cabinet?

Lord Palm. That's true. We are charmingly independent, yet affectionately united. Human perfectibility, as we used to say about sixty years ago. But, I repeat, *quieta non movere*. [*Exit, whistling.*]

Mr. Milner Gibson. The wind will rise without a whistle. [*Exit.*]
(*The Council broke up.*)

CLERGYMEN MADE SCARCE.

It used to be a saying, "Make the greatest fool in the family a parson." That saying still holds good, with a condition. Make the greatest fool in the family a parson, if he will let you. For he will not let you unless he is such a fool as the greatest fool in a very foolish family. That is, if you have not got a good fat living for him to step into as soon as he is ordained.

It is a bore to be obliged to wear a white "choker," when you prefer a black tie or bird's-eye "fogle." So it is to be obliged to refrain from going about smoking a short pipe if you wish to do so. It is a monstrous bore to have your personal habits controlled and your natural freedom limited in any degree by the opinion of old women, or the power of old womanly bishops. No consideration but a very high pecuniary one would induce a man who has the least respect for himself to submit to any such dictation.

Fancy yourself being in such a position as to be liable to the censure of a set of snobs constituting a coroner's jury, because you, a curate, choose to study anatomy!

Then fancy your Rector, who ought to stand by you, and back you against those vulgar and impertinent blockheads, truckling to them and to their kind, and giving you the sack, to starve, or get your living how you can—that is, by begging or stealing, unless you possess a patrimony; for once a parson always a parson; and having once entered the clerical profession, no other is open to you; neither can you keep a shop or a public-house.

But no. This last case is not to be fancied. No clergyman can be capable of the conduct supposed in it. The rumour that the Rector of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, has, under circumstances such as those above stated, discharged his Curate, the REV. MR. HUNT, is evidently an invention of the Jesuits, designed to damage the Church of England.



OLD DODGERS.

First Testy Old Gent. "PRAY, SIR, WHICH SIDE OF THE PATH DO YOU INTEND TO KEEP?"

Second Ditto. "VERY QUESTION I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, SIR!"

[They set as before.]

A LETTER FROM ELYSIUM.

OFTENTIMES, sweet *Master Punch*, hast thou done me a fair turn by saving me from such as fain would call themselves my friends; and especial do I mind me of that fearsome time of peril through which I passed awhile ago when thou didst rescue me from hands that would have stuck me up a statue, or done other ill-timed foolery much to my distaste.

Wilt thou now defend me from those snivelling "friends" of mine who borrow of my poor plays to prank their poorer works withal, and so mangle my best thoughts. Your musicians, look you now, are performing a *cantata*, as they do call it in their slang, which is entitled *Kenilworth*; and to enliven his dull words, the poet (save the mark!) has introduced "the exquisite summer night scene," as it pleaseth him to term it, from my *Merchant of Venice*. By way of fitting prelude to y^e stillness of my scene, he claps a roaring song before it as a prelude, whereof I quote thee y^e last verse:—

"Who dares to brag and taunt afar,
Like thunder-clouds that threaten rain?
What need we care if jealous war
Be brooding in the ports of Spain?
Our Queen may let such bodings pass,
And answer with a haughty smile;
No Don shall touch one blade of grass
In any border of our isle!
The very highway stones would rise,
The shepherds' hills rain ruin down,
Were we not there against surprise
To guard our glorious England's crown?"

Beshrew me, *Master Punch*, but these be wondrous words! Didst ever hear before of a bragging thunder-cloud? To me it seemeth rather misty. Nathless, good Sir Poet, here's to thy better health; and if war be "brooding in the ports," I pray thee stick unto y^e sherries. I faith it seemeth that "our Queen" did pay small heed unto her garden, an it be true that she did let y^e grass grow in y^e borders. And where, I pray thee, was the "there" where thou sayest that "we were to guard our England's Crown?" and whose was y^e surprise against which it surpriseth me to learn we were to guard it?

An thou solvest me these riddles, *Master Punch*, thou art cleverer than I am. And so believe me thine most lovingly, albeit in the shade,

WILL SHAKESPEARE.

Elysian Fields, Tuesday.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER III.—RULES FOR THE ACTOR AT REHEARSAL (CONTINUED).

BUT though you should avoid acting at rehearsal, be as particular as you like about minute points of action, and business. Minutiae are the dots over the i's and the crosses over the t's of Art. They give it distinctness and legibility. Never fail to point out any difficulty that may occur to you about the management of the scene in which the action takes place. See that the Author is strictly consistent with topographical probabilities in the position of his doors, windows and passages. And do not, for a moment, be put off with a suggestion, that it is possible for a person to go off at one entrance and come on at another, by help of an outer staircase, or by passing through other rooms.

These little discussions will animate the rehearsal; and keep the Author alive to the importance of strictly keeping up the realistic illusion, on which so much depends now-a-days.

Never let the piece proceed till you are satisfied on any point that may seem to you to want clearing up, or any little matter of action that may give a good opening for an argument or a difference of opinion. You should never miss an opportunity for the discussion of your art.

No matter what annoyance supers or ballet-girls may be put to by the delay this occasions. Their convenience must succumb to your improvement. I am thankful to say that the usage of most English theatres is not likely to stand much in the way of your observance of this, or indeed any other of these rules for your guidance at rehearsal.

I have known a group of girls, at rehearsal, hung up for the purpose of a tableau in the flies, in a steel-frame work, with a blaze of gas close to their heads. The rehearsal was very properly stopped to allow of the discussion of one of those interesting arguments on some point in the action of the principals. Did the Manager allow any consideration for the insignificant girls hanging in their steel-girths, in a temperature

of 100°, to interfere with this "necessary question of the play?" He knew too well what was due to the great principle of subordination, which must be omnipotent in a theatre as in a man-of-war. The discussion was long; the action difficult to arrange. After being kept nearly an hour in the slings, one of the girls was childish enough to faint: her companions knew the laws of theatrical discipline too well to complain, perhaps they didn't know what had happened. But when the little accident was discovered, the mischief was done; the *tableau* was ruined, the stupid child had to be got down, and a substitute provided, at much inconvenience to the management, and to the serious injury of the picture. But the important point in the action had, in the mean time, been satisfactorily settled.

Always bring your part to rehearsal, keep it in your hand, and use it to the last. If you trust to your memory you will run the risk of being continually at fault; and, if the Manager will have rehearsals, there can be no occasion why you should give him your time at home as well as in the theatre.

Besides, with your part in your hand, you can always answer any complaint of the Author, if you talk had grammar, or neglect punctuation, by throwing the blame on the copyist. If the copyist have written nonsense, as is highly probable, be scrupulous in speaking it. It is not *your* business to correct his blunders, and you have a right to say that all *you* have to do is to deliver what is put into your hands, not to make sense of it. It will be your duty to impress this pointedly on the Author, and so revenge yourself, pleasantly, for any indignity he may have put upon you, by calling you back, or finding fault, as is the way with such people.

Should the Author, notwithstanding these hints, and the unspoken warning of your manner, persist in such interference, do not let him be left in any doubt as to your proper resentment for such unwarrantable liberties. Shrug your shoulders, be silent altogether, caricature his directions or delivery, suggest that perhaps if he is dissatisfied with *your* manner of playing the part, he will find some other Actor to play it. The very least you can do, if your position render you timid of adopting

this dignified mode of remonstrance, is to shut him up with an emphatic assurance that "it will be all right at night."

Whenever you are not speaking, or actively engaged in the business of the scene, there can be no reason why you should overstrain your mind by attention to what is passing among the other characters. These little breaks will give you an opportunity for relieving the tedium of rehearsal by a cheering gossip with your brother and sister performers, or a little gentlemanly flirtation. When you are off the stage, take care that it shall be a matter of some difficulty to find you, when again wanted. Nothing enhances an Actor's consequence more than to have his name shouted aloud all about the theatre. It is besides some little compensation for your wearisome detention to be able in this way to inflict on Manager, Stage-Manager and Author some portion of the annoyance which they are so unfeelingly inflicting upon you.

If there is a house of entertainment contiguous to the stage-door, as there always ought to be, you may seize these intervals of repose to get the refreshment your harassed mind and weary body will certainly require. You will also find the nearest bar a good place for artistic gossip, and for cultivating agreeable social relations, for which the Actor has but too few opportunities outside the theatre.



SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD!

NOW BEING SOLD IN ALL THE FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSES.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED, by several Dramatic Authors, Situations of Thrilling and Sensational Interest. Must be Novelties, with as much Reality as possible, capable of introduction into any part of any piece: dialogue and plot no object. Here they are:—

SCENE—At the end of some Act or other, the bottom of the Sea, anywhere. The entire width of the Stage will be occupied by a large Aquarium, reaching up to within eight feet of the "Flies." This will contain real Sharks, young Whales, Porpoises, and other smaller fish, all alive, alive oh! There will also be real Rocks, and real Submarine Vegetation. The Submarine Telegraph wires will be seen passing across the Stage. Music: tremolo and mysterious, just like what would be heard in the depths of the Ocean.

On the opening of the Scene, real sand-burrowing Bivalves discovered amusing themselves: real Grey Mulletts, real Madreporas, and genuine Actiniadae flitting about in the distance. Wild Periwinkles, Chitons, and Scallops seen clinging to the rocks; and, in the foreground, a Goby is discovered feeding on a Codium tomentosum; while other really happy Zoophytes disport themselves in their native element. Music: "The Sea! the Sea!"

Enter above, that is, on the surface of the water, a small boat, containing RICHARD GRADGRASS, the villain of the piece, and young WHESTLEY, the rightful heir to the property, whatever it is. MARIAN, the heroine, in love with WHESTLEY—with a song—is steering the boat while RICHARD is rowing.

Marian (speaking through the music). What is this mysterious place? (Looking first at the "flies," then at the real water.)

Richard (darkly). The Ocean!

Young Whestley. I have heard of it in childhood. Well do I remember how my old nurse—

Richard. She told you right. In these depths lie the only legal proofs of your inheritance.

Marian. Ha! (Nearly upsets the boat in her emotion. Sensation.) I beg pardon.

Richard. 'Tis so—the will—

Marian and Whestley. Ay! the will—is—

Richard. At the bottom of the sea.

Whestley. Then will I plunge in, and drag it from its coral hiding-place! (Is about to prepare for bathing, but remembers that MARIAN is present. MARIAN hides her face in her hands.)

Richard. Nay, not so. Behold! (Produces a diver's dress, air-pump, ropes, and lines, &c., &c.)

Whestley. How can I ever sufficiently thank you! (Adjusts the air-tube, puts on the helmet, and looks lovingly at MARIAN through the glass eyes, then gets out of the boat, and is seen slowly descending to the bottom of the sea.)

Richard (seizing MARIAN). Now you are mine!

Marian. Never!

[Struggle, during which MARIAN works the air-pump, and WHESTLEY is below, attempting to rescue the will from a fierce Shark, who will be trained for the purpose. MARIAN is becoming exhausted, when a shot, from somewhere or other, is fired, and RICHARD falls, capsizing, however, the boat. RICHARD sinks to the bottom, the Shark leaves the will, and attacks him; WHESTLEY clutches the document, MARIAN clings with one hand to the boat, now topsy-turvy, and an air-pump, which she works. Her arm gets weaker and weaker.

Marian. I faint! I die! Help!

[WHESTLEY having received no air for a few seconds, rushes madly to and fro. The Shark, diving off with RICHARD in his mouth, is caught by Submarine Telegraph wires. WHESTLEY in pantomime, expresses that a good idea has just struck him. He seizes the wires, and swings himself up, so as to grip the boat with his legs; then, with another effort, he gains the surface, putting his arm round MARIAN just as she is sinking, sits on the boat, keel uppermost, supporting MARIAN's senseless form with his right arm, and with the hand waving aloft, in triumph, the important will. Two Sharks and a whale dispute for RICHARD GRADGRASS as the Act-drop descends.

We present this, as a novelty, to the consideration of the Sensationalist School. If nothing else will draw, the boat ought to: say, about a foot of water.

LOVE SONG.

BY A GARDENER.

Yes, I own the soft impeachment; yes, I pine for Widow GREEN,
Ripe and rosy, blithe and blooming, fit to be a "British Queen:"
When in all her full-blown beauty she makes summer in the street,
I'm quite nervous when I meet her, and I turn as red as beet.

My carnations set me thinking of the damask on her cheek,
The blush rose wears her colours and the tulips all but speak;
If the flower in white, the lily, will be fair he must allow
That the snow and he are flattered by being likened to her brow.

She's the standard of perfection, she's a nonpareil, I swear,
With her violet eyes bewitching and her stream of chestnut hair,
She's the pink of—no, that's hackneyed—and she lives at Dalston now,
Where on Sundays, spruce and smiling, I transplant myself from Slough.

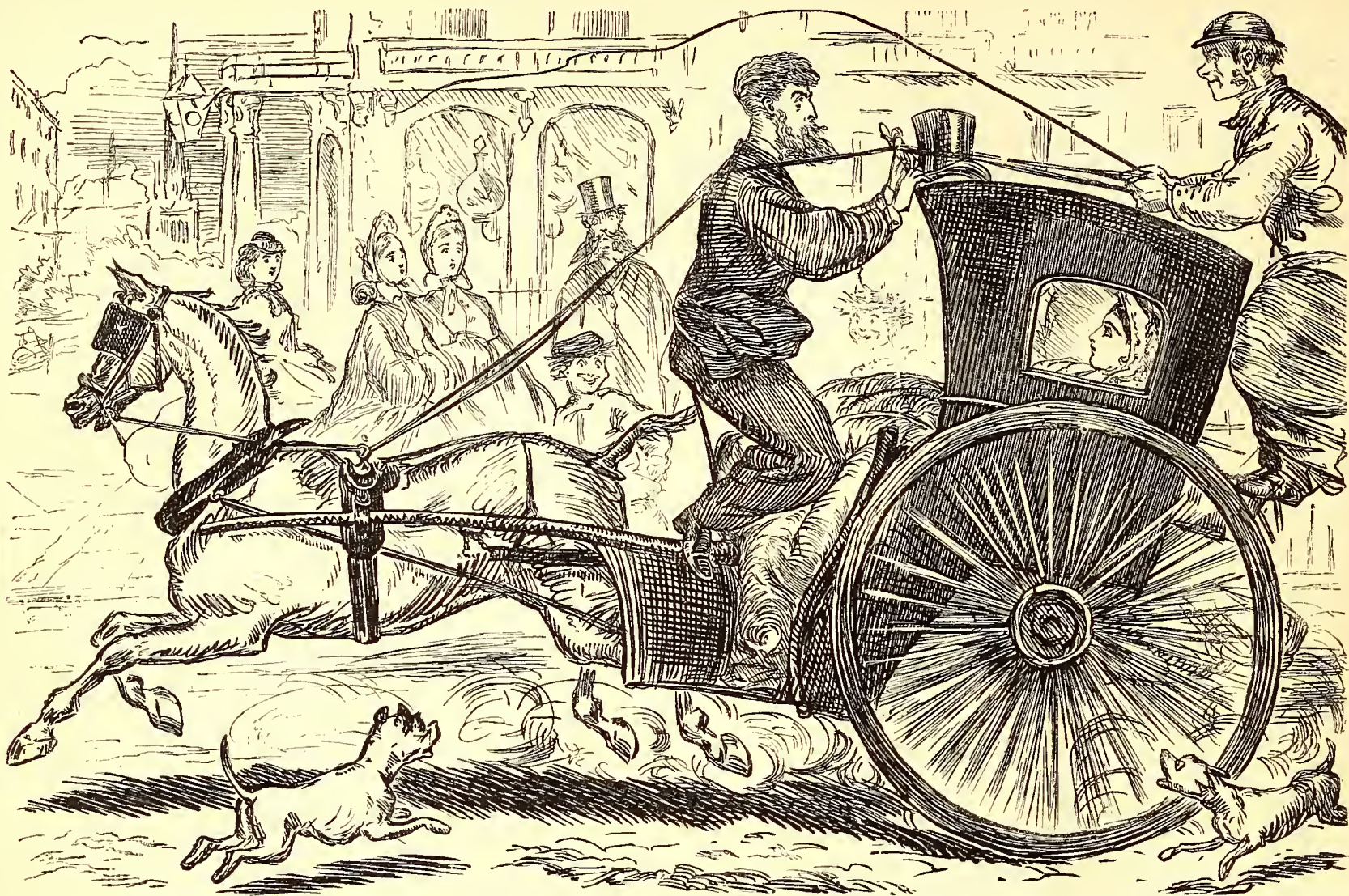
A gage d'amour I carry her—the sweetest plum that grows—
And blooms that win me prizes at the Horticultural shows;
Or, looking lackadaisical, I offer "cherry pie,"
To her I call my pippin and the apple of my eye.

Early was the passion planted, deeply rooted it became,
And I made a new auricula perennial with her name;
But she raked up some old grievance, and a meddler came between,
So I wore the (weeping) willow, and said cutting things of GREEN.

He was bulbous in his figure and but seedy in his clothes,
His hair was rather carrotty, and it matched his turn-up nose,
He was older than the lady, and did something at a club,
And I've heard, but this *sub rosa*, that he liked a little shrub.

Peace be to him, and his ashes, though he never cared for trees,
And tied his stock(s) up tightly in the hands of two trustees:
He was happy, with one drawback, no young branches to the vine,
Which I bear with resignation, as they would have soon been mine.

She has doffed her weeds to please me and resumed geranium bows,
Through the vista of the future all appears *couleur de rose*;
For she calls me (christened PETER) her sweet P., and bliss divine,
Has named the day when I shall say that she is JESSIE mine.



SELF SACRIFICE.

OH, YES, IT'S VERY NICE TAKING YOUR PRETTY COUSIN ABOUT TOWN, PARTICULARLY WHEN YOU HAVE TO RIDE ON THE SPLASHER, BECAUSE HER CRINOLINE FILLS ALL THE CAB.

HOW TO QUASH THE QUACKS.

MY DEAR DR. PUNCH,

THERE is a cry against Quack Doctors. How can they be crushed? For the protection of our fools, they ought to be stamped out: just as we stamp upon the stoats for the protection of our pheasants. I think I see three ways in which the heel might be brought down upon them:—

1. The Medical Council has the power to proceed against all persons giving medical advice, who are not qualified to do so.
2. The Law Courts have the power to nonsuit any claimant of a fee for such advice, if such claimant (as most Quacks are) be unqualified to practise.
3. And the Press has the power to reject all quack advertisements, and to expose as much as possible the foul proceedings of the Quacks, by stinging leading articles, and by copious reports of cases where they come to grief, as a brace of them did lately, much to my delight.

As regards the Press, decency is surely the best policy. I never buy a paper that inserts vile quack advertisements, and I have very little doubt that there are hundreds like myself, who make this a strict rule. Any one who buys a newspaper that publishes quack puffs, I regard as an aider and abettor of the Quacks. Cease to buy such newspapers, and their proprietors will cease to publish such advertisements; and thereby the Quacks will cease to prey upon the fools, who, by the lure of puffery, are drawn into their dens.

Wishing for success in your philanthropic efforts to annihilate these vermin, believe me, my dear *Dr. Punch*, yours admiringly,

A. CRUSHER.

P.S. I hear that nearly every Quack now keeps his private carriage, with the money he obtains under false medical pretences. If such rascals had their rights, there should rather be one public carriage only for them all. To a man of your sagacity I hardly need to add, that I allude to the police van.

INTERESTING DEPARTURE.

"There has been an unusual absence of ozone lately."—*Meteorological Correspondence, passim.*

OH where, and oh where, is our usual ozone gone?
Its absence surely must have been remarked by every one.
Can nobody inform us why and whither it has flown?

Oh where, and oh where, did our usual ozone dwell?
'Twas somewhere in the atmosphere, but where I cannot tell:
You must ask PROFESSOR AIREY, or some other learned swell.

Suppose, oh! suppose, that our ozone's in the sky!—
Just for a change it may perhaps have thither tried to fly—
Can we exist without it, I wonder, if we try?

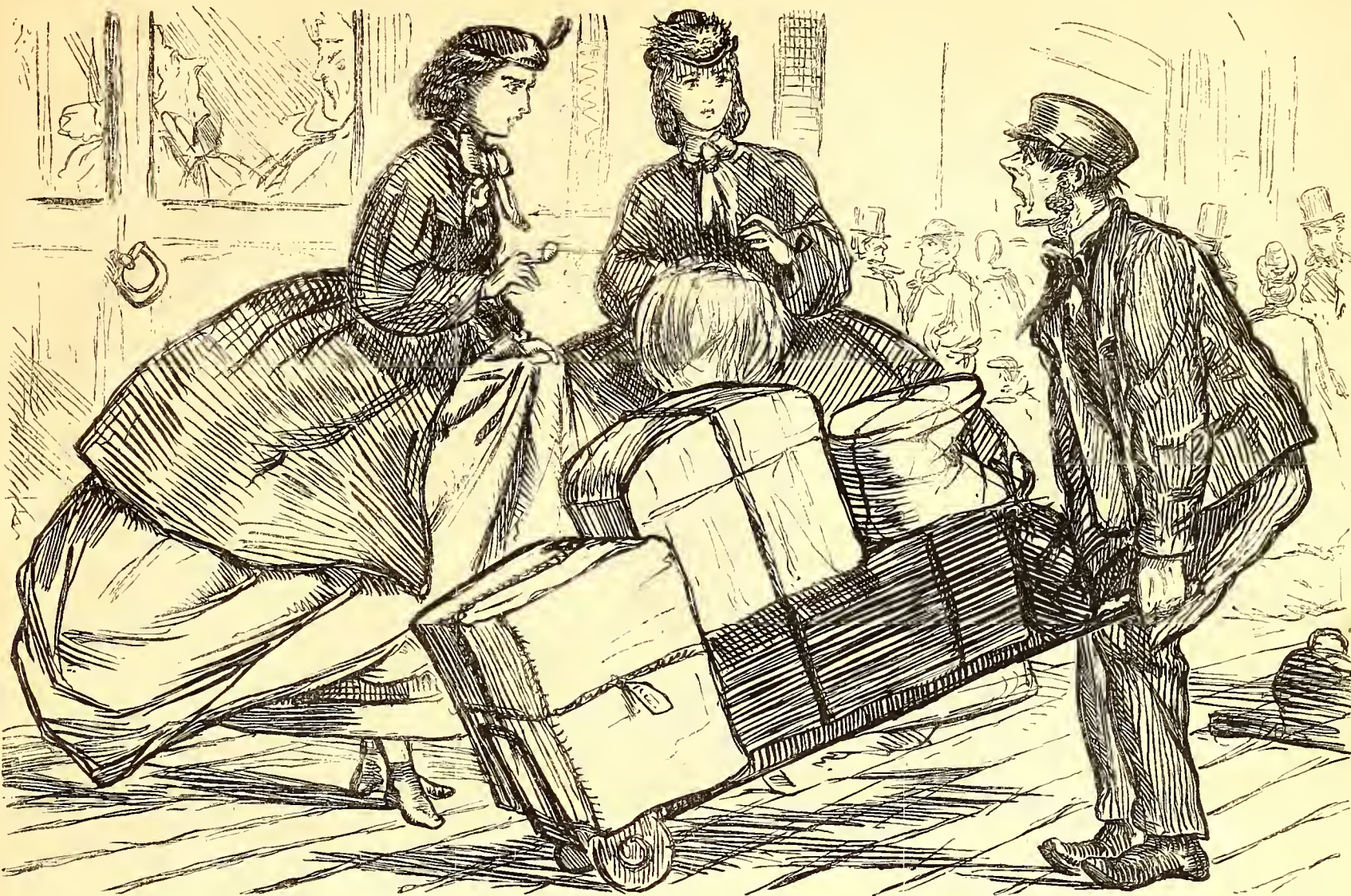
SHAKSPEARE IN BIRMINGHAM.

SHAKSPEARIAN discoveries proceed rapidly. We had, the other day, the pleasure of announcing several, and we read in the papers of the day, that at Birmingham, an intellectual lawyer's clerk has found some documents throwing a new light upon the history of the poet. We have instituted inquiries into their character, but are not at liberty to say more than that SHAKSPEARE clearly resided in Birmingham for some time, visited all the manufactories, was much pleased with ELKINGTON'S and GILLOTT'S establishments, and one wet evening, at the Hen and Chickens, amused himself by inventing the steam-engine. This fact throws a gracious light upon his celebrated "WATT'S in a name," and upon the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., Sc. iii.—

"What thing's again most dear in thee is steam."

Horrible!

CANNIBALISM! £200 reward. Missing, an elderly gentleman with green spectacles. The last time he was seen, we are informed, he was *Seating himself leisurely in the Park!*



WORTHY THE NOTICE OF THE ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.

Miss Fitz-Fast. "PORTER, HOW IS IT THERE IS NOT ANY SMOKING CARRIAGE TO THIS TRAIN?"

A CHANCE FOR AN EDITOR.

THINKING is dull work, but it has to be done at times. The following statement, which we find in a daily contemporary, has driven us to think:—

TO LITERARY MEN and PRINTERS.—A small Capital can PURCHASE a profitable NEWSPAPER on the South Coast. Easily managed. Literary ability not necessary.—Apply, &c.

Of course, we know that a very small capital, in fact, three pence, can purchase the most profitable of all newspapers—that in the reader's hand. It can be purchased on the South Coast, of course, and also on the East and West Coasts, and in the midland counties, and everywhere else, where civilisation is found. But we can hardly believe that a stranger to us would kindly take the trouble to advertise to the world a fact already sufficiently patent. We suppose (or as vulgarians say, we expect) that his meaning is, that he wishes to sell his property in some paper. By way of compliment to the Literary Men whom he addresses, he says that literary ability is not necessary, and that the affair is "easily managed." This must be one of MR. COBDEN's favourite journals, something made up of cuttings from other papers, and without leading articles. Or, perhaps, the usual leading article may be a congratulation to the inhabitants of the town enlightened by the newspaper in question, that the Great Travelling Circus is to be with them on Tuesday, "when," the accomplished Editor is sure, "it will receive that patronage which Stickintheud never refuses to legitimate and honourable enterprise." These Italics are a well-merited kick at a conjuror who departed without paying for the editorial puffs. Or, for we have not, of course, the faintest idea as to what part of the South Coast is blessed with a journal requiring no literary ability, the Editor will have to apply his fine faculties to scathing satire against the sanitary authorities, "whose vulgar and *un-English* intermeddling attempt to prevent our respected townsman, MR. PIGG JOBBER, from keeping swine where his venerated father kept them before him, next door to the hospital, excites the just indignation of those who know the facts." This is the usual style of country newspapers which require no literary ability in the Editor, and we allow that such journals

are easily managed. Literary men will, we are sure, be grateful for the chance that is offered them, and for the advertiser's sweet appreciation of the literary character and responsibilities.

SONG OF THE ADVERTISING SURGEON.

I'm a Quack, I'm a Quack, in an infamous trade,
By which a large income I yearly have made:
Other Quacks you may find even richer than me,
And we live by the vilest of plunder, you see.
I thrive by extortion, I heed not the law,
I grab all the cash from my dupes I can draw;
I keep a smart brougham with the money I steal,
And I live in a style that is highly genteel.

Chorus.

I'm a Quack! I'm a Quack! Here's success to the trade,
By which dirty hands are yet dirtier made!
I'm a Quack! I'm a scamp! I'm a skunk! I'm a thief!
And of all filthy scoundrels I rank with the chief!

I've dubbed myself "Doctor," but that's all my eye,
My diploma's a sham one, my title's a lie;
I've no knowledge of drugs, and no medical skill,
If attempting to cure you, the chance is I'd kill.
I frighten the nervous—I thrive by their fears—
I pretend there's disease where no symptom appears:
My advertisements daily bring patients to me,
I'm a Quack! I'm a thief!—yet from prison I'm free!

Chorus.—I'm a Quack! I'm a Quack! &c.

Immunity of Aliens.

To a Correspondent.—GENERAL TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT (whom nobody but a vile punster would call Colonel) are not liable to be summoned on the *petit jury*.



A FACT.

Strange Curate. "WHERE DOES THIS PATH GO TO, MY MAN?"

Half-witted Rustic. "DON'T KNOW WHERE 'E GOES TO, BUT 'E'S GENERALLY 'EREABOUTS THIS TIME O' DAY."

THE CHEAP PRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

To *Mr. Punch* Esquire dear sir I am a young lady in a genteel sityouation being ousemaid to a clergyming which his name I will not menshing but only int that he is equally respected as myself halthrough I say it who should not and meaning sir of course each in our proper Spears of Haction which mine is runnink upanddown stares till my legs I beg your parding sir I should ave said my lower lims is amost wore up in fack by contiual Halpine climbing which Mont Blong I says is nothing to it and if it wasnt for a our or so of rest and O be thankful for it of an evenink I dout no what would ave become of my intellectual phackulties which I every night employ them in readink of a penny weakly paper I takes in leastways I should have said subscribes to which its most improving to ones mind to read the arrowing romances and tails of Love and Murder! & fashionable Mystery! which phil its pages weakly exceptink the outside one as is occupied each week with notices to corespondents as ave writen to the Head-ditur asking of advice upon most interesting toppies such as Courtship & Complexions & ow to treat a lovier & ow to die the Air & I were told they kep a Lawyer to answer legal questions but what I says is I'd Beware of im if I were U! for I see in Masters Noosepaper this mornin that at the Scentral Criminal police court which I suppose they call it Scentral because when full of criminals it cant smell very sweet—there sir a "young person of boyish appearaunce" were brort up & tried for Biggamy which uubeknowu to master Ive cut out with my sissars the follering short hextrack to show you what took place

"The second wife, a very young woman, was called for the prosecution, and asked if she knew the prisoner was already married when she married him. Thinking she had misunderstood the question by her answer, the RECORDER asked it again. She replied, with apparent effrontery, that she was well aware that he was married."

"The RECORDER told her that she was not much better than the prisoner."

"The witness, in reply to MR. KEMP, said the prisoner had always treated her well, and that having been told that at the time of the first marriage he was under age, she had fancied the first marriage was illegal, as he himself had so believed."

"MR. KEMP said when the prisoner was about to contract the second marriage, he addressed a written query to a cheap periodical, which professed to answer legal questions, whether, being under age at the time, his first marriage was valid, and the reply was in the negative. (A Laugh.)"

"The RECORDER sentenced the prisoner to nine months' hard labour."

LETTER FROM MR. WHALLEY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You laugh at me, but I think that you have a sense of justice, and will own that upon the present occasion I am right in sounding a warning to England.

A new invention has been introduced into Society. It is called a *Rafraîchisseur*. I have seen the advertisement in your own columns, but I am sure that you will never, for the sake of a miserable fifty guineas, allow the announcement to appear again. The article consists of two glass tubes nearly joined at a right angle, and held together by a cross piece, and its *avowed* object is to enable a lady (*at present* ladies only use it) to blow perfume, from a bottle, over the face of any friend whom she may wish to honour by that attention.

Sir, can the most stupid person fail to see that this is a Popish device, intended to familiarise people with sprinkling? From the Jockey Club Perfume, or the *Ess Bouquet*, to what is called HOLY WATER, is but one step downwards. The Jesuits have introduced the thing; a foreigner, and probably a Catholic, sells it; and it is called by a name from the language of France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church of Rome.

Pray, Sir, be serious, and smash this Papistical abomination.

Yours (in Protestantism)

Plas Madoc, Ruabon.

G. H. WHALLEY.

[We shan't. We rather like the operation, when the operatrix is as lovely as any lady should be who presumes to approach The Presence.—PUNCH.]

The Greatest Wonder of Spiritualism.

IN a book published on behalf of the DAVENPORTS, those jugglers are declared to have been, in America, transported through the air. Considering their spiritual pretensions, we may wonder that, since their arrival in this country, so far from having been transported, they have never yet even been taken up.

A LEGAL QUERY, AND ITS ANSWER.—Where are Petitions filed? At Sheffield.

Please Sir isnt it a Shame that this here pore young woman should ave to lose er usbing because E were told wrong by the cheap periodical & so has to go to Prison to ard labour for 9 months Please sir me & Jane the nussmaid & Margaret the cook we all agrees in thinkink as the pore youug man and woman as been most crewelly deceived by this here perioddical & we say the Headditer ought sertingly to ave been sent to Prison instead of the young usbing oom he ave misled. I hone that for myself I shant put no more faith in these cheap periodicalls leastways as regarding their advice to co respondents & I wood advise young ladies like myself who is looking out for Usbings to be preshus careful as their loviers isnt married on the faith of a cheap noosepaper afore they goes to church with them which Ill take care it dont apen to your obejnt umbel Servant which my real name is MATILDER but missus she for her own reasings prefers to call me

Wensday December fourteen

HANN.

P.S. I spose youll say that them as puts their trust in penny papers is only penny wise & it only sarves them right when they is found foolish

Found at the Cattle Show.

"Lo! the rich Farmer, whose untutored mind
Sees nought in fields but soil,—and *sees the wind*:
Believes, admitted to an equal styte,
His fattened pig shall bear him company."

POP GOES THE GOOSEBERRY!

AFTER the disclosures relative to the Wine Trade, which occurred in the case of ABRAHAMS v. ATTENBOROUGH (the extensive pawnbroker), the race-course champagne, bought at 13s. a dozen, and sold at 20s. a bottle, will of course be called "Pop."

THE IMPERIAL UNCLE.—The *Mont de Piété* at Paris, as a State Pawnbroker's Shop, may be thought to be an example of avuncular government.

FINE FEATHERS FOR FINE BIRDS.



VERY wondrous are the ways of women, and more wondrous still their *modes*! Only look at this description of the style of out-door head-dress which is now the rage in Paris:—

"The *casquette* is no longer the most fashionable style of hat, the melon or jockey cap being considered much newer. It is not nearly so becoming, and has no grace of form about it; but it is the fashion, so why waste words on its demerits. These melon caps are mostly made of grey felt, trimmed round simply with a *gros grain* ribbon, striped with white and black, red and black, &c. To add to their coquettish appearance, either a bird's wing or a falcon's plume is added. * * * A veil embroidered with jet is always added to the brim. It does not hang over the face: so I am often tempted to inquire of what use it is. Birds of prey are in much request for ornamenting hats; the heads only being used, surrounded with a small aureole of feathers. The heads of paroquets and pigeons, which are not so

ugly as those of screech owls, hawks, and falcons, are also sometimes used as hat decorations."

A hawk's head on a lady's hat must look a little hawkward: and a cap with an owl's beak on it cannot be very captivating. It may be thought, too, that a bird's wing, when worn upon a woman's head, must look a little flighty. *Mais n'importe, La Mode le veut*: and who will dare dispute the dictates of Queen Fashion? "No matter how ugly, so long

as it be something new." Such is usually her royal mandate to the milliners. And the milliners are prompt in obeying her behests, for, the oftener the fashions change, the better for their fortunes. Some new device in dress is started well nigh every week, quite as frightful as the owls' heads on the ugly melon caps, and as useless as the veils which are only worn for ornament. But when we ever notice our wife wearing any novel decoration, we never dream of being rude enough to ask her what's the use of it. We know quite well its use is just to tempt ladies to purchase it, and so put money in the purses of the *Mesdames Mantulini*.

The human race is quite as *avida novitatis* in this present year of grace, as it was said to be when people used to talk in Latin of the latest fashions out: and the greed that women naturally feel for a new dress, of course becomes a source of profit to their milliners. Husbands and fathers may deplore this taste for novelty, because they have to pay for it: and as fine ladies very often make sad havoc with the money of the men who have to dress them, their wearing of hawks' feathers is remarkably appropriate. Many a little duck, directly she gets married, becomes a bird of prey, merely through her wish to make herself, in her gay new plumage, look like a bird of paradise.

Jowett Confuted.

DR. PUSEY has, in a letter to the *Times*, maintaining a severe theological doctrine, declared questionable by the Privy Council, demonstrated that doctrine in a single word. His letter contains the word "reliable." It is manifest that the use of such a word as "reliable" by any one who, like DR. PUSEY, ought to know better, is an offence which, if not repented of, must entail unlimited liability.

A GOOD MAN FOR A LONG VOYAGE.—A Cork Cutter.

FORENSIC MEDICINE AND POLITICAL PATHOLOGY.

TITLES and Truth separated many years ago by mutual consent. A Bank which, from its firmness, was originally symbolical of earth, might now with more felicity be called a Butterboat, seeing how suddenly it may be broken. Mottoes make no pretensions to veracity. *In vino veritas* is branded with fraud, unless, indeed, veritas and cognac are synonymous terms.

We make these remarks simply to introduce two popular manuals, from which we propose to extract a few pungent paragraphs. One requires no comment; and if its neighbour, *Political Pathology*, fails to convey any clear idea, it is satisfactory to reflect that many sciences, including Medicine and Music, have long enjoyed a similar privilege—that of concealing in curious phraseology their cherished mysteries:—

Rickets in Bankruptcy.—To a humane mind there is no more affecting spectacle than that which is presented by rickets in Bankruptcy; and philanthropists may well pause and weep over the stunted objects of legislative negligence which crowd the so-called "Superior" Courts of our vast Metropolis. In passing along Basinghall Street, we are daily in danger of tumbling over one of those cachectic infants, whose natural flaccidity has been aggravated by its being injudiciously puffed. Some hydropathic doctors, we observe, have recently been throwing cold water upon it; but this mode of treatment, while it seriously alarms its anxious parent, has hitherto failed to inspire it with any additional vigour. Solicitous for its welfare, he alone listens with patience to all its little appeals.

Tongue-tied.—*Real Property*.—A *lusus nature* is now being exhibited in Lincoln's Inn Fields, near the Royal College of Surgeons, which has perplexed many distinguished physiologists. The offspring of parents largely interested in land, with beautiful features of exquisite symmetry, and wearing a most inviting smile, strange to say, it has no power over the organs essential to articulation. The little thing seems pleased when any one notices it, which is very seldom, and is delighted when being transferred from hand to hand, to facilitate which, machinery is provided of the most ingenious description. With all this, one remarkable fact remains: little BETHELL (as it is fondly called), though addressed in the most endearing terms by him who takes a parental interest in it, has never yet answered! Would not an operation of some sort be

desirable under these painful circumstances? We should be glad to hear it make its existence known, even if it did so by something very like that token of emptiness—a wail.

Cacoëthes loquendi.—*Maxillary Convulsions*.—St. Vitus's dance, startling as it is, must yield in vehemence to St. Stephens's. It commonly attacks the youngest members of the legislative family—the sufferer being seized with an irrepressible desire to get on his legs. No sooner is this effected, than his utterance becomes oracular, and after throwing off a large amount of declamation, the patient is sensibly relieved; while his friends, overcome by sympathy, feel themselves completely exhausted. If long confined to the House, the unhappy man will probably sink into a state of chronic boredom. He should, therefore, as soon as convenient, be removed to a purer atmosphere.

Spontaneous Eruptions.—*Autumnal Rash*.—To this disorder Englishmen are said to be more subject than Foreigners.—It sometimes shows itself at Mechanics' Institutions, but more frequently at Agricultural Meetings, when South-downs are brought on the *tapis* simultaneously with China and Japan, and PRESIDENT LINCOLN is impaled on the Short-horns of a dilemma. The patient, if a Minister, becomes garrulous, and betrays a sweet simplicity in telling all his little affairs to those that sit under him. For example, he will speak at great length about the House of which his seven years' lease will shortly expire, and show how he has performed his covenants by exhibiting his Policy. If he complains of a chill from the House being too cold for him, it is an almost unerring sign of approaching dissolution.

Tories' Nostalgia.—*Home-Office Sickness*.—Mountaineers campaigning in distant elimes are often overtaken by an intense longing for their native hills. The malady is called home-sickness. Tories' Nostalgia is, in like manner, a morbid condition caused by long involuntary absence from place. The melancholy Member, separated from patronage and all that he holds most dear, will sit for hours on a bench, gazing at vacancy. As the memory of lapsed bishoprics dawns upon him, some natural tears he sheds, akin to those which fell when he and his lost companions, long ago, with faltering steps and slow, from office took their solitary way. Sometimes he fancies he can improve his condition by going down to the country, and getting up an exhibition of dissolving views, and, emboldened by a little genial applause, will often terrify his rustic audience by conjuring with an empty sack which once held wheat at eighty shillings a quarter.



THE ARISTOCRACY MANUFACTURING THEIR WARES FOR AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE DUKE IS KNITTING A STOCKING; THE DUCHESS IS MAKING A PAIR OF STRONG BOOTS; THE DUKE'S BROTHER IS EMBROIDERING (FOR A PETTICOAT); THE DUKE'S SISTER-IN-LAW HAS BEEN BUILDING A MODEL IRONCLAD; AND THE DUKE'S LITTLE GIRLS ARE HELPING WITH SUGGESTIONS.

RIVAL TRANSLATORS.

(A Corridor in an Aristocrat's Mansion. Bust of HOMER on the Wall.
Enter the EARL OF DERBY, meeting LORDS PALMERSTON and SHAFTESBURY.)

Lord Derby. Ah! how are you both? Horrid cold wind, isn't it?

Lord Palmerston. Atrocious!—bites one to the marrow.

Lord Shaftesbury. It is not pleasant to our carnal natures, but we have no right to object to any of the arrangements of Providence.

Lord D. Very proper observation—highly proper. And what's the news, gentlemen of the Ministry?

Lord S. I am not a Minister, my dear LORD DERBY.

Lord D. What's in a name? The thing we call a Bishop-maker by any other name would look as sweet. Tell us what's going on?

Lord P. I am; for I don't like this draught.

Lord D. There—the man has shut the red door—all right. Besides, you ought to be afraid of nothing. The *Morning Advertiser* says you are sempervirent.

Lord P. I am as much obliged to him as if I had the least idea what he means. You are a great translator, tell me.

Lord D. Have you read my *Homer*?

Lord P. I am keeping it for a treat in the Christmas holidays. But I am told that it is a grand thing.

Lord S. I only regret that so much energy and ability have been wasted on a Pagan writer.

Lord D. HOMER wasn't a Pagan—ask GLADSTONE, who has found the Thirty-nine Articles in the *Iliad*, and the Athanasian Creed in the *Odyssey*.

Lord S. You make me smile, but I must deprecate levity.

Lord D. Do you hear that, PALMERSTON? But there is nothing like levity about you, is there?

Lord P. I trust not. We meet on the seventh of February, by the way. Friends at a distance will please accept this notification.

Lord D. Absit omen—is the Cabinet moribund? Receive the

assurance that I have no sinister intentions. Are we to have a Reform Bill?

Lord P. How should I know?

Lord D. That's true. But you will give us a hint, I am sure, when RUSSELL and GIBSON have made up their minds. It would only be chivalrous.

Lord P. My dear DERBY, you have been with GLAUCUS and DIOMED until you have forgotten that we live with BRAND and TAYLOR.

Lord D. Have I, have I? You shall see, a couple of months hence. Our souls are in arms, and eager for a division. The Angel will be down upon you at the shortest notice.

Lord S. I must request that you will not call MR. DISRAELI by that name. It is indecorous for so many reasons.

Lord P. Hang it, ANTHONY, he chose it at Oxford, and the parsons made no objection, but laughed like fun, and so they did when he made the joke about everlasting—

Lord S. (interrupting). Pray, my dear friend, let us show ourselves more serious than he. Surely, we can find other topics for conversation. I hope, LORD DERBY, that you have quite recovered from your gout.

Lord D. *Jubes renovare dolorem*—I had rather you talked about my friend DISRAELI's infirmities than mine. But I am much obliged to you; and, as the children say, I am quite better. I trust that you, my dear SHAFTESBURY, will never be visited with the same affliction, as it might tempt you to use Anglo-Saxon in a way for which you might be penitent afterwards.

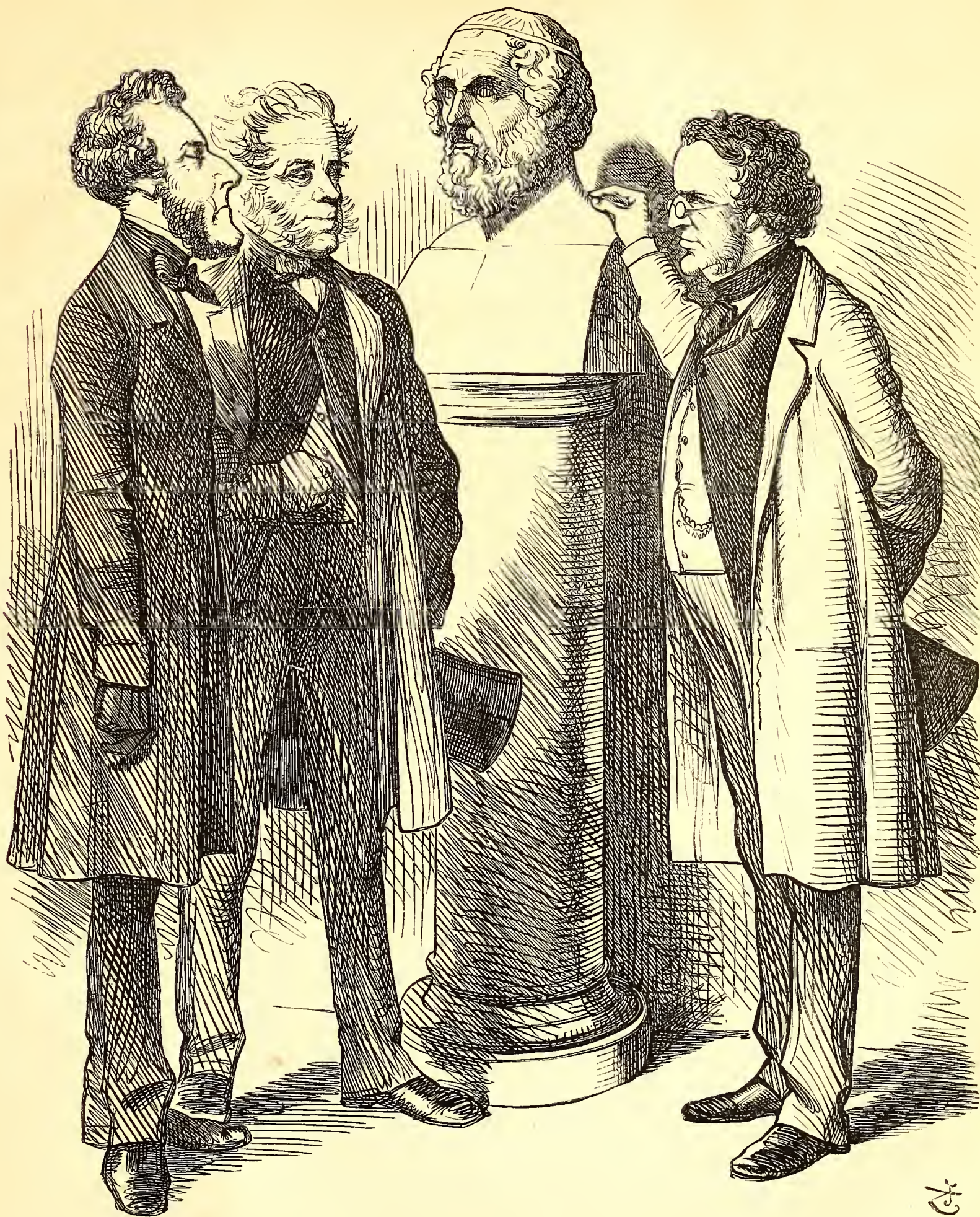
Lord P. Yes, isn't it pleasant? And HORACE WALPOLE calls it a remedy, and says we ought not to try to cure it.

Lord S. There he is wrong, because we ought never voluntarily to remain in a condition which prevents our attending to our duties.

Lord P. That's just the argument which the Abbess of some French convent used against vaccination—it involved a voluntary abstinence from mass.

Lord S. The blinded, benighted, bigoted Papist!

Lord D. I thought he was going to be still more alliterative—and call her a — booby, which would have been rude.



RIVAL TRANSLATORS.

DERBY. "SEEN MY *HOMER*? ARE EITHER OF YOU TRANSLATING?"

SHAFTESBURY. "WHAT! I AND PALMERSTON? *WE* TRANSLATE NOTHING BUT BISHOPS."

Lord P. He is never rude, except to the Bishops, whom he does chasten occasionally with a very sound scolding, especially when they will not come to his meetings. To be sure, a good many of them are bound to submit meekly to their patron's castigations.

Lord S. I have no superstitious respect for a Bishop, who is, after all, merely a Church official, and if I think that he neglects his duty, I do not hesitate to tell him so.

Lord P. (*gravely*). Quite right, too.

Lord D. But tell me something. Are you going to disarm?

Lord P. Did you see what MUSURUS said, the other day, when they launched the Sultan's frigate? It is easier to keep order in a society of Lions than in a mixed community of Sheep and Wolves. None of your Greeks ever said a neater thing than that.

Lord D. Then we don't disarm.

Lord P. Who said that he approved of the abolition of capital punishment, but thought that *Messieurs les Assassins* ought to begin?

Lord D. And whom do you call assassins? Not your friends who broke into Schleswig-Holstein, I hope.

Lord P. Of course not, nor your friends who have restored order in Poland and Circassia.

Lord D. Nor everybody's friend, (the POPE included,) who is ready to restore order everywhere. Well, as no gentleman could mean disagreeable allusion to those quarters, you must mean—

Lord P. Will you keep it to yourself, if I tell you?

Lord D. I am HARPOCRATES.

Lord P. Well then, I do not see how we can advise Parliament to agree to a reduction of our armaments while that infamous and blood-thirsty tyrant, the KING OF BONNY, menaces the world, and while that ambitious and anti-Christian female, the QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, is building two new canoes, and arming fifteen additional cannibals.

Lord D. I think that you are quite right.

Lord P. Ah, but will you say so elsewhere?

Lord D. Nothing is so immoral as making promises, unless you intend to break them, which I never do. It is discounting your life. But if I hear anything satisfactory about the Reform Bill, touching which I am sure you will let me know the decision when it is intimated to yourself, *M. le Premier*,—

Lord P. You are a first-rate translator, my dear DERBY, but POPE also has his merits as a poet. Doesn't he say something like this?

"It grieves me much (replied the Peer again),
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain."

Lord D. Very good. But don't gird at my occupying my leisure in rendering a service to the lovers of grand poetry. Better imitate me, and translate something yourself.

Lord S. No (*after a pause*). We translate nothing but Bishops.

Lord D. SHAFTESBURY has joked. *Ruat cælum!*

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. IV.—SOME GENERAL RULES FOR ACTING.

BEFORE attempting to lay down rules for the guidance of Actors in particular lines of business, there are some general principles, applicable to all acting, which must be carefully borne in mind.

It is very commonly said, that the object of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to Nature, and show the age and body of the time its form and purpose." This is a maxim of SHAKSPEARE's, and like the rest of his directions to the players in *Hamlet*, may have been all very well in the infancy of the theatre, but you might just as well say that we should bring back the naked boards with plain curtains at the back, the indication of changes of scene by printed placards, and the few ragged serving-men, who did duty for our crowds of supers, because such were the appointments of SHAKSPEARE's stage, as that we should accept his immature conceptions of the Actor's art.

Like all other branches of the fine arts, the representation of the stage begins without Art, and ends without Nature. It passes from child-like imitation to imaginative invention. SHAKSPEARE's Actors were in the first stage; you are, or should be, in the last. You may therefore safely conclude that if holding the mirror up to Nature be compatible with other and higher objects, there is no objection to it; but that if Nature puts you out, as she is pretty sure to put out all who are not slavishly subservient to her, she may be thrust on one side, without hesitation.

Never forget that while on the stage, you ought to consider yourself the most important figure in the picture. In the same way that you should, as a general rule, avoid distracting your mind by any consideration of the other parts in the piece, and concentrate yourself on your own, it is important, as regards appearance, that you should think, above all things, of yourself. Never mind the part. That is the Author's business. It is yours to produce a favourable impression on the public, and to enhance your value in the eyes of the Manager. For this purpose, you must never allow yourself to be disfigured. This rule applies especially to the ladies. If

the Author forget himself so far as to give you the part of an old, ugly, or disagreeable female, do your best to defeat his malignant intention, by making up as youthfully, prettily, and coquettishly as possible. For the same reason, decline whenever possible, characters which the Author means to be odious, or if you must act them, take out as much as you can of their offensive elements. You will thus be a pleasant, instead of a repulsive figure, in the picture; the public eye and mind will be pleased; and should the Author, as he very probably will, grumble—for these people are never satisfied—you can have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done him a kindness against his will.

The stage is, even now, not without examples of artists so deplorably mistaken as habitually to forget themselves in their parts. They are so deficient in self-respect, that they allow themselves to become mere puppets in the Author's hands, and to be made odious, ugly, old, or disagreeable at his pleasure. What is the consequence? The public talks a great deal about the part, but it overlooks the personality of the Actor, whose mistake thus properly punishes itself by reducing him to insignificance.

Always reserve yourself till you have to speak. In real life people habitually betray emotion or passion by their looks and gestures, while others are speaking, or while watching an action; but the Author has given you words to express what you feel, and it is never wise to anticipate them. One may now and then see Actors whose looks and byplay are a perpetual comment on the action of the scene, just as they are in real life. This is at once an impertinence to their comrades, and an intrusion on the attention of the audience, which ought to be concentrated on the speaker. Guard yourself, therefore, against letting out what you feel, till your cue comes, then suddenly throw off your immobility of face and figure, and "up and at them." This will give relief and vivacity to your impersonation.

The intervals during which the other Actors are speaking should be to you so many opportunities of repose—breathing times for fresh effort. Make up the most agreeable face, and take the most graceful gesture you can, and keep it, whenever you are not delivering what is set down for you.

Never allow yourself to be thrust into the back-ground by those who are with you on the stage. Get well back, whenever possible, so as to bring your own face well in the public eye, and to keep your interlocutor out of it.

Applause is the real test of the Actor's success. Go in for it with determination. There are many little arts which may be successfully employed to awaken the apathy of a dull house.

Among the surest is to be loud and emphatic towards the conclusion of a rapidly-delivered speech, being careful to "take the stage" at the same moment, and to strike an attitude as near the proscenium as possible. This, with an appealing look at the house, seldom fails to bring down a good round.

Always insist on having a good speech for your exit. It is cruel to send an Actor off the stage in dead silence, as Authors will often do, if not properly looked after, on the selfish plea that a striking speech at this particular point, would be inconsistent with the character, or incompatible with the general effect.

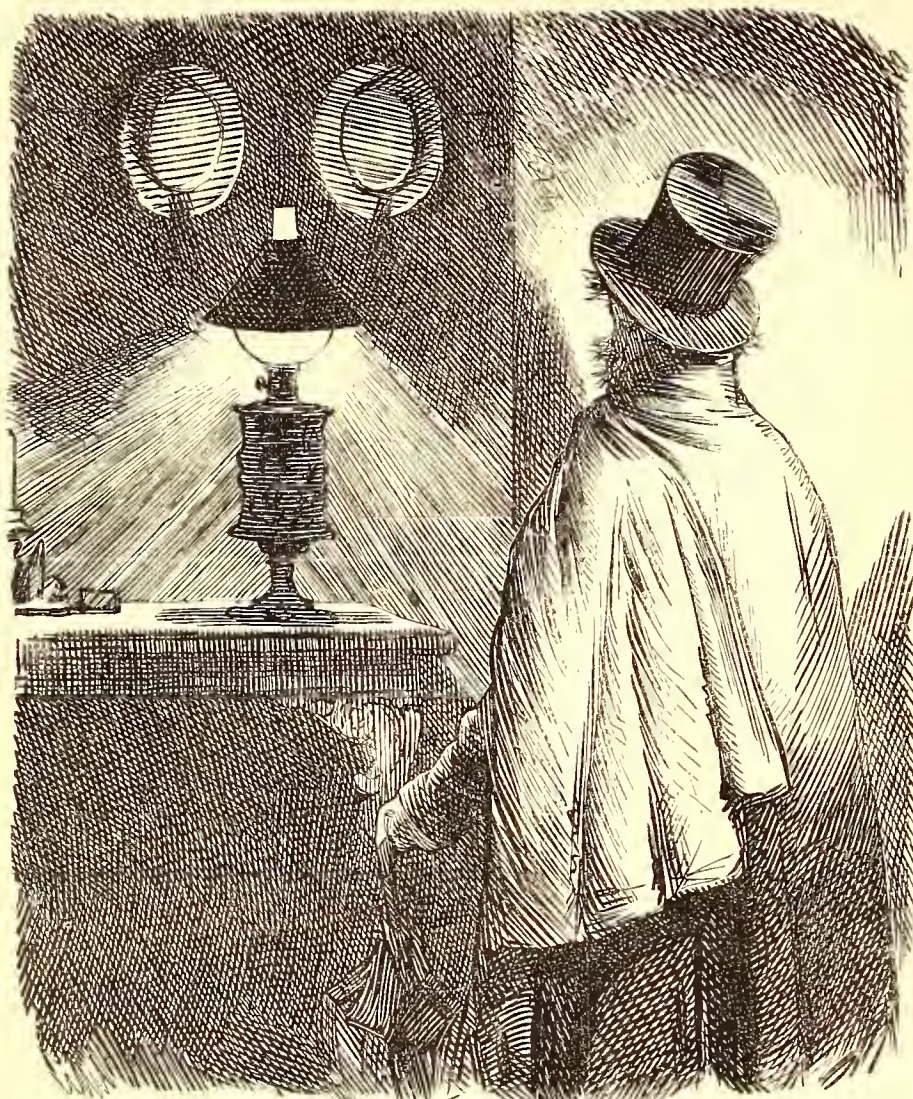
See that your walk on the stage is carefully distinguished from that of people in actual life. This applies both to serious and comic acting. The stage walk is, however, so generally practised in the profession, that it is hardly necessary to insist on this rule.

Your stage voice should be equally distinguishable from that used by you when off the stage. I do not refer merely to the greater distinctness of enunciation required to make yourself audible in a large space, but to the management of the larynx, and organs of speech altogether. Ladies will find it useful to practise a special stage gamut, both for pathos and fun, which, as a general rule, should bring into play a set of notes hardly ever resorted to in real life.

If your part is a bad one, do not be led away by the Author's invidious assurance that something may still be done with it. You have only two courses before you—to let it down by the run, or to force it up into exaggerated importance. Which course is to be followed in any case, must be determined by circumstances. Either will be a caution to the Author to treat you with more consideration in future.

"Cauls" used to be much trusted in as preservatives from drowning. They are still often useful in keeping afloat theatrical reputations.

Always work for a call at the fall of the curtain. If one comes, however faint and doubtful, take it boldly. It will be sure to swell to enthusiasm on your appearance behind the float. The public loves to recognise everything which shows a genial confidence in its judgment and generosity. If the call do not come of itself, it is as well to have some friends in the house to remind the public of what it owes you. It is rare, indeed, that a generous example is not followed by a British public. In the case of the ladies, it is hardly necessary to say, that a little timely precaution may always secure not only a call, but a shower of *bouquets*. They may be purchased at a moderate rate, but of imposing size and brilliant appearance, for this purpose, in Covent Garden Market, which is so conveniently situated for our principal theatres.



THE AWFUL APPARITION

THAT APPEARED TO MR. SKEARY, ON GETTING HOME AFTER THE SPIRITUAL SEANCE (AND LITTLE SUPPER), AND WHICH HAD SUCH AN EFFECT ON HIS NERVES THAT HE COULD NOT GO TO BUSINESS THE NEXT DAY.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

SUCCESS in Parliamentary practice is not to be obtained in a day, and we in England, who after hundreds of troublesome years, are now bringing our Legislative Assemblies into something like working order, should not withhold from our Continental friends any assistance that may encourage them in the excellent constitutional course they have lately adopted.

We regret to observe that a want of harmony characterises the proceedings of the Italian Parliament. O Italy! Land of song! can such things be! Melancholy, but true. Is there not a remedy? Ay, there is. Where are those musical swallows flying, flying South after the London Season is over? We wish no possible harm to VICTOR-EMMANUEL, but wouldn't he, just to oblige a lady, abdicate in favour of MADAME GRISI, to be henceforth known only as Queen of Italy. Could HIS HOLINESS object to this? Wherever the capital of Italy, wouldn't every one, ay even *now*, flock to hear QUEEN JULIA THE FIRST open the Session with "*Casta Diva*?" CIALDINI might be entrusted with a double bass, a big drum, or a trumpet, on any one of which he might learn a few notes, unobjectionable to an audience and pleasant to himself.

The cast of the new Administration should be as follows:—

Minister of War	SIGNOR MARIO (<i>as the Count Almaviva</i>).
Leader of the Opposition	{ MLE. ALBONI (<i>as the Page in the</i> <i>Huguenots, with the Song of "No, No,</i> <i>No, No!"</i>)
Minister of Finance	SIGNOR RONCONI.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.
Home Secretary	SIGNOR GIUGLINI.
Minister of Religion, &c.	SIGNOR CIAMPI.
Usher (the Gentleman known in books of the Libretto as)	{ N. N. (NOBODY NOWS) To be filled up as occasion may require.

The whole under the personal Direction of SIGNOR COSTA.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE Place is the Postmastership. The Man is MR. WILLIAM COOPER. The qualification of the latter for the former consists in a service of thirty years as Chief Clerk in the Southampton Post Office, and a special knowledge of its business acquired during that time. MR. COOPER is a sound Liberal, but the claims of the man to occupy the place are so much greater than those of anybody else, that they would be recognised by any Conservative Government which dispensed patronage with the least regard to merit. A Government professing Liberal principles would, if it acted on any principle at all but that of favouritism, appoint MR. COOPER to the Southampton Postmastership, although, instead of being on the right side, he were an out-and-out Derbyite, and it were his fault that Southampton, as far as she is represented at all, is represented by a Tory. These things being considered, we should not wonder if the right man, MR. COOPER, were actually put by the Postmaster-General under LORD PALMERSTON into the right place—the Postmastership of Southampton.

MORE GERMAN-ENGLISH.

THE satisfaction which *Mr. Punch* expressed, some time ago, at the progress of the English language in Bonn, has excited emulation in other parts of the Continent. He has received several interesting letters from worthy Germans, eager to show that they too have mastered our tongue, and he selects a notice which is hung up in the bed-rooms of an hotel in the City of Evil Smells, on the Rhine. He has not tried the place, and therefore abstains from crowding it with the myriads of travellers who would rush thither, did he name it. But if the physical entertainment offered there be as good as the literary entertainment afforded by the notification, the Hotel must be a very excellent one:—

"TO MY GUEST.

"In the interest of the Visitors who will honour my hotel with their presence, I don't fail to inform that they have not to give any Drinkings Money the people employed in my house, and that also the charge to bring their Luggages to the Diligences and Steamers is included in the Account they have to Pay and therefore nobody can request somewhat to a Traveller by what Pretext it would be."

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—"Hooked it."

The report of the first Sitting might be something of this sort:—

The proceedings were commenced by SIGNOR COSTA taking his seat in the orchestra, which is so situated as to divide the Members of the Opposition from those siding with the Government. The entrance of this distinguished leader was the signal for a burst of irrepressible applause, in which the wives, daughters, cousins, and other female relations of the Senators, thronging the galleries, most enthusiastically joined. Order being restored, SIGNOR COSTA spoke a few words good humouredly to the First Violin, who replied in a semi-tone, which was inaudible in the reporters' gallery, and, after tapping his desk sharply with his *bâton*, he flourished it once in the air, and then, as one man, the orchestra gave the first note of the overture to *Italiani in Algeria*. The performance of this great work was most admirable.

The motion that "This House do form itself into a Committee of Druids" having been acceded to, SIGNOR CIAMPI, the Minister of Religion, having in the kindest manner undertaken the music of *Oroveso*, led the "*Ah, del tedio al giogo indegno*," in which the entire Senate solemnly joined. We would suggest that another time the Members of the Opposition should have their white beards and wigs ready to slip on *directly* the chorus commences, as some delay was occasioned by their want of foresight.

At "*Norma viene, le cinge la chioma*" the House rose in a body, and QUEEN JULIA majestically entered the building, and having ascended the steps leading to the Throne, at once commenced the immortal "*Casta Diva*."

It will not be out of place to remind those Members of the Legislature, who are unacquainted with, or unable to sing the music, that they ought not to attempt to join in here and there, nor to venture upon any other melody than that set down for them. We would respectfully point out to the ladies in the gallery, that they should avoid turning over the leaves of their books during the solos. All these defects will, doubtless, be remedied before our next Sitting.

After the song and chorus the Queen retired, and SIGNOR MARIO (for whose hoarseness a printed apology was circulated throughout the

House) declared, in recitative, the Parliament opened. Strange to say, we never heard him in finer voice.

SIGNOR RONCONI, who was greeted with long and loud applause, then rose and sang. The first part of his speech, on the Budget, was chiefly addressed to the country members; he began—"Udite, udite, O Rustici, attenti, non fiate." (*Bravo, Figaro, Bravo!*) The honourable Member begged to remind the gentlemen, whose applause was no doubt ironical, that he appeared there as *Doctor Dulcamara*. (*Bravo! Bravissimo!*) He continued—"Ch'io sono quel gran medico, dottore Enciclopedico chiamato Dulcamara." Here the Minister of Finance went off from *andante* into *prestissimo*, and we were totally unable to follow him. The honourable gentleman concluded the movement with (as near as we could catch the words) "*più d' un' afflitta vedova di piangere cessò.*"

Chorus. (Oh!)

He then made some further explanations. But what with the volubility of the singer, the unsteadiness of the chorus, who however managed to chime in effectively at the finale, and the fact of the band being just a trifle too loud, we were unable to hear distinctly more than the first words, which sounded to us remarkably like "*Così chiaro.*" At the conclusion there was a great deal of applause, which was immediately repressed by N. N. and the other ushers.

The remainder of the debate, we, for the benefit of the English who are so greatly interested in our progress, transfer to our columns from the note-book of an eminent Translator of Libretti, who was present in an official capacity.

The Minister of War (recitative). My friends (*chord*) and dear companions, who are around me! (*chord.*) I love to see ye, and with welcome greet ye (*chord*). And now to work, to business! (*Trum, trum, two decisive chords, after which the Aria.*)

How sweetly throbs
My beating heart!

(*Aside.*) But tear myself away
Oh, how that task perform!

Chorus. Oh, heavens!

Minister of War (continues). Italia, oh Italia!

A thousand voices raise

Their cry. But ah!

Revenge no bounds knows.

Chorus. What rapture! He is some great one!

Secretary of State. Upon the hills of Rome

The banners of the foe advance.

Leader of Opposition (aside). With rage my heart is bursting.

Chorus (vaguely). How? Oh, torment!

Minister of Religion (rising). Hear me, you wicked Syren.

Pity for you, never. 'Tis I

Who have changed their dealing with this hand.

Chorus. Unhappy one!

Signor Mario. The Sitting (*chord*) is (*chord*) concluded!

(*Chord, chord.*)

All.

Leader of Opposition

and

Chorus (aside).

Joy! joy! Oh happy day!

With rage, { my } heart is bursting!
 { his }
 { our }

Hurrah! hurrah!

We must be silent! Huzza!

Joy! joy! Let the bottle make up for our labours.

[*They retire, and the Ushers clear the gallery and close the House for night.*]

And if after this Italians neglect the hint, all we can say is, we are sorry for them.

MR. MANTALINI IN HYSTERICS.



ND has it come to this? We have lived to be attacked by *Mr. Mantalini*. Even the man-milliner's gentle soul has been aroused against us. "The little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," barked at *King Lear*, he said, but what a very little dog whines against *Mr. Punch*. If it were not rather a vulgar little dog, we should say it was the tiny one which the Prince in the fairy tale had to find for his Papa.

Mr. Mantalini (as the other milliners know), when wearied of turning the mangle, looked out for other occupation, and ultimately became editor of *Le Follet*. We knew this, but never told, and we have been very kind to him, for the sake of many merry memories. But we regret

to say, that "*ALFRED*" has turned naughty, and scolds us demnably. He is a very naughty *ALFRED*, for he sets out with a declaration that he wishes to imitate another *ALFRED*, now extinct, who presided over "a thousand worlds, peopled with millions of little opera-dancers." What would *Madame Mantalini* say to that?

ALFRED is very spiteful, and much as we like him, we must ask *Madame Mantalini* to give him ever so little a rap with a stay-bone on his little knuckles, for spoiling so pretty a paper as *Le Follet* with this wilful, wayward writing:—

"*Punch* used to be demnably funny, and his pippetty-poppetty pokes made one laugh like—like demnition. But what a demd falling off. None but a very low and ungentle mind could have found anything rude in what proceeded from our angel of a little gold pen, and perfumed ink (oh, so nice, dem it), when we were writing a little tickley-wickley article about our patronesses, the adored and enchanting ladies of fashion. The rude beast—he shall be horsewhipped till he cries out demnably. Our first will not prove to be our last word with *Punch*, though such low company gives us a headache, as if fifty thousand bonnet boxes had tumbled down upon our head at once."

Now, *ALFRED*, this is very unkind. When have we been so

cruel and wicked, dear fellow, as to accuse you of meaning anything at all? And why will you, abandoning your own sweet manner, break out in the manner of the other and extinct *ALFRED*, whose effort in the satirical line, as you say, caused *Mr. Punch* to leave him thenceforth and for ever in his own cesspool. You are very smart, we allow. Your little onslaught is exactly in the usual gentlemanly style in which *Mr. Punch* is abused. But then, most other people *ALFRED*, who launch these epigrams, have reasons for it. *Mr. Punch* has either refused their rubbish, or castigated their folly, or done them a kindness, or in some way justified their spite. But for you, *Mantalini*, dear, he has never had anything but the prettiest compliments—sugar-plum critiques—rosewater crackers. There is a compliment in the very article you are pettish about, pet, if you could only understand it. What has gone wrong with the poppet of *Le Follet*? Has it been eating too many mince-pies for luck before Christmas? That is sad, but *Madame* must give it some gruel. We cannot be angry with our *ALFRED*, but he is a demnition goosey-gander.

METEOROLOGICAL APPOINTMENT.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Clerk of the Weather Office, but nobody ever supposed that the Office so called was one of the Government Offices, notwithstanding the existence of ADMIRAL FITZROY's department. Still the gallant Admiral who presides over that department is not generally imagined to have any control over the weather. It is, however, easy to foresee the questions which will occur to many single-minded persons on reading this announcement, extracted from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"SUPERINTENDENCE OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.—MR. YOUNG, Engineer of the Light-house Steamer *Pharos*, has received the appointment of Superintendent of Northern Lights, vacant by the resignation of MR. SCOTT."

Is it possible that the Northern Lights, of which MR. SCOTT has resigned the superintendence, are the same as those referred to by a namesake of MR. SCOTT's in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*?—

"And he knew by the streamers that shot so bright,
That the Spirits were riding the Northern Light."

And has the Admiralty actually appointed MR. YOUNG to superintend the Aurora Borealis?

To Cambridge Students.

THE Cambridge authorities have given out this as the subject for the Latin epigram this year:—

"Mille adde catenas,
Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus."

They request *Mr. Punch* to inform competitors that there is to be no allusion to the DAVENPORT humbug, suggestive though the adjective may be.



POOR SPRIGGLES (WHO IS AN ENERGETIC DANCER) HAS MET WITH A SAD MISHAP. IN FACT, HE HAS BURST HIS BRACES.
[General Commiseration misapplied and unavailing.]

THE WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THE JOURNEY—(CONCLUDED).

Wonder if that's my portmanteau that that elderly gentleman is taking away with him.

Wonder if they'll send to meet me at the station.

Wonder (if they don't send) whether there's a fly or an omnibus.

Wonder where their house is.

Wonder if the station-master knows where their house is.

Wonder what a fly will charge.

Wonder what I shall do if they don't send, and there isn't a fly or an omnibus.

Wonder what time they dine.

Wonder if I shall have time to write a letter before dinner.

Wonder, for the sixth time, whether I gave my writing-case to the guard, or left it in the cab.

Wonder if I *did* leave it in the cab.

Wonder if this is where I get out.

SMALL STATION.

Wonder if the guard is right in saying that as, I'm going to Reddton, it doesn't matter whether I get out at the next station Stonnhurst, or Morley Vale, the next but one.

Wonder for which place my luggage was labelled.

Wonder whether after getting out at Stonnhurst I shall have to go back for my luggage to Morley Vale.

Wonder if I do right in deciding upon getting out at Stonnhurst.

STONNHURST.

Wonder if my luggage has gone on to Morley Vale.

Wonder if I left my umbrella in the carriage, or forgot to bring it.

Wonder how far it is from Stonnhurst to Morley Vale.

Wonder if they've sent a trap to meet me at Morley Vale.

Wonder why, when people invite one to come down to some out-of-the-way place, they don't tell one all these difficulties in their letter.

Wonder if they'll have sense enough to drive to Stonnhurst from Morley Vale.

Wonder if I shall meet them on the road, if I walk there.

Wonder which *is* the road.

Wonder, in answer to demand at the station-door where I put my ticket.

Wonder if I dropped it in the carriage.

Wonder what I can have done with it.

Wonder if I put it into the side pocket of my over-coat when I took out my lights.

Wonder where the deuce my over-coat is.

SHYLOCK AND SOAPSUDS.

In a recent police case, a matron of the washerwomanish persuasion was charged with passing a bad half-crown in payment to a small tradesman of the nation absurdly called the Jewish persuasion. She did not seem to disclaim knowledge that the coin was not from the QUEEN'S Mint, but defended herself by alleging that the complainant had a bit of lead under the scale in which he put the article sold. It was SHERIDAN over again—the coachman said, "A bad shilling, your Honour!"—"All right; yours is a bad coach." The tradesman gave false weight, the customer gave false money. Was this a case for legal interference, or was it not an instance of the healthy way in which commerce adjusts itself, if only let alone? The plaint was dismissed on low grounds, as usual, but the Magistrate might have appealed to the laws of high political economy. We rather admire that washerwoman, but should not care to entrust her with our best shirt.

Unpublished Anecdote.

FOOTE fell asleep while OPIE was taking his portrait. On leaving, the painter pressed the wit to give him another sitting. "On one condition," said FOOTE, "that you do not give me another opiate."

"DOING BANTING."—Pocketing half a dozen of his pamphlets, and not stopping to pay for them.



COOL, BUT SEASONABLE.

Swell. "WELL, JONES, WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU NOW IN FOR?"

Sheriff's Officer. "I AIN'T IN FOR NO ONE; BUT I CALLED TO SEE WHETHER YOUR HONOUR WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHRISTMAS BOX, CAUSE I HAVE BEEN HERE A MANY TIMES DURING THE YEAR."

NO MORE BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES!

SIR,—Permit me to offer the public a hint, which, at the present festive but wintry season, is calculated to prevent great inconvenience in families, and save a large and respectable class of tradesmen from an overwhelming excess of business.

Persons who attend to those signs of the *Times* which ADMIRAL FITZROY daily publishes in that journal, and also keep a weather-eye open to their own cheek, will generally be enabled to foresee the approach of a frost. If they will then immediately take the precaution of turning the stopcocks of their waterpipes, so as to set the water dripping, if ever so slowly, that will suffice effectually to prevent the water in the pipes from freezing, and the pipes from consequently bursting.

This suggestion, to be sure, has not the merit of novelty, but it may never have been known to some, and may have been forgotten by others, and it may be felt to come with more weight from

A PLUMBER AND GLAZIER.

Solder Street, Christmas, 1864.

[We have much pleasure in requesting our generous correspondent to consider himself decorated with the medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Disinterested Benevolence.—PUNCH.]

No Cure and High Pay.

QUACK medicine not only does not cure the simpletons who have recourse to it, but makes them worse. The practice of a Quack Doctor is the most objectionable of all sine-cures.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO HIS ARMY.

THE glorious warfare with Denmark is ended;
Hurrah for the strong with the weak who contended!
You've won glorious prey with your rifles and sabres;
And have you not gloriously slaughter'd our neighbours?

Nigh fifty years Prussia's arms ne'er have been gory,
Save once, for a spurt; you've renewed their old glory;
The privilege yours of that grand operation,
Dismemberment, done on the small Danish nation.

Proud Prussia, be thanked your heroic endeavour,
Shall Düppel and Alsen remember for ever!
Whilst up to your noses in bloodshed you waded,
My fleet, undismayed, the brave massacre aided.

My august ally's forces with you, too, were landed,
Together you conquered the Danes single-handed.
Heaven's blessing rests on you for special occasion,
You've been faithful, obedient, and brave in invasion.

While you against Denmark, on pretext of righting
Oppressed nationality, bravely were fighting,
One part of my army, with prowess surprising,
Prevented my bad Polish subjects from rising.

With joy and with pride I survey you, my glorious
Whole forces, returning with plunder, victorious;
May Heaven further watch over Prussia, and bless her,
And still of her neighbours' possessions possess her.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

"THE revival of the Monastic System within the English Church, would," said the REVEREND VICAR OF BRAY, "bring back evil times to the Church." "Nay, my friend," quoth BROTHER IGNATIUS, "t would restore not the evil but the mediæval times." So saying, he retired.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—*The Tip of the Year.*

SOMETHING LIKE A SCULLING MATCH!

ROWING readers of the *Bristol Mercury*, on Saturday, the seven-teenth, must have been a little startled by the following:—

GREAT BOAT RACE.—The race between FRANK KILSBY and DAVID COOMBES (son of the late ex-champion), for £200, from Putney to Margate, came off on Tuesday. The betting finally settled at 6 and 7 to 4 on COOMBES. They got off to an excellent start. COOMBES won by 45 seconds.

The writer well may call this a "great" race, if it be true that the two men did really row from Putney all the way to Margate. And how surprising that the winner in such a match as this should have headed his opponent by but five and forty seconds! It must have been a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull well together. Matches usually take place from Putney merely up to Mortlake: but instead of fancying there has been a misprint, we prefer to put on record, for the benefit of some MACAULAY of the future, this proof of the gigantic powers of our oarsmen which this British print describes.

CANNIBALISM IN THE LAND OF CAKES.

At the last meeting of the Anthropological Society, according to a report of that learned body's proceedings, "the question of cannibalism was taken up rather warmly by MR. M. CLAY, a native of Caithness, who was anxious to exculpate his ancestors from such a charge." MR. CLAY argued that "the fact of the finding of a single jaw-bone of a child among shells and bones, the refuse of food, was no proof of cannibalism." Certainly. An isolated fact is no proof. It is questionable evidence. But what if that particular fact did prove cannibalism? Of itself it would establish nothing more than the existence of a pre-historic SAWNEY BEAN, no ancestor, necessarily, of MR. CLAY. At present cannibalism is unknown in the Land of Cakes. Horse has been eaten by some Frenchmen; but no Scotch Sabbatarian has as yet dined off donkey.

THE GREAT ROPE-TYING MISS-TERY is pictorially explained in the last page of *Punch's Almanack*, which contains a faithful picture of how Professor PUNCH was tied in such a way that he had no power to free himself. Don't be fool enough to go and give a guinea for a *séance*, when the Professor here for Threepence shows you how to do the trick.

NOTE FROM A COOKOO.



ERTAINLY the following advertisement deserves attention:—

WANTED, for a County Lunatic Asylum, a MAN COOK, wages £65; a Woman Cook, wages about £25; also several Laundrymaids or Washers, wages £14, with all found.

and it seems to have attracted the attention of our Colwell Hatchney correspondent. He has sent us the following communication to be laid before the proper authorities:—

Sirs,—Your Petitioner is a Man Cook, and likes the occupation, having had experience in the kitchens of the King of the Cannibal Islands and other magnificoes. He can also be a woman cook: cau join in

a glee, and wages no object, if paid regularly. He will cook also several laundry-maids and washers, if they are, as the advertisement states, all found. Your Petitioner begs to submit to your Honourable House and others, a sketch of a Banquet arranged by the humble Petitioner for the Lord Mayor's Day, which honourable Banquet sheweth, &c., &c., &c. Here, if you please, is the—

[ORDER OF THE BANQUET.]

The Third Course.—Pumphandles rampant, with a Bar-sinister stewed. Gules in the corner crying.

The First Course.—Mutton, by mistake. During this the band, from the nearest footman's hat, will play a morsel.

Second Dish.—Nothing, with a cover over it.

Side Dishes to be eaten in silence under the table. Lights out, and all hands tied. Speeches not admitted after seven. Ghosts in bonnets not allowed on the hearthrug. The *Sauce piquante* for this dish must be, boat and all, forced down the throat of the hireling Greengrocer.

Fifth Dish.—Jack Puddings. Instructions for eating; open your mouth, shut your eyes, and see what you'll get. Hauds across, and return to your places.

Entremets.—Black beetles in chains. Hot spectacles fresh from Vesuvius. Custards (*heard outside*).

To follow.—The Original Bones.

Piece of Resistance.—Struggle with the butler who brings in the beef. Upset the gravy. Give no quarter! Down with him even to the dust (if any)! Coalscuttle him, and when firmly seated, recite to him in an undertone the homily on the repairing and keeping clean of churches. Let him move if he dare.

The Vegetables will of course be under the able direction of MR. ALFRED MELLON.

Dessert.—Great attention has been paid to this department; so there will not be any.

No expense has been spared to render this repast the most perfect of its kind ever yet witnessed, out of metropolitan and the surrounding districts (*hear, hear!*), and if the Statues of the Metropolis (*ironical cheers*) will but smile upon our endeavours (*tumultuous applause, which was quelled by a gentleman insisting upon giving his name and address*), then I may safely say (*hisses and groans*) that (*what?*) Box and Cox are satisfied. (*Question! Uproar, during which the Rhinoceros, having finished shaving, left the room.*)

And your Petitioner will, as he said before, ever pray, except when doing something else, &c., &c., and begs, in accordance with a time-honoured custom, to sign himself

Q. E. D.

Seasonable Sentiment.

LET Charity reign supreme from the twenty-fifth of December, and let all party-feeling be dropped, except a Christmas-party feeling, very jolly, good-natured, and happy.

NO MORE QUACK MEDICINE. *Punch's Almanack* will cure the Gout, the Cholic, and the Phthisic; and for Nervousness, Low Spirits, Indigestion, Ague, Asthma, Cramp, Blue Devils, and Rheumatism it is generally allowed to be the very best of physic. So buy no more quack brain pills, or other useless medicines; but consult good Doctor PUNCH, and purchase his all-curing *Almanack*, which has given relief to Thousands upon Thousands of poor sufferers, and will prove a priceless boon to many a million more.

THE COLENZO CASE.

(N.B.—During the hearing of this case the galleries have been thronged by Ladies.)

SCENE—Drawing-room in MRS. CODDLE'S house. Time, four o'clock. The REV. NATHANIEL PAMBY, a young Curate from the Country, has just dropped in to partake of "the cup that cheers."

Mrs. Coddle (using a hand-screen). As you say, MR. PAMBY, this BISHOP COLENZO affair is a very serious matter.

The Rev. Pamby (staring at the fire vacantly). Yes. It's a—er—(suddenly)—I haven't seen the papers for a day or two. I should like to hear the arguments on either side. (*Ruminating on toast.*) Most important.

Mrs. Coddle. Ah! it's so interesting. You ought to read it. And—(inspired)—oh! MR. PAMBY, now you're here, I must ask you, what is the whole state of the case?

Rev. Mr. Pamby (rather taken aback). The COLENZO case?

Mrs. Coddle. Yes. Of course I know he wrote books about the—the—(means "the Pentateuch," but isn't quite decided as to the pronunciation).

Rev. Mr. Pamby (coming to the rescue, and asserting his superiority). The Pentateuch?

Mrs. Coddle (much relieved—gratefully). Yes, that's it. (*Doesn't trust herself with the word.*)

Rev. Mr. Pamby. Well—er—you see it's a long and somewhat intricate matter; one, perhaps, that would hardly—er—bear—(*wanders, but refreshes his intellect with a sip of tea*)—well, the point is this—

[Servant enters, and announces "MRS. MUDDLE." After the usual greetings, and the necessary introduction, the conversation is thus continued—

Mrs. Muddle. I am so tired! I've been in Court all day.

Mrs. Coddle. In Court?

Mrs. Muddle. Yes, hearing the case which of course interests you, MR.—(is going to say "DANBY," but checks herself, and confesses her ignorance). I beg your pardou (*turning to MRS. CODDLE*), I didn't quite catch the—

Rev. Mr. Pamby (humbly and meekly). PAMBY.

Mrs. Muddle. MR. PAMBY—(the Reverend gentleman bows smilingly)—of course it interests you?

Mrs. Coddle. MR. PAMBY was just telling me, my dear, as you came in, the whole point of the case.

Rev. Mr. Pamby (waiving his right to be heard). But you, Madam, have just come from it, and so of course are better able to—to—

Mrs. Muddle. I've followed it closely in what they call an official capacity.

Mrs. Coddle. Official, my dear—

Mrs. Muddle. Yes; I'm sure MR.—MR.—(*gives it up, and substitutes a form*)—this gentleman will keep my confidence. (*The Reverend gentleman intimates by something between a smile and a snort, that he's ready for anything in the way of feminine confidences.*) Well, I'm reporting the case for the Ecclesiastical Englishwoman's Anglican Weekly Journal, and here (*producing pocket-book*) are my notes.

Mrs. Coddle. Oh, do let's hear them.

Rev. Mr. Pamby. I should so like, if it would not be too much trouble—

Mrs. Muddle (*making a show of reluctance*). Ah, it will be boring you.

Mrs. Coddle. Boring, my dear! I was only just saying, as you came in, that, &c., &c.

Mrs. Pamby. Yes, we were only just saying, &c. (*Joins in the duet, and corroborates MRS. CODDLE'S statement.*)

Mrs. Muddle. Well, then, the case is this. (*Refers to her notes.*) First, the BISHOP—oh no, I won't begin with *that*. No—you must know that the ARCHBISHOP OF—or, rather, I should say, to make it clearer, for it is a little difficult to make you understand the whole case at once (*her friends nod approvingly, and smile encouragingly*)—yes—well, you see, the BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN held a Synod with two others and one who hadn't anything to do with the place, and they deposed DR. GRAY—no, I mean DR. COLENZO, who's the Bishop of Natal; and then when a Suffering Bishop (REV. MR. PAMBY *thinks that she means "Suffragan" perhaps*) is sent away, he has a right to appeal to the Crown in Council, at least the question is, whether there was a Patent—yes, a patent, you know, or president—(*refers to her notes*)—no (*spelling the notes*) a p-r-e—it's half rubbed out—no, precedent. And SIR HUGH CAIRNS says that there was a LUCY (*he didn't mention the surname*) who quarrelled with the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S. I couldn't exactly catch whether LUCY was his wife, or not, or any relation to DR. COLENZO, but they all said it was of great importance; but of course the position of the Church in the Colonies is the chief thing to be considered.

Mrs. Coddle (*sagely*). Ah!

(REV. MR. PAMBY says "Ah!" too, and thinks he ought to get the subject up thoroughly.)

Mrs. Muddle. Oh, it's most interesting. You see the QUEEN in

Council at least—(tries to read her notes). I've got something here about a statute. (Thinks.) Now, what was that?—a statue of HENRY THE EIGHTH? (Musingly.) It can't be Charing Cross—no, that's CHARLES THE FIRST. Ah!—well—(gives up the point)—at all events the question is, whether the Colony of Natal was conquered by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—

Rev. Mr. Pamby (a little surprised). But surely—

Mrs. Muddle. I assure you that's the legal view—I followed every word. (The REV. MR. PAMBY makes up his mind to get up the subject thoroughly.) And—let me see—if the ARCHBISHOP conquered it, then DR. GRAY is no Bishop at all, or DR. COLENSO is no Bishop at all—one or the other—and there's no jurisdiction anywhere.

Mrs. Coddle (horried). You don't say so!

Mrs. Muddle. Yes, my dear, that's THE thing. So that (refers to notes)—let me see—"Oath"—"Contract"—"Chaneery"—ah, yes! I recollect—(resumes)—so that if BISHOP COLENSO took his oath to the BISHOP OF CAPE NATAL—I mean TOWN—then the contract between them would be brought before the KING in Chancery—if there happened to be any King in Chancery at the time; and if not, then the Primate and his delicates. (Refers to notes). No—(spells) D-e—Oh, yes! delegates—the Primate and the delegates act under the Metropolitan, and then he is a Bishop in any case, and has a right to be deprived, or not, as he likes, without reference to the QUEEN in Council. Do you see?

Mrs. Coddle (afraid that if she says she doesn't, she'll have it all over again). Yes, I think I see it now.—(With truth.) But it is a very difficult subject to understand.

All Three (shaking heads). Yes, very difficult indeed.

Rev. Mr. Pamby (buttoning up his coat). I fear I must be going. Many thanks for your kind, &c., &c. Good-bye, &c., &c. Don't disturb yourself, &c., &c. Good-bye, &c., &c.

[Exit REV. MR. PAMBY, determined to get up the subject thoroughly. Scene closes.]

THE SANDWICHES' PETITION.

"700 BOARD-MEN have been thrown out of work by a recent order of the Police Commissioners against these perambulating advertisers."

PITY the sorrows of an animated Sandwich,
Wich his outside wages, well-beknown to all, 's a bob a day:
But is often done by contract, wich its wery 'ard lines, and which
The party as purwides the boards stops a brown off your pay.

The Crushers they are down on us, the pavement 'cos we cumbars,—
The world—wus luck,—'as always found men o' letters in the way:
And though we're bound in boards, and keep coming out in numbers,
We're hanything but pop'lar periodikles of the day.

We're dropped on by SIR RICHARD MAYNE, and the main-force he've
command of,

Pra'ps he ain't aware our wittles depends upon our board.
How would he like our board-work to take an 'Idden 'And of,
Placarded all with posters, just like a Builder's 'Oard.

With a letter of the Halfabet above your shoulders braced,
Just parade the Great Metropolis in Capitals, like we,
Or try a pair o' posters a pulling round your waist,
As we do, for a bob, all day, and a deal bored you would be!

'Ard is our boards, but 'arder still is cruel Boards o' Guardians;
You can't save on a bob a day, cold wittles though you heat;
As we braves all weathers, all year round, we're annuals and 'ardy 'uns,
But you can't have livin' Sandwiches, if they're muster'd without meat.

You that sleeps on snug four-posters, think on us that lives on two,
With to make a livin' out of 'cm's at best an 'ardish job;
SIR RICHARD, put us back agin into our irons, do,
And unharridged by your bobbies, leave us to arn our bob!

Queries for the Naval Schools.

WHEN a boat puts off for fresh meat, does it go on "a leg of mutton sail?"

How should you proceed if you were ordered to rig—the market?

Has the "christening" of a ship anything to do with its "conversion?"

SPIRITS! SPIRITS!! SPIRITS!!! *Punch's Almanack* will be found the best Medium in the world for introducing Spirits into stupid social stances. Directly you observe your guests beginning to look bored, send out and buy a score or two or three of *Punch's Almanacks*. Place one in the hands of every person present, and you will soon perceive that every one is put under the influence of good Spirits.

FROM BIRCHIN LANE.—Strange that schoolboys should like Christmas, seeing that it comes at the fag-end of the year.

PUNCH'S PANTOMIME!

(Illustrating our Large Illustration.)

GRAND POLITICAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE!!

BLAZE OF GLORY FOR THE END OF

1864!!!

[THE GENIUS BRITANNIA arises, and by her side her beautiful and favourite child, PUNCH. The various characters in the Drama of the Year throw off their disguises, and are announced as follows:—

- Britannia. Christmas again! Let's yield to mirth and laughter.
Punch. Sermons and soda-water the day after.
Britannia. NAPOLEON!—man of many-coloured aims—
As *Harlequin* lead off the Christmas games.
The Emperor. My best ally, to hear is to obey!
Houp-la! Eh, LAMBERT? L'Empire c'est la paix!
Britannia. Fair Italy, the pet of gallant France,
Be *Columbine*, and join him in the dance.
Italy. He's a sad flirt, but now he means, I hope,
To keep to me, and snub that cross old POPE.
Britannia. My ugly LINCOLN, you, so long and lean,
Must now, I fear, as *Pantaloone* be seen.
The President. Bully for you! Before I leave the saddle
I'm bound to make each rebel cuss skedaddle.
Britannia. PAM, since your jokes invariably go down,
Come, ever-green, and be our matchless *Clown*.
Lord Palm. Madam, at your command I feel much bolder—
A blest sight younger, and a bottle-holder.
Britannia. Old Year, be off! We're weary of your face.
[1864 sinks.]
New Year, appear, and take the old one's place!
[1865 rises.]
New Year. I'm all alive, may everybody thrive—
Wive, strive, and hive in Eighteen Sixty-Five.
Punch. Now let the sports begin for which you're panting,
Laugh and grow fat, and bother MR. BANTING!
I wish you all no end of jovial cheer,
A Happy Christmas and a Gay New Year!

FRANTIC MIRTH

AND

MAGNIFICENT AND IMPOSING TABLEAU REPRESENTING
PUNCH TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

INTO

1865.

THE ADVERTISING-BOARDMAN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Dedicated to the Police generally.)

In this jolly Christmas weather
Must I try the Work'us fare?
Keep body and soul together—
But I'm not yet going there.

From one doorstep to another
The police I keep on dodging;
For when they my board have taken,
They have also ta'en my lodging.

ABE LINCOLN'S ENIGMA.

THE following passage from MR. LINCOLN'S Message to Congress, may be puzzling, but is intelligible:—

"While corps and divisions and brigades and regiments have formed, and fought, and dwindled, and gone out of existence, a great majority of the men who composed them are still living."

How is it that certain corps and divisions and brigades and regiments, have, whilst a great majority of the men who composed them are still living, gone out of existence? That we can easily understand by considering them to have been Irish. The non-existence of the troops, and the existence of most of the men of whom they consisted, are not, of course, to be reconciled by the supposition that the latter skedaddled.

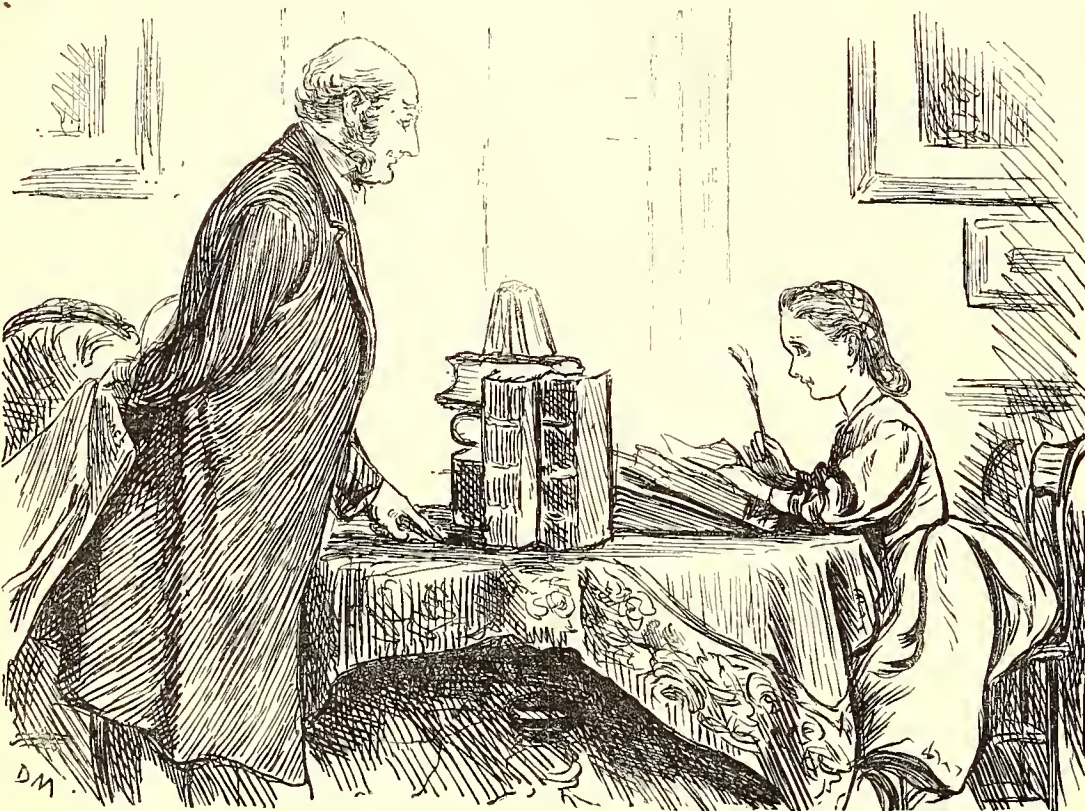
"COMPANION TO THE ALMANACK."—The Pocket-Book.

EDUCATION FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.



SCENE—Toy-Shop. Enter highly educated Youth of Twelve.

"OH, I WANT SOME TOY, OR CONJURING TRICK, OR SOMETHING THAT WOULD DO FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY OR THEREABOUTS; MY GRANDFATHER, IN POINT OF FACT,—YOU KNOW THE KIND OF THING, I DESSAY."



Papa. "WELL, LUCY, WHAT HAS MISS TRIMMER SET YOU TO DO FOR TO-MORROW?"

Lucy. "OH, PAPA, DEAR, IT'S ON PNEUMATICS IN RELATION TO—BUT YOU REALLY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, IF I TOLD YOU."

ARE YOU INVITED to a Christmas Party? Then be sure before you go to purchase *Punch's Almanack*. No pretty girl will dance with you if you have not bought it. Everything worth talking of will be found in its contents, and no evening's conversation can be complete without allusion to it.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—In consequence of the great success of *Phormio* at Westminster, the Upper Eton Boys are thinking of getting up an original Comedy, to be entitled *Sixth-formio*.

"PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE,
AND SMOKE IT."

(Being PUNCH's Advice to MR. THOMAS REYNOLDS, *Ex-Tailor*, and now Secretary of "The British Anti-Tobacco Association.")

AN old saw, sharp and slick,
Says "a cobbler should stick
To his last," and now PUNCH would invoke it,
To teach Snip, though let loose,
He should stick to his goose—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Lest *your* virtue should fail,
Why stop my cakes and ale?
Keep *me* thirsty for fear *you* should soak it?
Why must I stay at school
Because *you* are a fool?—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

From a good thing's abuse
To rave 'gainst its use,
Is mere folly, however zeal cloak it:
Ass his ears most betrays
When from platform he brays—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Heaven sent self-restraint
To mark sinner from saint,
Whilst the law gave the lash for who broke it:
I would rather trust Heaven,
Than your sour platform leaven—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Pot and pipe on the pyre
Of your self-righteous fire
You lay, and with zeal's hot coals stoke it:
But you nurse up the weeds
That conceit on cant breeds—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

Tobacco hath past
Through a King's counterblast,
Lives to laugh at the crown'd fool who woke it:
Nor will now go to grass
For the kiek of an ass—
Put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.]

Though you call to your aid
The informer's base trade,
We'll not dance to the scrape of your bowkit:
Still our cloud we will blow
Spite of REYNOLDS & Co.
So, put *that* in your pipe, Sir, and smoke it.

MEDALS FOR MERRY MEN.

ON the entry into Berlin of the Guards returning from the pillage of Denmark, and the slaughter of the Danes, according to one of REUTER's telegrams:—

"THE KING OF PRUSSIA made a speech in which he said that the Guards had added a new leaf to their glorious history. He announced that medals of commemoration would be granted to them, and special medals to those regiments who had borne a part in the assaults on Düppel and Alsen."

The new leaf which the heroes, who, as the agents of his Prussian Majesty, have wrested Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark, and plundered Jutland, will be generally considered to have added to the history of Prussia, is a leaf which we may take leave to call a cabbage-leaf. The history of Prussia is what a King who glories in robbery calls glorious, in as far as it consists of similar leaves. The medal which the KING OF PRUSSIA intends to bestow on his merry men should be stamped with the device of a cabbage-leaf, and the special medal whereby he designs to reward those of them that were concerned in the bloodshed of Alsen and Düppel, should be emblazoned with a very crimson leaf of the red cabbage.



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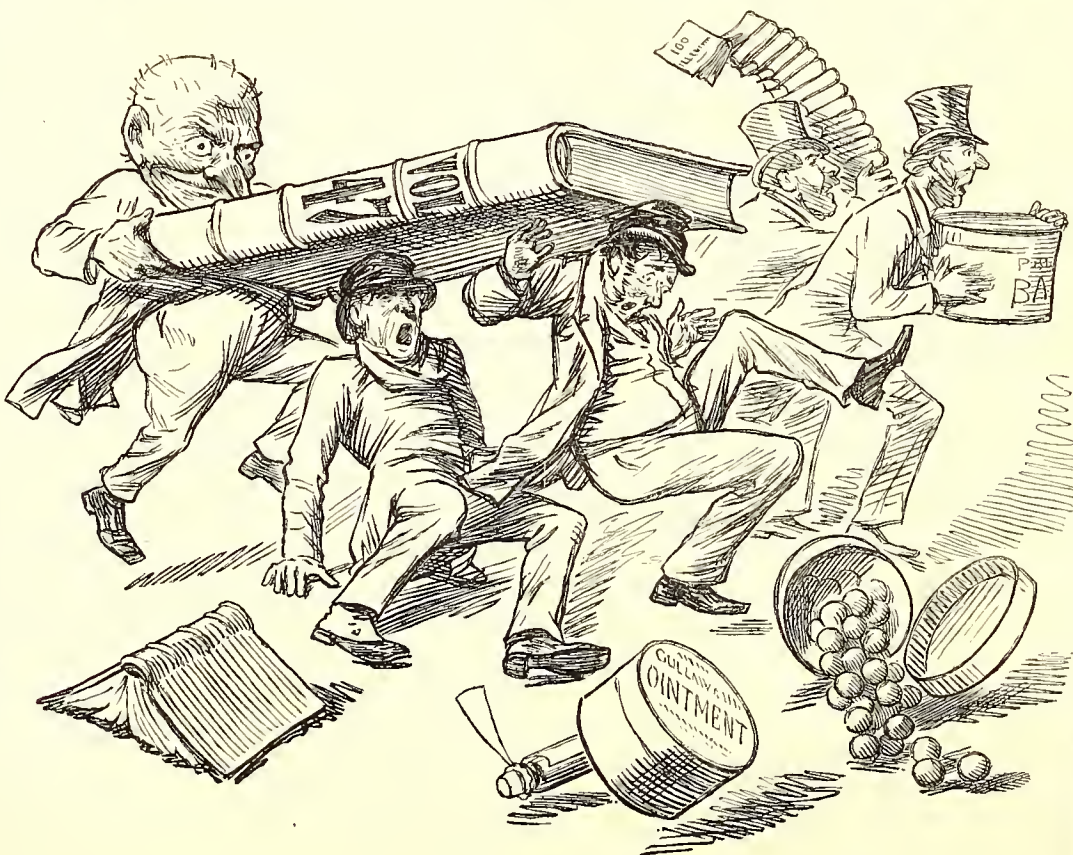
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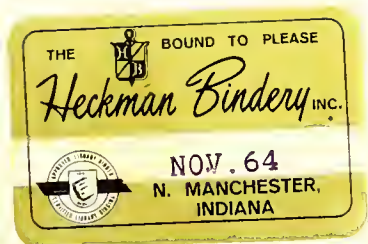
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